THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly

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A Loving Thought for Mother

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If you choose chocolates, select the same assortment you give the debutante—Whitman's Sampler. Mother will appreciate your thought.

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An added touch of sentiment is the special wrap for Mother's Day, illustrating—*"A Loving Thought for Mother."*

Mother's Day
May 12, 1929

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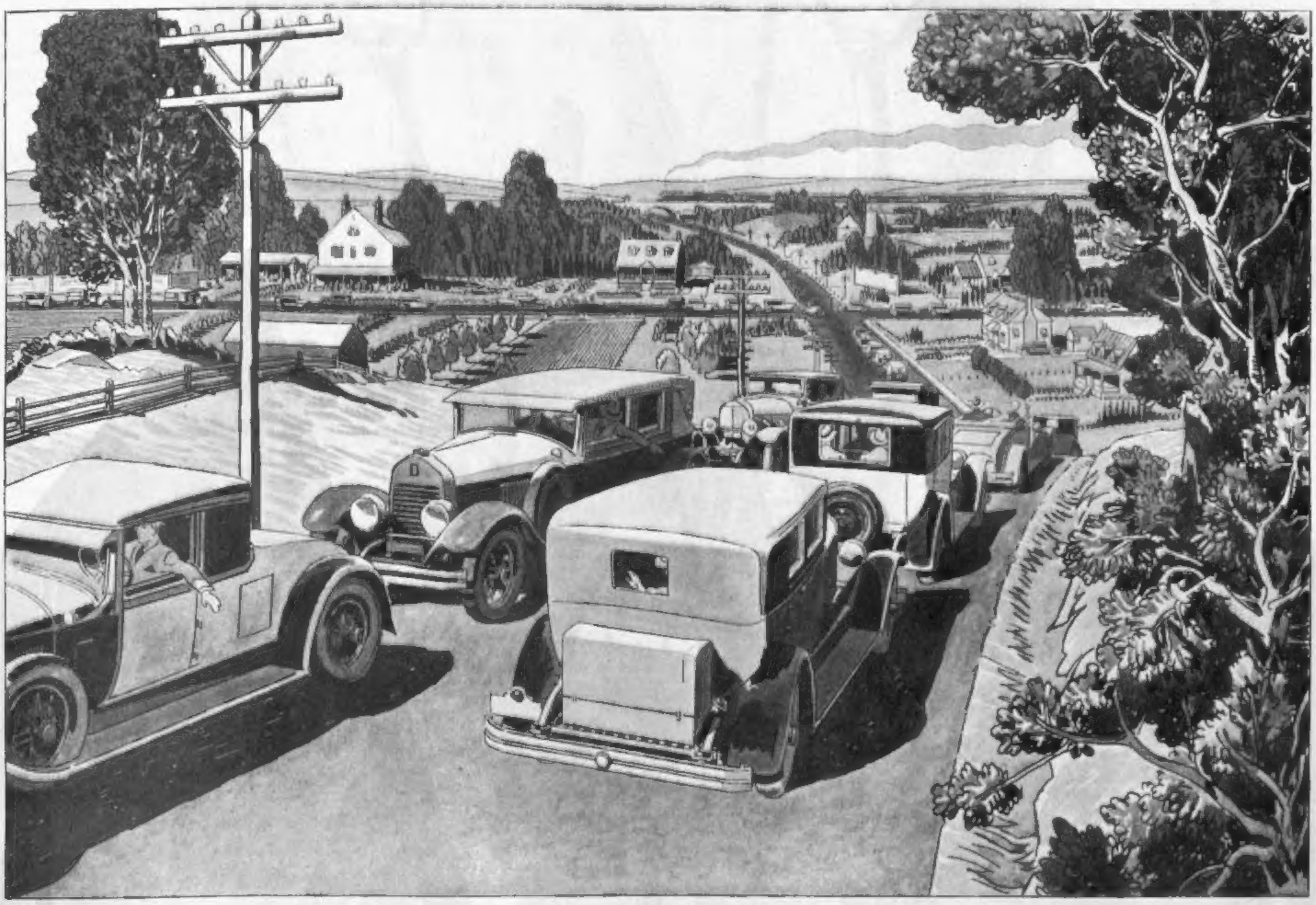
60-Mile cars .. 20-Mile roads



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The New Picture of Agriculture

By GARET GARRETT

IF WE wish to see agriculture with a rational eye we shall have to stop thinking romantically of it. That is not so easy to do, either. Much more than we realize, the emotional image we keep of it is one that belongs to the art of mural decoration in the rotundas of public buildings: pioneer man, dominant in heroic principle; his tool, a rude wooden plow; his power, a yoke of oxen; his hope, a bag of seed; his incentive, to plant yon budding family in this lonely wilderness.

We love that symbolic representation of the ancestral struggle. It was a special phase of the drama between the human spirit and its environment, and one that is still near to us in place and time. But the pure idyllic feeling is much older and deeper. We are moved in our cells by a great work of art or literature that enables us to seize again some aspect of life as it was when Nature absorbed nine-tenths of man's labor in exchange for food, warmth and shelter, and so held him in prayerful bondage. Why? A stir of racial memory, perhaps; the delight of looking back. Turn then to the image of man on a tractor. Science in place of fertility rites. Machine power applied to the bosom of Nature. There is a twinge in it. Yet this is reality. Rationally we comprehend it. A revolution is taking place. The difficulty is emotional. One hundred reapers taking a field of grain by hand or a motley of harvesters from all over the world following the horse-drawn sickle bar north from the Texas Panhandle to the Red River Valley—that makes a picture. A tractor combine cutting and threshing the grain at one stroke with the labor of two men who sit at ease and transfer the drudgery to engines and mechanism—that is a photograph for the catalogue of implement dealers.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY

Men Still Living are Familiar With the Use of the Cradle in Harvesting Wheat

When the Heroic Becomes Commonplace

NOT only is the machine strange as an object and still evolving in form, so that æsthetic perception of it is frustrated by unfamiliarity and change; the machine is will and purpose acting apparently outside of man in a way curiously to diminish his own objective importance. The pioneer of the mural decoration is in heroic feeling, and this feeling is intensified by the very rudeness and simplicity of his tools and means. The odds are against him, to begin with.

There is no such feeling about the man on a tractor. The audacity of him is in the machine, externalized there, seeming to be outside of him. You are aware that his power is magnified many fold, and at the same time you understand that as an individual he did not create that power. As an individual he could not create it. Industry imagines it, creates it, delivers it to him. His relation to it is operative, not creative. Thus what the machine represents is man's aggregate will and purpose. The power of the man on a tractor is not power of the solitary spirit, but power in the abstract, which is much more difficult to dramatize. Romance passes to an impersonal dimension where there is no race memory of a state of previous existence, no traditional symbols to move the sentiments.

Industry

THE odds have changed. Now the odds run against Nature herself, for as man learns her secrets of chemistry, fecundity and reproduction, and begins to exploit them with knowledge and machine power, she is helpless. She cannot help yielding up what he knowingly demands. Her laws are fixed. She cannot change them after they have been found out. Weather at last is her only caprice, and with mechanical beasts that never tire and foreshorten the time required to plow and plant and reap, he can fairly beat her even there, with the aid of radio news twenty-four hours ahead of her intentions. Long after the iron founder ceased to pray for luck with a run of metal, because he had got exact control of all the circumstances, the farmer continued to propitiate Nature with superstitious rites and thoughts. Nevertheless, it was inevitable that what had happened to industry would happen also to agriculture. The word "industry," in the sense we now make of it, is new. It may still mean diligence in toil, if that is what you intend it to mean; otherwise it stands for a vast and intricate system of mass production by exact formula and machine power. The rise of industry was the ruin of guild art in the world. You cannot increase the power of man by mechanical extensions of him without losing thereby that individual touch of the hand which is the beginning of art. The skill to manipulate materials is transferred from the hand to the machine, along with the drudgery. Æsthetically the loss may be considerable. Economically the gain is tremendous. But to weigh the loss against the gain or to say one is not worth the other is of no use whatever. Simply, human life on the existing scale could not be supported, people in present numbers could not be fed and clothed and housed, without mass production and machine power. Imagine what would happen in this country if suddenly we were without machine power equal to about fifty tame slaves per capita. How many of us would perish?

From bringing knowledge, scientific method and machine power to bear upon agriculture, it does not follow that farming will be industrialized on a wage and factory basis; nor does it follow that an idyllic life on the soil will become impossible for such as can afford to make an art of it or simply wish it for the values it contains. It does follow that henceforth when we speak of agriculture we shall mean a new thing, very different from farming as we have known it. It is possible still in some parts of the

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Oxen Yet Furnish the Power in Some Communities

country to find rural life proceeding without benefit of industry. You may find a farm where almost nothing has happened since the last revolution, which was the change from hand tools to horse-drawn implements. The table is set with food manufactured, preserved and processed in the household. Fats and wood ashes are saved for soap making. There is a killing season; meats are smoked and salted down for the winter. At noon you may see the wife taking her man's dinner to him in the field, leading a pair of fresh horses. She will lead the weary pair back and feed them. A little surplus of butter and eggs, fresh but ungraded, may go once a week to the country store to be exchanged for coffee, tea, sugar and cloth. No automobile, no radio, no telephone, no electricity, no plumbing, no sound of an internal-combustion engine. There are such farms and that is farming. It is not agriculture, any more than a surviving smithy at the crossroads is industry.

Farming in these vanishing patterns has some faint relation still to the mural decoration. Agriculture has none whatever. Once we accept this to be a fact and begin to think of agriculture realistically, as we think of business, there will be much less confusion and make-believe in the controversy about farm relief and more lucidity with the specific problems.

Down on the Farm

MANY of the sayings and beliefs that now pass without challenge have only an emotional validity. In reason they are absurd. There is a way of referring to farmers as the nation's sturdy yeomanry, the last bulwark of democracy. That passes not as rhetoric only; a great many people both here and there react to it with emotional sincerity. Save the yeomanry! Well, there is no yeoman caste in this country, as everybody knows. If farmers were that caste, and if it were the last bulwark of democracy, then you would be obliged to say democracy was already lost, since farmers now are a minority of the population.

There is another saying of the same sentimental order. Farming as a way of life must be sustained, protected and made more attractive, at any economic cost, because, after all, boys and girls are the chief product of the farm. The romantic view again. Why this invidious comparison between farm boys and girls and the children of the other six-tenths of the population? Perhaps because so many of this generation were born on the farm and cannot get rid of the notion that there is no place like it for getting born. Certainly it is a good place for that purpose, and also for growing up. It is not proved, however, that the rural-child product is any better than the urban-child product. As for adult and social attitudes toward child life, there may be nothing to choose, even though the unalterable opposition to child-labor laws is on the rural side.

There is endless assertion, as of a fact, that industry with its superior rewards has been draining agriculture of its brains; and it seems to follow as a conclusion from fact that unless something is done—nobody knows what—to increase the rewards of agriculture it will be reduced to a permanent status of inferior intelligence. For emotional purposes it is much stronger to say "peasant status." At any cost agriculture must be saved from a condition of peasantry. The danger of American agriculture being reduced to a condition of peasantry is about the same as the danger that American industry will pass from the high-wage system to a basis of human slavery. The revolution taking place in agriculture points in the opposite direction. A very high degree of native intelligence, more education, more scientific training, are increasingly the requisites of success.

Between Failure and Success

IMAGINE a symbol in the form of a line to represent modern agriculture's minimum average requirement of intelligence and education. Call it B minus or C plus, or anything you like. Drive that line through the rural population and it will be a line of division between success and failure. But it will run at a very high level. At least half the total farm population will fall below it. There is one aspect of what we call the farm problem. The truth is notorious, and yet the bald statement of it is taboo.

A curse upon agriculture is the drag of low intelligence. This condition, however, is owing very little, if at all, to the competition for brains between agriculture on one side and industry on the other. It is owing principally to the fact that hitherto, and even yet, a shiftless, irresponsible man, or one of inferior mentality, can get a bare living for himself and his brood from a few acres of hill land with less enterprise and effort than in any other way. A farmer who cannot or will not be an efficient producer is generally one unfitted by character to take part in coöperative procedures or plans of organization. He is a moral liability to agriculture and in all respects an economic loss, and for the same reasons that make cheap foreign labor a social liability in the general scheme. His standard of living is low. Otherwise he could not survive in competition with efficient producers. He underlives them, and that is his only advantage.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

McCormick's First Reaper, the Beginning of a New Era in American Agriculture

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

New Forms of Power are Found Side by Side With the Old, as in This Kansas Field

As a consumer his value is slightly above nil. He is the needy seller of inferior products and always in debt. Technically and softly he is called the marginal producer. Individually he is negligible. But if you suppose the number of him is a million—and it may very well be more—then you see what a burden he is to agriculture.

No public institution representing farmers, such as the Department of Agriculture at Washington or the state agricultural colleges, can say that ignorance, heavy-mindedness and sloth of spirit are increasing causes of distress—increasing because the conditions of success in agriculture make greater demands upon individual intelligence and character as the revolution goes on.

One reason why they cannot say it is that it would shock the emotional image of farmers as the nation's sturdy yeomanry—the last bulwark of democracy. All the other reasons are political.

Each Bit of Learning Helps the Pocketbook

NEVERTHELESS, one does now and then get it said in an oblique manner, as the Department of Agriculture did in a recent bulletin entitled, Does Education Pay the Farmer? wherein it set forth in the simplest possible way the results of a survey made on a cross section of the whole country. This bulletin said:

It was found in Texas that every day spent by a child in school might be considered worth nine dollars. This estimate was arrived at by taking $20,000 as the total earnings of an uneducated laborer over a forty-year period and $40,000 as the total earnings of a high-school graduate who had spent twelve school years of approximately 180 days each in acquiring training. The gain in wages, $20,000, due to these 2160 days of school represents a value of about $9.25 a day during the period of the schooling.

The average net earnings of Georgia farmers without any schooling were found to average $240, while those who had common-school education earned $565.50, high-school graduates $664.50, and those who had completed an agricultural-college course earned $1254. Those who had taken only a short course earned $895.95, or almost four times as much as those with no education at all.

In Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Kansas the surveys showed again that the men receiving the best training made the largest incomes in both the owner and tenant groups. In Missouri the better-educated men own four-fifths of the land they operate, keep more livestock, handle more crops with each workman employed and do about one-fifth more business. An interesting fact brought out by the Wisconsin survey was that the farmers with high-school education acquired the ownership of their farms in about seven years, while it took ten years for those with only a common-school education to acquire a clear title. In New York State, among those in any given capital group, the high-school graduate at any age was making more than the common-school farmer several years older with the same amount of capital invested. Without exception, every study shows that the man with the greater training enjoys the greater prosperity.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY

A Combine Harvester at Work in a Bean Field

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

Disking a Pear Orchard on a California Hillside

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROS.

The Mechanical Corn Picker, One of Farming's New "Iron Hands"

Business Men

THE other side of it is that years of effort on the part of the Federal Government, the states, and private corporations, involving first and last the expenditure of enormous sums of money, all to create a scientific mentality in agriculture, have not been wasted. The amount of imagination and highly trained intelligence now going into agriculture at the top is greater than ever before. Moreover, those who now bring specialized training to agriculture are not land seekers, infatuated with the thought that however they do, the increase in the value of the land will make them rich. They are not thinking of the speculative value of land. They are thinking of agriculture as a profession. It requires, of course, skill in husbandry; but it requires, besides, business management, accurate costing, economic thinking, a great variety of technical and scientific knowledge, understanding of market conditions, alertness of mind in all circumstances, and a spirit of enterprise. Always, also, in the top third of agriculture were those of high native intelligence who, without any special training, could seize new ideas and apply them. All success is there. To prove the quality of mind acting on this level, it is necessary only to say that farmers themselves grasped the principle of machine power long before the agricultural college or the Department of Agriculture at Washington had anything helpful or positive to say about it. Generally, indeed, the institutional mind was skeptical or lukewarm and merely looked on while the pioneer type of farmer went ahead with it.

Can you imagine agriculture in this figure falling to a status of peasantry? Farmers of the higher type now are saying: "It takes a good man to stick in this business." So it does. All the more pride there is in it; all the more is success a mark of ability. Besides that, it is a reflection upon successful farmers to say industry is draining agriculture of its brains; the saying itself obviously needs to be reëxamined on its merits.

Then there is a zone of conviction in which the sayings are a confusion of emotion and bad economics. For example, the saying that agriculture is the basic industry. Only recently has anybody been calling it an industry, and the term itself rises not so much from the thought that agriculture has the nature of industry as from the purpose to compare it with industry on the ground of reward. What the saying is meant to suggest is that industry is dependent upon agriculture. How unfair, therefore, that the agricultural

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A QUESTION OF TASTE

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

PEOPLE used to say of Thayer Wylie that he had too much money; implying that if he had not inherited a considerable fortune, at the age of twenty-eight, from an unwise grandfather he might have found a respectable destiny and been of some solid use in the world. No two agreed exactly on what he could or should have accomplished, but all had sufficient faith in his talents to wag their heads when they heard he had started on a vague trip around the world, and to grow indignant when, within a reasonable time, he failed to return. I suppose they resented the fact that his nose was so very far removed from the grindstone. It was said that some friend ought to "talk to him"; although how such a conference was to be arranged was never clear, seeing that most of his friends were chiefly occupied in catching early trains and sitting at desks and riding up and down in elevators for the purpose of bringing in one-tenth or so of what Thayer got for nothing, while he, according to the stories, was all over the map of Europe. And reproof isn't always salutary. In the face of it one may continue on his way, smiling, with a harder heart, or he may stretch himself out for all time on some South Sea beach. And advice, like other cheap things, may be costly to someone in the end.

"She Sat There—We Had Hardly Exchanged Fifty Words—and I Wanted Nothing in the World But That She Should be With Me in That Room Forever"

It happened that I was once in a position to "talk to" Thayer Wylie somewhat in the manner desired by his well-meaning friends, and to drop a careless word which might better, perhaps, have been unsaid.

We had run into each other in a hotel in Munich. This was in July, and the first time I had seen him in three years. I remember thinking that a life of idleness must agree with him. He looked taller—perhaps because he was thinner—and his face and hands were a deep bronze, because most of his days were spent in the sun.

He introduced me to a Major Hallowell, a stout, ruddy-looking Englishman, and explained that they were on a motor trip through Germany. They were making for Coblenz; a sentimental journey, Thayer said. He had been stationed at a place called Neuwied after the Armistice, and the major had been at Cologne. They were going back to look them over.

We dined together and later in the evening found ourselves in a sort of cabaret, sitting on a dais against the wall, above the common herd. Our party had been increased by one—a plump blond girl with a pretty mouth, named Stephanie, introduced by the head waiter. She spoke only German, of which I knew not a word. Thayer was little better. The major talked to her slowly, laboriously. In the British zone, Thayer explained, closing one eye, the rules against fraternizing had been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Thayer and I danced with her once, but found a total absence of speech trying, and yielded her permanently to the major, who, like most Englishmen, was a tireless dancer. Thayer bought her a doll and a box of candy, and treated her with a grave courtesy that left her a little bewildered.

As I remember, it started by my asking Thayer when he was coming home. He said he might go back for a short time next year to see his father and mother. I inquired then if he intended to live abroad for good. He said he had no plans. "I drift around, as you see."

I told him I did see very plainly, and added that I was sorry to see it.

"Are you going to give me a lecture?" he asked, smiling. "This is the time and the place to talk about a serious purpose in life." He picked up the doll, which the girl had left prostrate on the seat, and placed it in a decorous position against the wall. He said, "A bit worn. I wonder how many times this poor doll has been sold. . . . Are you going to put me to work again?" he went on. "None of my friends over here has ever proposed such a thing." I said that I should think he'd get bored doing nothing. "Dreadfully," he agreed. "What shall I do?"

"Why don't you try writing?" I suggested. Someone had once said that Thayer ought to write, and I recalled that in college he had had some stories in the monthly magazine.

"Writing!" he said contemptuously. "Everybody's writing nowadays—everybody who can write." He grinned.

"You see what I mean?" I said. "There you are; you toss off an epigram ——"

"It needs polishing," he said, frowning. "Nowadays—" he began, and left it. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I've thought of it—of writing. But what could I write about? I'd have to write about people I know; things that have happened to them, their stories."

I said, "Well, why not?"

"That," he explained, "as our friend the major would say, isn't cricket."

The rules were different, I told him.

"Take the major's story," he went on. "Would you write that down if you were I? I'm not revealing any confidences—it's quite well known. The major was a hard-bitten infantry officer—served all through the war. When it was over he had his commission, a wound that bothered him, and not much else. At a cure in France he met a rich American woman, a divorcée. Very rich. She had a palace, or something like it, near Palermo. They got married and the major resigned his commission and they went off to Sicily to live. You may imagine him—his quarters had been a bare room at some military post when he wasn't in a dugout or under a tent in the desert—in the midst of all that wealth and luxury. Servants like flies. How, at first, he hated it and how it corrupted him. How he grew soft. Two, three years passed. He went back to that cure in France, for the wound still troubled him at times. The wife went to Venice. When the major returned to Sicily he found the palace closed, the servants flown. The wife had run off with a young South American." Thayer broke off. "Here he comes," he said in a lower tone. The music had stopped and the dancers were returning to their tables. "Thrown out," Thayer said, gently, "without a job, without money and wanting a drink." He filled the major's glass. "That story can't be told; at least not by me."

Stephanie and the major sat down across the table. They were arguing about some German song. The girl sang a stanza in a soft, plaintive voice. Then the major sang his version, mouthing the rich, sonorous words. A long, sad song.

"And there's the story of Carlotta and Ham," Thayer said after a moment. "The Hamilton Cowleys. They were always known as Carlotta and Ham. They were famous. For what? I remember asking that before I met them. It seems they had mastered the art of living. That was all. They lived perfectly. Their Burgundy was never one degree cooler than the temperature of the dining room. Each guest in their house was supplied with a bathrobe and slippers. They were wonderful hosts. They used large antique bowls filled with white sand for ash trays, instead of the usual poker-chip things; and the sand was changed every morning, for they lived near the sea. They invented all sorts of strange, mind-tickling games. They had a house and a garden fronting the Mediterranean, and all the sunlight in the world, two lovely children, a croquet lawn, a badminton court and a little sailboat. And Ham made ship models. Very good ones, I believe. Several of

his friends paid large prices for them. Yes, Ham was a wonderful host, except on one occasion. They were out sailing one calm summer night—quite a party of them—and when they got back into harbor Ham wasn't on the boat. He had simply gone overboard. Without saying good night or anything. He had mastered the art of living, but he must have missed something. After you attain perfection, what is there left? Much better over the side. I should like to write Ham's story, but I couldn't, because Carlotta is a friend and she might object to my conclusions."

I told Thayer it wasn't a very pleasant story.

"My stories wouldn't be pleasant," he said. "There is no completely happy ending. Someone always gets it in the neck. The major stays comparatively sober," he observed, "because he keeps moving." Stephanie and the major were taking the floor again. "I tell him it's a waste of good champagne. He dances it off. On the other hand, if he didn't drink he wouldn't dance, and if he didn't dance he wouldn't get thirsty—what do you think?"

I said it didn't seem worth arguing, and Thayer agreed. I said, "If you can't write about your friends write about yourself. You must have had something interesting happen to you once."

He sat staring at the dance floor. After a while he said, "I do know a story. It might not interest anyone else, except one other person." He made some curlicues with his forefinger on the tablecloth. "Perhaps you're right," he said suddenly. "I should put it down somehow, before I forget—if I could forget!"

II

"IT WAS in a place not unlike this," he began. "Four years ago, in New York. I was working then, as you may remember. My grandfather hadn't yet died and put his curse on me. One night two or three other lads and I were out looking the town over. Gray Somers and Bill Truslow, I remember, were along. We ended up in a place called—what it was called at the time I've forgotten. It changed its name frequently. Ladies, I learned later, could go there unaccompanied. There were quite a few unaccompanied ladies, under some arrangement with the place, I suppose, to dance with the customers and receive a small rake-off on the drinks. As here and everywhere else in the world.

"At a table opposite us, across the dance floor, three women were sitting. They were conspicuous because they were dressed in street clothes, with hats on, while most of the women there—the habituées—were in evening dress. I say 'three women' because I did not notice them particularly at first.

"We were remarking on the dearth of pulchritude in the place, when Bill Truslow said, 'Speaking of the North Shore, look at the girl in the big hat at the table opposite.'

"I don't know that we had been speaking of the North Shore, but Gray Somers, you may recall, was quite intolerant about Boston girls, maintaining that they had an aristocracy of bearing and a fineness of feature unique in all the world. And certainly I am not one to deny it. I saw then that one of the three women was a girl. She had on a large, floppy black hat, and as she turned to speak to one of her companions I caught a glimpse of her face. It looked very young, very pale, slightly arrogant. A face of a breath-taking beauty. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She looked over at our table and smiled, and my heart left my body. And Bill got up and crossed the floor to her table. He had smiled at her, damn him, and she had returned it. Well, she danced with him. They went by our table, Bill simpering at her, chattering, dancing with a little extra finesse. As I look back on it now, I find my hatred of Bill in that moment a bit extravagant. If it had not been for him I might never have known her.

"I could see her better now, as she danced with Bill. She was tall, slender. She wore a cheap-looking, bronze-colored dress and slate-gray stockings on her slim legs. I've never seen a girl who moved so beautifully, who looked more the patrician. It gave me a queer feeling to see her dancing in that crowd, in that garish, brutal place.

"When Bill came back he told us that she and her two companions were leaving. I glanced across at the other table and saw that one of the women was paying the check. The girl, Bill said, lived some place near the end of the Subway or the Elevated, and it took her a long time to go home. He hadn't found out her name. I suggested that we get out, too, and we did. The girl and her two friends went ahead of us into the street. They were standing by the curb when we came out, and as we passed them Bill called out good night. The girl turned and smiled at him. I stopped, and she left the two women and came a little way toward us.

"She said, in a low, rather deep voice, 'I don't think you're very polite,' or something like that. She smiled at us in a funny, quizzical way, as if we were three small boys who had been rude.

"'Why?' I asked.

"Her two companions were pretending not to see us. Bill and Gray were walking on slowly.

"She said, 'Not to have asked my friends to dance.'

"I said, 'It was you we wanted to dance with.' She stood there, shaking her head mournfully. I said, 'I'll do better next time. Where can I find you?' I went up closer to her. Her skin was ivory under the lamplight. She had dark brown eyes, set wide apart, and a fine, disdainful nose. Her mouth was a bright scarlet. It turned up at the corners; perhaps her lips were the least bit full. I remember thinking she was lovelier than anyone I had ever seen. She stared at me from under the hat brim. Her eyes were like dark pools. I can't tell you the effect she had on me. I said—and it was deeper than any prayer I have ever uttered—'Tell me where I can find you.'

(Continued on Page 140)

"As I Look Back on it Now, I Find My Hatred of Bill in That Moment a Bit Extravagant"

BLIND DATE

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"If You Want to Show Them You're Sophisticated," Remarked Dorothy Sarcastically, "You Should Have Run Down and Met Them Halfway to Poughkeepsie. Then You Could Have Trotted Back Alongside of Their Car With Your Tongue Hanging——"

WINTER sunlight, slanting into the dormitory room, gilded a small black-haired girl who sat, alone, on a high window seat. Her hands lay in her lap and her tiny yellow pumps swung abstractedly against the burlap drapery.

"Dorothy," she said, "how do you know he's a junior?"

"What?" asked Dorothy's voice.

"How do you know this Jim is a junior?"

"Because Hubert told me so."

"Is he tall?"

"I don't know."

"Is he dark?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"But didn't Hubert tell you anything at all about him?" Marka asked.

"Marka," said Dorothy's voice patiently, "when men call me up on long-distance, they don't spend their time and money describing other men. I've already told you everything I know: He's a junior at Princeton, and Hubert refers to him as Jim."

An interval of silence followed. Marka's silky legs continued swinging and a thoughtful crease appeared between her big, luminous gray eyes.

"Dorothy," she began again, "do you think it's perfectly safe for me to pretend I'm a senior?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"But men don't like us to be superior to them," protested Marka. "Maybe I'd better be just a junior, or even a sophomore."

"Why don't you be yourself?"

"Not this week-end," said Marka emphatically. "If Jim is a junior, he's certainly not going to be impressed by a freshman—not even by an attractive freshman."

"Who are you referring to now?"

The counterfeit senior, smiling at the vacant doorway, again fell silent while her slim legs continued their pendulumlike swaying.

"Dorothy," she resumed, "I don't imagine this Jim can be very sophisticated."

"No?"

"If he were, he'd never take on a blind date for the whole week-end of a Hall play."

"Well, you're running the same risk."

"A girl has to take what she can get," said Marka sadly. "A man can pick and choose—though you'd never think so, to see some of the girls they do choose. You know that odious what's-her-name who wears slave bracelets to class? The one who looks like a white rabbit? Well, I saw her on the steps of Rocky this afternoon with the cutest man—tall and dark." The gray-eyed girl sighed profoundly; then, more cheerfully, she added: "I've got some rather daring remarks prepared for this Jim person."

"How daring?"

"Well, I'm going to work the conversation around so he'll ask me which I like better: Having a man up to Vassar, or going to a prom at a man's college. Then I'll say that having a man up here is like receiving a caller at home, with your mother and three or four aunts sitting around."

"Nothing very daring about that—or brilliant, either."

"Now wait a minute," said Marka. "Here comes the daring part: But going to a prom at a man's college, I'll say, is like calling at a bachelor's apartment without a chaperon. That's original."

"I thought so," said Dorothy's voice. "Do you really consider that daring?"

"It will be, the way I say it," replied Marka cheerfully. "Aren't you almost ready?"

"There's no hurry."

"It's ten minutes of five."

"Well, don't forget it snowed last night. They might not get here till after dark."

Marka slipped to the floor and walked to a mirror hanging beside the door of the bedroom. As she experimentally turned her head, a path of iridescence darted across the smooth black hair which ended in a glossy twist behind the lobe of each ear.

"My profile isn't too hot," she announced gravely, "but I have good eyes."

Holding her two index fingers stiffly extended, she carefully placed one on each side of her small nose and ran them caressingly up across the dark, curving eyebrows. She gave her image a final approving inspection. Seated at the desk, she was scrutinizing her nails when a large blond girl came from the bedroom.

In contrast to the precise delicacy of the brunette, there was something gawky in the larger girl's movements as she took a gold tube from the desk and ambled to the mirror. Here she twisted one end of the tube until a rich red point emerged from the other; she planted herself in a solid stance before the glass and her lips assumed a stiffly rounded outline; then deft strokes turned pink lips to scarlet. Once she glanced toward the window; concentrating again on the mirror, she murmured in a blurred voice:

"There's the car now."

"Where!"

Marka scrambled up on the cushioned window seat. Kneeling close to the panes, she pushed aside the curtains. Down on the snowy driveway a green touring car was speeding straight toward the dormitory.

"Marka!" said Dorothy, turning. "Don't do that!"

Still peering through the curtains, Marka thrust one hand backward in a hushing gesture.

"Hubert knows my window!" snapped Dorothy. "He'll think it's me hanging out like that."

The green car, headed toward the front entrance, passed out of sight. Marka dropped the curtain. She looked at Dorothy in a manner almost fawning.

"Hubert wouldn't think it was you," she said soothingly. "No man would ever mistake a dark little shrimp like me for a stately senior like you."

"If you want to show them you're sophisticated," remarked Dorothy sarcastically, "you should have run down and met them halfway to Poughkeepsie. Then you could have trotted back alongside of their car with your tongue hanging ——"

From somewhere came the sound of a knock.

"I'll go," said Marka promptly. Opening the door, she faced one of the Hall maids, who handed her a slip of paper. "Thank you," said Marka, beaming. "Please tell them we'll be right down." She closed the door and hastily picked a brown fur coat from a chair. With her hands in the large pockets, she waited impatiently for Dorothy.

"Now remember I'm a senior," she said, as they walked down a long corridor.

"You'll have to do your own lying," warned Dorothy. "but I'll be careful not to give you away."

Suddenly Marka stopped. "Say, suppose they want to take us into the Senior Smoking Room! Would it be all right—I mean, as long as I'm with you?"

"I don't think you'd better," advised Dorothy. "Some of the seniors might resent it."

"You and Hubert can go in," suggested Marka. "I'll say the thick smoke in there gives me a headache."

"Oh, we can avoid it, all right," said Dorothy, pushing the elevator bell. "I just remembered one other thing Hubert told me about Jim: He's on the Tiger."

"The Tiger?" Marka repeated. "I wonder what he does."

"Writes poetry, I suppose, or else is a cartoonist."

"I hope he's a cartoonist," said Marka. "Do you know what I'm going to do?" she added. "I'm going to knock the Tiger!"

"Why?"

"To intrigue him," said Marka triumphantly. "Most girls would gush in the most unsophisticated way about how screamingly funny it is. I'm going to tell him I think it's terrible—and you watch him gasp."

The purring elevator, run by a man whose moody thoughts apparently dwelt upon his remote youth, sank almost imperceptibly to the first floor; here the two girls crossed a wide hallway and walked toward an illuminated sign displaying the words: Men's Reception Room. Marka suddenly squeezed Dorothy's arm, turning up a face that blazed with joyful excitement.

"I hope he's tall!" she hissed. "I hope he's tall and dark!"

"Well, don't forget your sophistication."

II

FROM the doorway beneath the sign, the two girls looked into a shadowy room filled with leather chairs. A number of men sat waiting in depressed silence, some whispering in groups, others sitting alone, visibly ill at ease. One large man, however, rose above the formality of the room.

"Hello there, Dot!" he exclaimed, his unbuttoned raccoon coat spreading as he approached the doorway.

"Hello, Hubert," said Dorothy. "This is my friend, Marka Hutson."

The indefinite presence behind Hubert was brought forward, and soon the big gray eyes of Miss Marka Hutson, on a horizontal line, were looking into the eyes of the man who was to be her squire for the next forty-eight hours.

"How do you do?" she murmured, with a faintly bored inclination of the head.

"Let's start off the big week-end with a cigarette," said Hubert. "We can drop in the Senior Smoking Room for just ——" He turned hesitantly to Marka. "Are you a senior too?"

The gray eyes rose languidly and regarded Hubert until his expression became apologetic.

"I'm simply crushed," said Marka in cheerful despair. "Because I'm so small," she added casually to Jim, "nobody will believe I'm a senior. Some people have even mistaken me for a freshman."

"Let's go, then," urged Hubert, moving toward a doorway down the hall.

"The smoke's ghastly in there," Dorothy objected. "Let's go out on Pine Walk instead. D'you mind, Marka?"

"Not at all," said Marka.

The air into which they emerged was filled with departing sunshine. While the two couples strolled along a cement walk, Marka, from under drooping lashes, frequently glanced at her unsuspecting escort.

"I understand you're a junior," she remarked idly.

"Just barely."

"Barely?" She shrugged. "How extraordinary."

"I had a tough time in the midyear exams," Jim explained. "For a while it looked as if I were going to become an alumnus without waiting for the diploma."

"Math?" she queried, with sophisticated brevity.

"Yes, and chemistry too."

"I loathe mathematics," said Marka. "Thank goodness, I worked off all my required courses in my first two years."

Ten paces apart, the two couples followed the curving path, their shoes crunching in snowy gravel as they moved past tall pine trees. Marka, lifting her face in a bored way, frequently sent shallow puffs of smoke drifting into the prickly branches.

"When you first saw me," she said tolerantly, "I suppose you made the same mistake that Hubert did."

"No, I was sure you were a senior."

"How could you tell?"

"Well, it's pretty hard to explain."

"You took it for granted because I'm a friend of Dorothy's?"

"No, that had nothing to do with it."

"Then how?"

"Well," began Jim judicially, "I went mostly by your appearance. I didn't think anybody but a senior could look so smart and so sort of sophisticated."

"Really?" *(Continued on Page 111)*

Jim, Leaning Closer, Spoke in a Low Earnest Voice; Marka Followed Intently, Nodding at Each Pause, and Did Not Once Take Her Eyes From His

These Standardized United States

By STRUTHERS BURT

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

WORK! Work without cessation. Work from nine o'clock in the morning until five or six at night. Then home in a crowded Subway or dreary Elevated, except when, drearily, a crowded suburban train is taken.

Dinner almost too tired to speak, but afterward, like a dumb beast driven to slaughter, out to bridge or some other drab party where the silence is broken only by the tinkling of ice in synthetic gin. Then, the next morning, back to work again.

No interests outside of work, or if there are by chance outside interests, such as a mild love of golf or something of the kind, it, too, made a competition and a business. No communication between the sexes; no spiritual sympathy.

Women living in apartments twenty-two stories in the air, without children, without even dogs—to paraphrase Rebecca West's latest international announcement. Every wife a gold-digger and every husband a slave of the overdecorated feminine lamp. Round, pale, expressionless, bespectacled faces. Neckties exactly the same, shirts exactly the same, suits, shoes and minds exactly the same. Books, newspapers, games and slang exactly the same. Everyone marching in lockstep toward the same goal—a goal completely material.

Do you know who that is? No? Why, it's you. At least, it's you as you are described by any number of writing fellow citizens and 99 per cent of visiting foreigners, who, having written a standardized novel or so, arrive in a standardized way, as their predecessors have been doing for the past one hundred years, to deliver standardized lectures to Americans about the horrible standardization of the United States.

Let us examine some recent statements, domestic and foreign.

Here are two extracts from that amusing book, The Great American Band Wagon, published last year, its author Charles Merz, a New York editor.

We Seem to be in a Bad Way

"THIS is a good life we lead. It has plenty of bathtubs, open forums, good roads, laundries, high schools, and department stores, but by comparison with its own romantic past, it is admittedly short on sheer adventure. There are no trails uncharted, no corners of the country unexplored [Mr. Merz is ignorant of the fact that there are still parts of the United States no white man has ever been in], no valleys to be linked with highways. We have all that is best and biggest in grand opera, rapid transit, hospitals, wheat fields, skyscrapers, and extension courses, but this is not the country it used to be—not when all of us talk the same language, read the same news, and laugh at the same jokes in the same syndicated cartoons every morning. We have the fastest trains that run on tracks [N. B.: The English have faster], but they take us through a series of Grand Union stations. We are rich in ferries, but we have no boat songs. We have the greatest highways in the world, but we have lost our frontiers."

And again:

"Over it [this highway of a nation] travels, for many hours of the day, a vast company of motors. Up and down the well-protected hills, over crossroads carefully chalked for left-hand turns and past bits of roadside history done on billboards, the long procession picks its way. America is cruising. It is bumper to bumper, sometimes for a mile—with no chance of interference from the side. . . .

"Somewhere a slow mover is holding up the line. He creeps along, deaf, dumb and blind; rebellion in his rear. More sirens blare, clutches shift, brakes bite. What is the matter up there, anyway? Somebody must be looking at the scenery! Doesn't that fellow know that if the rest of us don't get to Jamesport at 2:30 we won't reach Creston until after three? And if we don't reach Creston until after three?—well, then we won't reach Smithtown by 3:45. . . . Not that there is anything special for us to do at Smithtown.

"One car slips by. Another car. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. The pace picks up again."

In a recent dramatic criticism, St. John Ervine writes:

"The bewildering fact about this Republic, in which all men and some women are born free and equal, is that so many persons feel afraid to say what they think; and if I were a republican I should pray incessantly to have my country delivered from this terror of the intelligent. If there should be individuality anywhere in the world, surely it should be here! Yet the rubber-stamp industry flourishes, apparently, in America more than elsewhere, and that, seemingly, is what democracy is bringing us to—a state in which opinions, like clothes, are reach-me-down. How appalling is the thought that a time will come when the busy housewife on Saturday night will go down to the general store and order the week's supplies! 'And just send me a dozen assorted ideas! [Why does Mr. Ervine so adhere to exclamation marks?] I'd like them to be better than the lot you sent last week. Even pop thought they were musty!'"

Next, an Italian comment, a little outside the general scope of this article, to be sure, but repeated because, coming across it recently, it seemed to me so funny. It is from the Italian newspaper Impero:

"Americanism means to love the ugly and hate the beautiful; to prefer a jazz band to the music of Verdi, Rossini, Puccini [Exquisitely comic. Especially if one likes really good music]; to chase after a leather-inflated ball rather than ponder over a speech by Mussolini [This, also, not without its comic aspects] or a page of Machiavelli, or Massini. In other words, Americanism means utilizing the maximum of brute force and destroying the spirit. Any people dominated solely by material force is destined sooner or later to disappear."

Yes, and if dominated by anything else. Sooner or later all peoples disappear.

Mary Borden, an American married to an Englishman, Brigadier General Spears, surveying through the small end of a telescope her former countrymen, proclaims that they have no social taste and know nothing about conversation or the gentle arts of social intercourse.

"The more subtle pleasures of social life," she says, "are as yet, for the most part, unknown in America; for they grow on very old vines like bunches of purple grapes that ripen very slowly; and he who would taste their delicate flavor must go gently, else the fragile glass house will come down on his head with a crash, vanish like a dream, and he will find himself stranded in a resort very much like Coney Island. There are a great many Coney Islands in the world, but there is very little good society; for taste and a sense of the proper use of leisure are not acquired in a day."

Outside of the curious information given about vinaculture and the curious figure—I did not know that if you ate grapes hurriedly in a glass house the roof came down on you—the above paragraph is a distinguished example of a certain form of surface thinking; what might be called repetitive thinking.

To begin with, if there is one quality more than another that is mysteriously inherent and not acquired, it is good taste, which is proven by the number of people who should have good taste, but haven't; and to end with, the definition of "good society" is so varied that no criterion can be set up. To the Chinese all Occidental society is vulgar; to the Frenchman all English society is a little vulgar, invariably dull.

The Present Compared With the Past

PERHAPS as important a discovery as the last two decades have made is the discovery that the term "good society" itself is vulgar, pretentious and invariably to be suspected. Never have really intelligent men and women of any race believed in such a thing.

Toward the end of her article, Mrs. Spears says:

"There is an American story in verse called The Wild Party which is creating something of a sensation in London. It is a vivid, ice-cold description, inspired by hatred, of the boozing animal idiocy of a certain savage New York set. The same set [sic!] was described in a weaker and more frivolous temper by Anita Loos. [Evidently Mrs. Spears is immune from satire.] Mr. Carl Van Vechten would perhaps be surprised did anyone tell him that he often writes of the same sort of people in a slightly different dress. Mr. Van Vechten's sophisticated social figures are the savages of The Wild Party imitating what they think is the civilization of Europe and cramming themselves with culture as dyspeptic youths cram down undigested facts for exams. Mrs. Wharton gives us something different. Her Age of Innocence is a portrait of the polite world of New York as it used to be [As it never was, but as preceding ages seem to imaginative people unless they have, strongly developed, a sense of historical accuracy] and it has something of the same charm that breathes in Henry James' Washington Square. But no one writes like that of New York nowadays. How can they? If they did, few would read their stories. The gentle ghost of Washington Square is not interesting to the American public. The skyscrapers have obliterated the old landscape and the roar of the city drowns the sound of the mild voices and tinkling teacups.

"The lazy charm of the laden tea table, the deep chairs by the drowsy fireside, and the half dozen men, some hoary-headed and distinguished by

achievements in the world of great affairs, talking quietly and without hurry or emphasis of the absurdities of life, to the charming woman they have known for twenty years—this sort of thing is, I fancy, unknown in New York. It is English—the stodgy, comfortable, enduring English version of the French salon. New York has no time for it and is antagonistic to what it stands for, since New York, the great machine, is inhuman, and this is the quintessence of human intercourse. The truth is that New York is the enemy of social life just as machines are enemies of human beings."

I dare say Mrs. Spears is aware of the fact that in 1815 there was a movement among the richer classes in London to move away from the city because of the fury of sound made by wheels on cobblestones, and that somewhere around 1832, two Englishmen, describing Broadway, spoke of the danger and horror of the galloping stagecoaches and wagons. It was at the risk of his life that a pedestrian crossed. Almost the most difficult feat the human mind can accomplish is to realize the softening effects of perspective. As with ancient buildings, time softens and erases the cheapness, discomforts and barbarities of former decades, leaving only what was solid. The fact is that no period has been agreeable or very comfortable to those living in it, and for the most part, man, save for a few exceptions, has been pretty generally dull and uncouth.

Mrs. Spears, secure in the fact that she is a translated American, is describing life as she, romantically, would like it to be and as she, like other fortunate people, has occasionally seen it, but not often. Her laden tea tables and drowsy firesides are for the most part incredibly stupid, as any thoughtful person knows who has frequented them. Social pleasure is completely adventitious; sometimes it happens, usually it doesn't. You cannot predict it, you cannot even prepare for it. It happens as much in NewYork as it happens in England; in both places it happens seldom. You can ask to meet one another the most charming and brilliant people and if some of them are suffering from indigestion there will be little social pleasure. There is no lost art of conversation for the simple reason that there has never been any conversation. There have been periods that conversed—heaven help them—such as the end of the eighteenth century, and in retrospect this is quaint and charming, but what was it in actuality to any man or woman of real personality—the people who, had they wanted, could indeed have made social intercourse worth while? The answer is that men and women of this type did not frequent—save rarely, not even in France—the salons where conversation was an art. They were out leading France's armies or desperately trying to solve the problems the artists in conversation were creating for them.

How Obvious the Faults of Others

MRS. SPEARS' laden tea tables and drowsy firesides have much to do with England's present unemployment. Laden tea tables and drowsy firesides are very pleasant, but they must not be overdone, and they must never be made into a cult. Meanwhile, there are still plenty of them in America, even in New York, despite what Mrs. Spears says.

In conclusion, Mrs. Spears mixes her classes and her circles. The Wild Party does not describe the well-bred Americans, nor does Anita Loos or Mr. Van Vechten. They describe pseudo-bohemians, the chorus girls and the near culturists who can be found in equal numbers in London or anywhere else.

Finally—I choose the selections and examples that interest me most, although I have scores from which to choose, as, annually, any commentator on the American scene has—there has recently been added to the vast and growing library of Americana another inevitable volume entitled Middletown, by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. The most damning evidence that can be used in a discussion of this kind is merely to collate and print side by side extracts from various critics, but, always, the temptation, of course, is to comment upon them.

Middletown is an imaginary small American town set somewhere in the Middle West, with a population of about 30,000, only 2 per cent of which is foreign born. Middletown is a "scientific study," so immediately you know what to expect. You have been prepared for Middletown ever since the war by similar pictures, "scientific" or fictional. Middletown runs true to form. Among the women are reading clubs, study clubs—all of them hopelessly absurd in what they choose to read and study—and such social clubs as the Jolly Eight and the Happy Twelve. Among the men there are of course the Rotarians, the Kiwanians, the Lions, and others. Middletown proclaims democracy but does not practice it; believes blatantly in the right of every man to lead his own life, but persecutes a citizen who sets his house back among trees instead of on the edge of his lawn; and the service clubs, talking continually about service and the glory of America, have small-town commercialism solely as their motive. Thirty years ago there was a Literary and Scientific Association composed of all leading citizens—bankers, merchants, lawyers and master mechanics—which met every Sunday to discuss such questions as Obvious Reasons for Evolution, The Relation of Science to Morality, and similar subjects, but now that society, or anything like it, is defunct. And so on, and so on, and so on.

Just what such studies prove has never been very obvious to me. That the life of the majority of small towns everywhere is narrow, hypocritical, standardized? That, to the highly educated, the adventurous or the released, the life of most men seems dull? But every intelligent man and woman has known that always. Clearly it would be absurd, the result only of a misconception and an ignorance of the world in general, to assume that this narrowness, hypocrisy and standardization were exclusively American conditions. I invite these "scientific" investigators to live in some small French, English or German town.

Nor do I see much difference between windy platitudes on The Relation of Science to Morality, and windy platitudes about service and a bigger and better America. Such changes in subject matter are no more than surface changes in fashion, and have as little to do with the real man underneath as the fact that our fathers wore high stiff collars and we wear soft.

I cannot become excited over the discovery that a number of my fellow citizens like to dress up in quaint costumes and call themselves Grand High Exalted Potentates, or something of the kind. Such things are funny, but they are not legitimate national comment. The desire to dress up and call yourself by some name other than your own has always been a universal trait of mankind. Only the very wise recover from it. Even Mrs. Spears' friends give costume balls. And, fundamentally, I have never been able to see the difference between a foreign sovereign off in antiquated costume to celebrate the annual meeting of the Knights of the Pantoufle, and the local butcher doing more or less the same thing, except that the king, being supposedly the apotheosis of man, ought to know better. I admit, of course, that in America until recently for now most countries are socially democratic more people could be Grand High Exalted Potentates than in Europe. In Europe, until recently, the privilege of being dramatically foolish was confined almost exclusively to the upper classes. But philosophically that is a difference in degree, not in fact.

From Princes to Peasants

WHAT do most of these "scientific" investigators and critics expect? That every Middletown should be a little Paris or London or New York? That all men should be wise and tolerant and individual, and all women witty and gay and beautiful? I wish they were and I hope some day they will be, but it will not be in our lifetime. It will be fifty thousand years or so from now, if at all. As for myself, I am delighted that the ladies of Middletown are sufficiently stirred to have reading or study clubs at all; and although in many instances the subjects they study may be absurd, a rather intimate experience in such matters has led me to believe that in most cases they are working hard at university extension courses. Even the Jolly Eight and the Happy Twelve do not disturb me. At least, they do not disturb me any more than Ranleigh, Long Island or Cannes. They represent merely the social instinct taking itself out in one way or another. To get to the bottom of the thing, you will have to consider whether the social instinct hasn't been mishandled all through history anyhow. All I know is that Ranleigh, Long Island and Cannes, although prettier, can be just as boring as the Jolly Eight or the Happy Twelve.

Meanwhile the question is not whether most men and women are standardized—for they always have been—not whether most men and women are dehumanized—for life, unfortunately, has always done that to most men and women—but whether, with the slow process of time, there is a chance for less standardization and less dehumanization. And especially where this article is concerned, whether in the United States the latter process is in evidence. And when I say standardization and dehumanization I am, in this instance, making no class distinctions.

For the most part life, in the past, has standardized and dehumanized most men and women, irrespective of class. The drunken brutal peers of George III were just as much standardized and dehumanized as their drunken, brutalized peasants and linkboys. No peoples have ever been more standardized and dehumanized than the upper classes throughout the world under the Victorian tradition.

(Continued on Page 60)

MINES AFT

By LEONARD H. NASON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Four Destroyers Had Swung, Two Directly for the Submarine, the Others So as to Pass Ahead and Astern of Her

ALONG the back of the boot that Italy forms on the map of Europe is the Adriatic Sea, four hundred miles long, a hundred wide, and narrowing, at the lower end, to an opening of some forty miles, the Strait of Otranto. Opposite Italy are Albania, Montenegro, Dalmatia and Croatia, and at the upper end Austria.

The Italian coast is low and harborless, whereas the other shore is a rampart of granite throughout its length, protected by shoals and by islands, and dominated inland by mountains that serve as watch towers. The fleets of the three Allied nations did their best to keep naval supremacy on this sea; they sent sorely needed mine sweepers from the Dover patrol, cruisers and battleships of the Mediterranean fleet, submarines that could ill be spared from other seas, but their combined efforts could not prevent the entrance and exit of enemy submarines, the destruction of whole fleets of mine sweepers by Austrian cruisers, nor the sudden swift raid of destroyer or light cruiser from one of those dark fiords on the eastern shore.

Early in their participation in the war the Americans had been asked to lend assistance in the Adriatic, and they had, to the best of their ability, complied. Brindisi, the Allied base, was a small port lying just above the heel of the boot, not far from the opening of the Otranto Strait, and here sheltered the mine sweepers, destroyers, submarines and other ships of war that kept the Adriatic open for the transport of troops and munitions to the occupied ports on the east coast.

One of these ports was San Giovanni di Medua, which the Austrians had attempted to close by means of a German mine-laying submarine of the latest type. Unfortunately for them, there had been a net there, and the Austrians, running into it, had lost their heads and made surface under the guns of half a dozen patrol boats. Those on the patrol boats being considerably surprised, the Austrians had time to surrender, and the Allies found themselves in possession of a very new and elaborately equipped submarine. And to show their generosity and appreciation of the efforts made by their new comrades, the Americans, they turned the submarine over to them.

The boat lay now, long, lean and sinister, two hundred and fifty feet of steel, alongside one of the stone quays at Brindisi. On her deck forward two sailors pretended to be doing something with a manila line, and aft three more chipped and painted. As long as there is a piece of line or a can of red lead within reach, no one can say a sailor is idle.

Below, in the boat's interior, four officers sat about a table in the tiny wardroom—three American and one French; the latter a veteran of the submarines since the days before Italy had come in, when the French base had been at Bizerta in North Africa, so that the French subs had to come into the Adriatic with a third of their fuel supply already exhausted.

"The boche certainly look out for the comfort of their personnel," remarked one of the American officers, looking about him. "Look at this electric heater here! Now, if a man wants a second cup of coffee, and hot, he lifts the pot off said heater and pours himself out one."

"He first," remarked one of the others, "inquires of his superiors if they wouldn't like one too."

"My mistake," smiled the first speaker. "Would anyone like a second cup?"

"They must have intended this boat to lay mines off the American coast," said the French officer. "Why, my quarters are much more comfortable aboard here than they were on the depot ship. My word. There were four of us in a cabin meant for one. We had to sleep on the deck!"

"Well, I suppose they had to make things as attractive as they could," remarked the senior officer, who, for all his two and a half stripes, did not seem more than a year older than any of the others. "Their morale must have been kind of shot. That makes it all the nicer for us, whose morale isn't! I fear this will be a pleasant summer, just cruising about the dark blue sea, laying eggs here and there in front of Lissa or Cattaro or Pola, and maybe getting a crack at an Austrian dreadnought. They've got some good ones up there, if they'll only come out. Believe me, I'm off that North Sea. Bureau drawers adrift, mattress half the time on the ceiling and the rest of the time on the deck! I froze up in November and didn't thaw out until I got sent down here. . . . Well, listen. For the afternoon, Tupper, keep on with chipping the superstructure. We'll be having an inspection one of these days soon, and we want to be able to make a showing."

He reached into his breast pocket and brought out a little book, which he consulted. There was a silence about the table.

"On deck there! Is Lieutenant Commander Conklin aboard?"

Every head came up with a jerk.

The voice was cold and stern, as of one accustomed to command, and it had come from the ceiling. There was a ventilator there that connected with a shaft that had an outboard opening astern. The speaker must be on the quay.

"Who's that?" they muttered.

"That we'll find out!" said the commander quickly. "Lieutenant Huchet, come topside with me, please. Craig, you and Tupper take a turn below and have everyone stand to! It would be just our luck to have someone caught calking off in the mine compartment!"

"What's the excitement?"

"I don't know, but anyone that asks for me in a tone like that means trouble!"

The commander and the French officer rushed out, brushing past a sailor in the alleyway who muttered something about the commander being wanted on deck, and so mounted to the conning tower.

It was a gray, drizzling day, raw and cold, for all the early spring. On the edge of the quay, by the teetery plank that served as means of access to the submarine's deck, stood a short, thickset man wrapped in a boat cloak and wearing a seagoing cap, the visor of which was embroidered with tarnished leaves. Seeing the two officers, he ascended the plank and replied to their salutes.

"I am Admiral Rapp," said he. "I'm going to inspect your submarine."

The two others stared, for admirals do not go about alone, but have aides and liaison officers and all sorts of attendants, including guards of honor.

"Don't be surprised," went on the admiral. "One of my aides is leaving my card on the British and the other on the Italians. They're all gone. There's a rumor the Austrians are out, so they've all gone to greet them. I've got a thousand things to do, among them to inspect this boat. Let's get out of this rain."

They went below by way of the conning tower and so to the lower control room, where Ensign Tupper was presented.

The admiral immediately stalked forward.

"What's this?" he demanded, halting at the wardroom door

"This is the wardroom, sir."

The admiral stepped over the weatherboard and looked with curiosity at the oak paneling, the deep, leather-cushioned seats, the shaded electric lights in the green-beamed ceiling, the electric stove in the corner and the original oil paintings—one of a seascape and the other of some medieval ship leaving harbor—that were set into the bulkheads. He rubbed the polished surface of the oaken table with his finger.

"H'm. Checkerboard set in the wood. Play checkers, Conklin? I never knew the Germans played checkers. Hah! What's this? Motto? What's this mean?"

He indicated, down the center of the table, where those who ate would have it before their eyes three times a day, a couplet in German that had been carved into the oak and the carving filled with some wood of lighter color.

"Mr. Tupper!" called the commander; and when the ensign appeared: "What does this motto mean?"

Mr. Tupper glanced at the commander from the corner of his eye. The commander knew very well what that motto meant, since he, Tupper, had done nothing but talk about it since the first day he had come aboard. However, if he was to be offered up as a sacrifice—he cleared his throat and began.

"Sir, it's from a poem. They've got the whole thing framed in the men's quarters forward. Then there's another copy in the engine-room warrant officers' quarters aft. It seems — "

"What does it mean?" rasped the admiral.

"Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,
Wir haben alle nur einen Feind,
England!"

read the ensign in theatrical tones. "It means, sir: 'We love together, we hate together, we have all one common enemy, England.'"

"Huruh!" coughed the admiral.

"I believe, sir, that this boat was presented by the German Government to the Austrian, and that was why they had the poem carved in the table. They have it all in the battery room forward. It begins: 'What do we care for the French or the Russians? We'll pay them back, blow for blow, but they don't bother us. The only one we really need be concerned about is England, hiding behind the gray waves!'"

"This poem was written before we came into the war, of course?"

"Oh, of course! Yes, sir, because America is not mentioned in it once. The poem has a very fine swing to it. In fact, I'm now translating it into English verse. It goes:

"A word for the warrior in the fight,
A word for day and a word for night,
A word for child and for child of child,
A word for the fierce, a word for the mild.
We have water and we have land,
Hearts of steel and a ready hand,
To knock the hell out of England!"

There was a short pause, during which all looked at the floor or the ceiling, save the admiral, who regarded Mr. Tupper with the detached air of one who listens to a rambling explanation of "drunk and disorderly" at "mast" the morning after.

"The last line halts a bit, sir, I know," said Tupper diffidently, "but 'Engeland' is the way it sounds in the original."

"Now, forward, sir," began the commander rather hurriedly, "we have the officers' room, the warrant officers' quarters, the kitchen, and, last of all, the crew's quarters."

"Got a torpedo room there?"

"Yes, sir."

"We'll have a look at it. I don't think it can be very comfortable for the men up there. The trouble with these mine layers is that the mines take up too much room."

The admiral and the commander moved forward, while Mr. Tupper, not having been invited, returned to the control room, and Lieutenant Huchet, the French officer, lingered in the wardroom to laugh unseen.

The others came back, though, in a very short time, and went aft into the glare of the control room, where lights glittered on dial, gauge and wheel.

"I've seen enough," said the admiral decisively, looking at his watch. "I'll recommend that we not accept this boat. We don't want it."

"Sir?" gasped the three officers together.

"I'm going to recommend that the boat be returned with thanks," said the admiral. "Because they turn over to us a pile of junk is no reason we should accept it. What do we want with a mine-laying submarine? We don't want to keep the Austrians in; we want 'em to come out."

The three officers felt their hearts turn cold. They had been aboard this boat now for three weeks, carrying out daily drills and exercises not too violent, going ashore when they pleased and sleeping all night in.

Each officer thought with horror of his last billet. Conklin, the boat's commander, had come from a British E-type submarine, in which he had had to share a bunk with another officer and eat cold "Mac" for days on end. Tupper had been with a destroyer flotilla, watch and watch, night after freezing night, turning in, a walking icicle,

(Continued on Page 71)

The Admiral, With Lieutenant Commander Conklin and Ensign Tupper, Stood on the Conning-Tower Platform Behind the Weather Cloth and Watched the Shore Line and the Fishermen's Houses and the Church Fading Through the Rain

ROLLING STONES DON'T LIKE MOSS, ANYHOW

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Lady, This Car Belongs in the County Hospital Instead of a Garage. She's Got Hardening of the Arteries and Palsy and Senile Dementia"

SHE won't move, mom. She's shot."

"That's what you've been saying every day for a week, Petey, and we've kept on a-going."

"Just moving, that's all. And now we can't even do that. She's done."

"Maybe the gas is all gone."

"No, I plugged up that leak."

"Maybe she's boiled dry."

"That never held her back any. She's used to it."

"What are we going to do, Petey?"

"Stay here till something turns up, I guess."

"How far d'you spose we are from that town?"

The boy turned his face, spattered with rusty water and smeared with grease, toward the village that rose from the flatness of the prairie like the graph of a very mild fever curve

"Coupla miles."

"Well, son, you better walk in and find a g'rage."

"G'rages cost money, ma. When I was working in that one back in Peory they'd charge a quarter jes' for a little thing like changing a tire, and for a job like this—well, I never seen a job like this all in one car before."

"I've got about twenty dollars left."

"How are we going to eat and buy gas, if you spend it?"

Mrs. Allen smiled at her son reassuringly.

"You're the greatest hand to worry, Pete. I don't know where you get it from. I never do it, and your father never worried about anything except how to get liquor in a strange town."

"Well, you better begin worrying right now. Here we are broke down a thousand miles from where we're going to, and it's liable to snow any day."

"Something will turn up. Just hitch-hike into town, Pete, and get that g'rageman. Have him bring plenty of used parts. One of everything that goes in a car, if he's got it."

"We've got to get off the highway first. Hey, kids, get out!"

The harmonica *obbligato* to the duet between Mrs. Allen and her son stopped as Bunny, frowsy-headed and eleven, climbed out over the ragged miscellany that filled the tonneau.

"Push," commanded the elder brother.

"Buster's got to help. Wake him up, mom."

"Oh, leave him sleep."

"I'm awake." Buster, with a freckle for every day of his eight years, climbed over the door which was wired shut.

Like a well-drilled squad, the Allen family took their places behind their car and pushed. Obviously, they had done it before.

"That's far enough. Hurry, Pete. Stop this car that's coming."

The first car swerved to one side to avoid hitting Pete and passed on. So did the second and the third, but the fourth slowed up dubiously before he swung on.

His mother sat down in the dusty weeds beside the highway and looked after him. She pulled her sun visor down over her eyes to shut out the level rays of the sunset and studied the village in the distance.

Bunny climbed the fence and played her harmonica, startling a meadow lark across the road into outraged competition

"No, sir, I don't like the looks of that town," said Mrs. Allen judicially. "It's too small. We'll sure be out of luck if we get stuck here. I'll bet they never even heard of a community chest. I'll bet they ain't even got any regular charities 'sociation. I'll bet all the idea they got about helping a poor widow is hunting up places for her to wash."

"I don't like it here," said Buster. "It's too still."

"Your father never would stop any longer than he had to in a tank town like that; though every town was a tank town to poor pop, in a way." She threw back her head and laughed. "Funny, I didn't know I was going to make a joke then. It's good too."

"I'm cold," said Bunny, shaking the spit out of her harmonica.

Mrs. Allen looked at the graying sunset.

"If we have to stay here all night we'll camp over behind that tire sign to break the wind, and there's plenty of wood in them fences. We can keep a fire going all night if we want to."

High overhead a wedge of wild geese honked. Mrs. Allen turned up her sunburned but not unattractive face and looked after them.

"I wish they wouldn't bark at us thataway," she said. "It sounds like they're leaving us flat."

Buster waved his grimy hand after them. "Good-by, geese. We'll catch up with you tomorrow."

"Wish we was them," said his mother. "No car to break down, no gas to buy, no cooking to do along the road."

"Here's Pete and the g'rageman."

A repair car drew up beside them. Pete and a middle-aged mechanic jumped out of it.

"There she is," said Pete redundantly.

The mechanic bent over the engine of the Allen car and put on his glasses.

"Step on your starter."

"Ain't got any. She cranks."

"Crank her, then."

Twilight deepened and a fog rose from the prairie. The mechanic turned his car around and worked in the glare of his headlights and a spot. Pete helped him. Mrs. Allen pulled a ragged comfort about her shoulders and sat squinting in the light, chewing gum. Buster lay with his head in her lap and a corner of the comfort across his legs. Bunny crouched in the shadow like Pan in overalls, playing her harmonica.

"Laissez faire," which may be freely translated as "Let George do it," was on the faces of the Allens, but the mechanic looked worried. Finally he faced Mrs. Allen with a gesture reminiscent of death scenes in the early movies.

"Lady, this car belongs in the county hospital instead of a garage. She's got hardening of the arteries and palsy and senile dementia."

Mrs. Allen's smile flashed back at him. "Her appetite's fine, though, doc. Y'ought to see her eat gas and oil."

"It isn't nourishing her though."

"I'll say it's not."

"I ain't ever heard of those parts you're talking about," said Pete. "And I've worked around g'rages a lot. Can't you fix her up so we can go on to California?"

"Well, I wouldn't say it couldn't be done, but you'd practically have to rebuild it and it would cost an awful lot of money. When you did get it done, your chassis would probably fall to pieces. And look at that rubber! No, lady, I wouldn't undertake it without my money in advance, and then I wouldn't guarantee the job."

"But we gotta be on our way," protested Mrs. Allen. "We can't camp out here in Kansas all winter."

"It's Nebraska."

"Nebraska, then. Cold, whichever it is."

The mechanic rubbed his chin, leaving a black smudge among the bristles. "Sure can't. Where's your husband?"

"Dead."

"Got some folks out in California?"

"No."

"What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Work in the fruit, I guess. Mr. Allen and I was out there a few years back—that was before he got killed and liked it real good."

"I'm going to get a job at the lion farm," said Pete.

"And I'm going into the movies," said Bunny.

"Lady, if you're that set on getting there you'll have to get a new car."

"What'll I use for money—potato chips?"

"What did you use to get this far?"

"Lodge money, but it's all gone. Mr. Allen was a Caribou, and when the train hit him I got three hundred dollars insurance." She placed her hands on either side of her head with fingers branching in passable imitation of antlers, and mooed at him. He backed away hastily. "You ain't a Caribou, I see," she said astutely.

"No."

"Do you know if there's any in your town?"

"Never heard of any. Don't you mean Elks?"

"No, this is another lodge."

"None of them around here."

"That's too bad. If there was they might give a benefit for us." Mrs. Allen chewed gum reflectively. "Well, there must be a community chest. Will you tell them that a poor widow lady with three children, the oldest fourteen, is broke down here and wants help to get to California?"

"I don't know of anything except the churches. We've got five of them. Which denomination are you connected with?"

"Which one's the biggest?"

"Methodist."

"We're Methodists, then, I guess."

The garageman grinned. "I'll send somebody out to see you in the morning. I won't charge you anything for coming out here." He put his hand into his pocket uncertainly. "Got plenty to eat tonight?"

"Yes. It's real kind of you to take so much interest in us, mister."

"Well, here's a dollar to buy the kiddies something."

He cut short their thanks and got into his car.

As he backed off, his spotlight framed the little group huddled in blankets beside their disabled car, and the sound of Bunny's harmonica followed him through the dusk.

"That was a nice man," said Mrs. Allen. "I wonder if he's married." She pulled the comfort tighter about her shoulders. "Well, we better fix our beds before it gets any darker. Petey, go break some rails off that fence to cook supper."

"It's awful late to cook, mom. Let's walk into town and buy some dogs and go to a movie afterward."

"That's a good idea," agreed Mrs. Allen. "We got a little money left, and somebody's sure to be out tomorrow to help us."

II

BUSTER was sitting on top of a fence beside the highway. His mother had sent him there after breakfast to watch for the promised succor from town. "Succor," in her mind, was spelled as sounded, and sensed as it was spelled.

Soon he saw a sedan with four middle-aged ladies in it who were looking uncertainly at both sides of the road. The driver stopped and stuck her head out of the window.

"Little boy, have you seen a family around here with a broken-down car? They were here last night."

"Yes, ma'am. It's us. We're round behind that big sign. It was too windy out here. We got up and moved in the middle of the night."

"How did you get your car across that gully?"

"Pushed."

"Well, I'm not going to drive my car through it," said Mrs. Slater vigorously. "We'll have to carry our things."

Mrs. Lake, the first lady out, carried a large lunch basket covered with a white cloth. Mrs. Bates came next with a coal-oil heater. Miss Hibberd stumbled after her with a load of bedding. Mrs. Slater, sniffing audibly, took what was left—a bunch of old Atlantic Monthlies. Buster led the way toward the large tire sign which told the motorist that he was approaching Granby, named for the family that founded it. With that statement the tire company had stopped, run out of copy.

The ladies shuffled uncertainly through thick dead leaves that concealed rabbit holes and bumps. Mrs. Bates

"What Could You Expect When You Put Her Here Where He'd See Her Every Day, and I Lived Clear Across Town?"

stopped suddenly to wipe off her glasses, setting the stove down beside her. Miss Hibberd, following close behind, with her vision cut off by the load of comforters, fell over it with a plaintive squawk. The others dropped their burdens and ran to her, where she lay like an overturned chess queen.

She glared up at Mrs. Bates. "What did you want to stop suddenly like that for?"

"I had to wipe off my glasses," retorted Mrs. Bates. "I don't see what on earth you brought the stove for anyhow."

"I'll carry it myself, and whoever brought those blankets can take charge of them."

"And I'll thank you, Mrs. Lake, to give me that dinner I worked all morning to cook," said Mrs. Slater, who was obviously the leader of the party. "You can carry these magazines, as long as that's your idea of helping the poor."

"I thought they might enjoy the Contributors' Club," said Mrs. Lake meekly. "It's very amusing."

Thus reorganized, the relief party staggered on, quite bereft of the consciousness of worth and benevolence that had so warmed them during the drive out.

Buster had run ahead of them, and Mrs. Allen greeted them as they came around the tire sign. Mrs. Lake sprang forward and thrust the magazines into her hand.

"You poor soul," she quavered. "My heart aches for you and these dear little children."

Mrs. Allen smiled graciously. "We'll be all right, now that you ladies are here to help us. . . . Um-m, don't that basket smell good! . . . Take a sniff at it, kids. . . . And blankets. We'll sleep warm tonight. And that's a stove, ain't it? It will be fine when we're camping in a place where wood's scarce."

Confronted by the smiling, carefree grasshoppers, the ants looked snappish and irritable. Mrs. Slater turned on Bunny.

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She Stopped and Stared; Then Joy Crowded Incredulity Off Her Ruddy Face

HALLS OF ILLUSION

As Told to Charles Gilbert Reinhart

HE STOOD, a sturdy and determined figure, on the ornate stairway which led from the hushed auditorium to the crowded balcony above. About him was an air of mingled defiance and resolution, like that which marks the man who, past the age of gallantry, insists on retaining his seat in a filled trolley car despite the efforts of a hard-eyed matron to glare him out of it. He wasn't really enjoying the story that unfolded on the screen before his eyes or the soft, expensive music that rose and fell with the action. For him there was satisfaction enough in the thought that of all those who waited for seats, he alone had taken a place of vantage and, like Horatius of old, was going to hold it against the sternest of house rules and the harshest of efforts to remove him.

To this modern Horatius there came a slim, uniformed youth. His voice was smooth as his plastered hair; his manner correct and unruffled as his tight-fitting tunic.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "You cannot stand there. It blocks the way."

The Ushers' S O S

HORATIUS had anticipated this and had his answer ready. "I'm going to stay here," he announced, "until I get a seat. It's the only place where I can see the show."

The usher argued no further. "Very well, sir," he replied, and snapped rigidly to attention, dropping both hands to his side and clicking his heels. Then he withdrew. Horatius smiled in triumph.

Five seconds later another usher appeared. He was slightly older, slightly more decorative, slightly more suave than his predecessor. On the arm of his coat were two stripes.

"I'm sorry, sir," he began. "You ——"

But Horatius interrupted. "I'm going to stay here," he barked harshly. "Get that and get out."

"Very well, sir," answered the usher, and came still more smartly to attention. His hands struck his thighs with a slightly louder slap. His heels clicked twice. Then he, too, turned and walked away. Horatius grinned still wider. This was easier than he had expected.

He was still grinning when a third youth appeared. This attendant was impeccable in informal evening clothes, but no less courteous than his predecessors. He was, in fact, the floor manager. "I'm sorry, sir ——" he began, in the now familiar formula; but Horatius' voice boomed louder, quickly drowning him out. The floor manager listened, silent, attentive, apparently deeply interested. Then through the inevitable crowd which had gathered thrust a pair of broad shoulders under a blue coat. They belonged to a municipal fireman stationed in the theater as a protective measure. The newcomer laid a heavy hand on the now impassioned orator's shoulder. "Get out of here," he rasped—and in his voice was none of the deference that had marked the theater employes' manner. "You're causing a fire menace."

Horatius ceased his oration. Swiftly and quietly he slipped away, to lose himself among the waiting spectators below and with them to find a seat a short time later when the program changed.

As house manager of a modern motion-picture theater I was proud of the way my boys had handled this situation. Their signals had worked perfectly.

In the Early Days of the Movies—a Traveling Tent Show in Kansas

The Next Step—the Nickelodeon of Twenty Years Ago

When the first usher came courteously to attention after a rebuff, the click of his heels, quite audible in the almost silent auditorium, told the head usher that help was needed. When he in turn clicked heels twice in coming to attention, the signal summoned the floor manager. Recognizing the nature of the difficulty, this youth asked the fireman to follow him to the stairway, prepared to act if diplomacy failed. Thus at no time had the patron experienced anything but deference in his contacts with theater employes. From them he had received no order, no criticism. The command to move had come from a city employe, and even then it had assumed the form not of a reproof but of an expression of the theater's—and the city's—concern for the safety of the patrons.

It was a typical example of the diplomacy, yet inflexibility, with which motion-picture management must act to enforce its rules and still retain that most important of all its assets—the good will of the public.

A Background for Pictures

PROBABLY no candidate for political office, no utility corporation with its costly public-relations bureau, strives harder for public favor than does the manager of the modern cathedral of the celluloids. And undoubtedly none has a larger, more critical public to please. More than 100,000,000 patrons—he calls them guests—attend his theaters weekly in the United States alone. More than $2,000,000 is paid into his box offices daily. More than $1,250,000,000—some 62 per cent of the entire $2,000,000,000 invested in the motion-picture industry in the United States—represents the physical value of his 20,500 theaters, capable of seating 18,500,000 patrons and of presenting 10,500,000 individual exhibitions annually. More than 110,000 employes, carefully selected for appearance and rigidly trained for efficient, courteous service, are on his pay roll. Because of the swift growth of motion-picture exhibition some of these figures must be approximate, but they represent the most recent statistics available at the Department of Commerce and in the yearbooks of the industry itself.

To hold this growing patronage—it is increasing at the rate of 15 per cent annually—the manager must depend on more than pictures alone. To fill his new theaters—more than $160,000,000 was spent on such construction in 1928—he must make of exhibition an art, or a business, whichever you prefer, as rigidly studied as is production. In many

ways his is a more delicate problem than the producer's. He represents filmdom's direct contact with the ultimate consumer, and on his ability to hold public favor depend the future and the dividends of the entire industry. That is one reason why he has introduced so many costly and apparently extraneous features into his newest halls of illusion. The motion-picture theater of today offers far more than celluloid romance to the community it entertains and sometimes educates. Its patrons may absorb their ideas of dress, of deportment and of love-making from the slim-hipped heroines who glide across the screen, but their knowledge of such art as is represented by the symphonic orchestra, by architecture, by sculpture, and by interior decoration is frequently acquired from the theater itself. A decade ago only the wealthiest and most fortunate could hear such music or move at ease amid such luxurious, and often artistic, surroundings as are offered today along with entertainment to any patron of the newest million-dollar movie palaces, at an average admission charge of fifty cents.

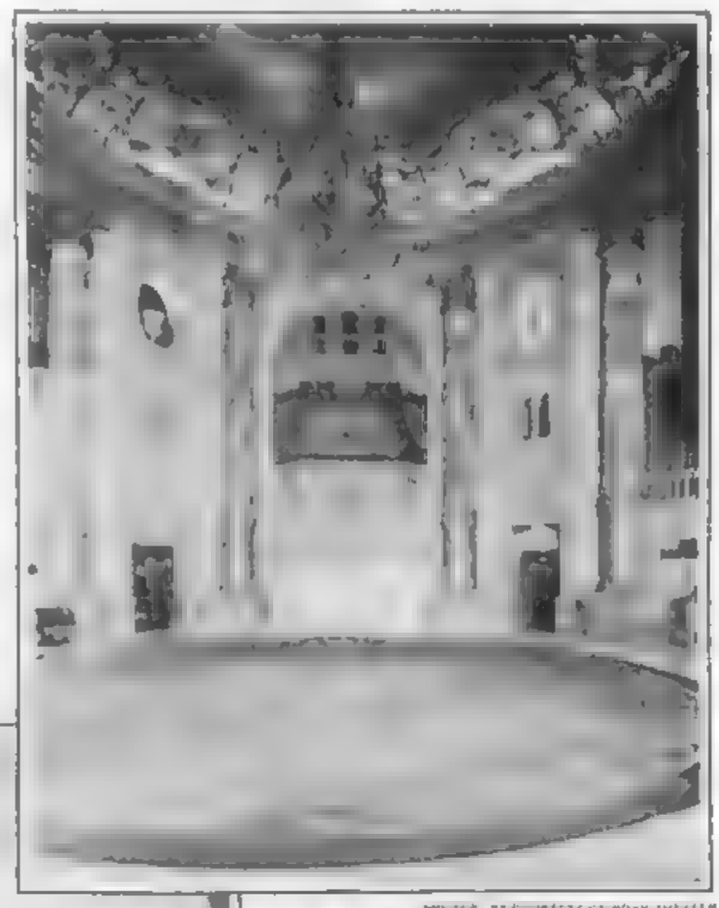
Show Called on Account of Funeral

ALL the glamour of the movies isn't centered in Hollywood. Neither, for that matter, is all the romance. To me none of the widely heralded epics of modern industry seems more spectacular and amazing than the growth and development of motion-picture exhibition. Maybe that's because I've been so closely associated with the game for most of my life. I've seen it grow from the peep-show and penny-arcade stage to its present picture-presentation-talkie status. I was in it when all an exhibitor needed was an empty store, a projection machine, a cheap screen and a few rented chairs. That was the period when at least one pioneer rented his chairs from a near-by undertaker and had to call off the show whenever a funeral was held in the neighborhood. I had the first nickelodeon in my home town, with a gaudy store-front design, a two-reel-and-song evening program and an eighty-dollar-a-week overhead, which included ten dollars for rent and heat, twenty dollars for films, fifteen dollars for an operator, three dollars for a cashier, five dollars for a pianist and five dollars for a golden-voiced tenor. I've bicycled films—which means rushing them from one theater to another and back again to save extra rentals—and I've run grind houses, where the film program starts at ten or eleven in the morning and is ground through steadily until midnight.

I've managed the presentation and the combined movie-vaudeville houses where the cost is usually too high for one man to carry and must be swung by the big, heavily financed producer or exhibitor chains. It's been an active, a fascinating and—with work—a profitable game. And it's growing bigger and more interesting every year.

Naturally, the responsibilities and complexities of management have grown along with the theater. Before the war an adequate show house could be built for $8000 or $10,000. Today $5,000,000 theaters are not uncommon. In the old days the owner or manager, in addition to his administrative duties, could act as cashier or doorman, and even take a turn at cranking the projector. In the big theater of today he finds all his time occupied in directing an organization which includes departments devoted to service, housekeeping, engineering, production, projection, stage effects, music, advertising, accounting, tailoring and an unlimited number of other responsibilities. Before the war he could, in the majority of houses, solve the costly problem of the hold-over—a patron who sits through more than one show—by the simple expedient of flashing on the screen a sign which read, in effect, "All those who have seen the performance will please pass out." Try that today and see how soon the new manager—or the sheriff—steps in. In these days of close competition the patron wants to be the welcomed, not the speeded, guest.

The hold-over problem, incidentally, probably affects the accounts of more motion-picture theaters adversely than does any other single element of operation. It influences not only income but production itself, particularly



The Movie House of Today—the Rotunda of the Roxy Theater. At Left—Roxy Ballet Corps Members. Rigidly Trained Ballets are an Important Feature of the Program in the Modern "Presentation House"

in those houses which supplement their films with vaudeville features. If too many patrons insist on retaining their seats through more than one show, they not only keep other patrons out but they create a long queue in front of the box office, which frightens more prospective customers away. Modern exhibition practice doesn't permit the affront which accompanies a request to leave the theater. Some other method must be found.

PHOTO. BY L. F. NATHAN. COURTESY OF PUBLIX THEATERS

The Staff of Ushers at the Paramount Theater, New York City

Too Good to Pay

THE most satisfactory solution appears to be the show which is long enough and interesting enough to satisfy completely the desire of the audience for entertainment. But even this sometimes fails, and hundreds of patrons will remain to see or hear a popular act repeated.

The unfortunate experience which befell one manager of my acquaintance in the early days of presentation is still remembered by all big exhibitors. At great expense he had obtained a week's contract with one of America's most famous jazz bands to play in his theater before the feature film was shown. At still further expense he advertised the coup widely. On the day the program opened, his theater was crowded and a line two blocks long waited constantly for admission. Rival managers, myself among them, regarded this with envy. The act, we thought, was grossing a fortune for the house. But we were wrong. Later the manager told me, in a voice which wailed like the mammy song of a talker, that the sax appeal of that band had jammed his house with hold-overs willing to sit through a mediocre film two and three times for the privilege of hearing the syncopations repeated again and again. There had been no "turn-over"—that necessary period when virtually every seat is emptied, to be filled again by a new ticket buyer. The experience cost the theater thousands of dollars, not only that week but during the weeks that followed. Hundreds of its regular patrons, annoyed by their inability to get seats after a long wait, or perhaps fearing that a similar situation might continue when the band had left, went to other theaters and gave them their regular patronage thereafter.

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THE RAIN OF RIGHT

"Yes," Said Susie, "Saying His Prayers. You Better Wait Here Till Pa's Finished. You Can't Very Well Put Him Out of His Home When He's Praying, Can You?"

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

NOW you know how it is—all this about whether prayers do help. Some believe and some don't. There are some folks right here in town I could name, if I'd a mind to, who send out a prayer when they lose a jackknife, and now I think that's what I should call kind of yellow—bothering the Lord about such matters -but then, a party can't tell, can he? If the Lord keeps count of a sparrow when he falls, maybe He does keep tabs on jackknives and cuff links when they drop.

Anyways, that's how old Jonah Wiggin used to argue it. Jonah used to be the greatest party for arguing. He would argue about anything, whether he knew of it or not. I can recall Jonah, like it was the other night, setting in the general store when Leon Carroll used to run it. Times were social then. Jonah would have the hickory armchair, because he was getting powerful old, and the rest would sit on boxes. Nights when the stove would be red-hot and the lamp by the counter smoked, a kind of soft light would play on Jonah, solemn like a sunset, hiding the tobacco stains on his beard and the patches on his coat; and his face, all high-boned and sharp, and his long white hair would make him like an old party in an artistic chromo, and not like a careless old party who let the Wiggin farm run down.

"Yes, sir," Jonah said. I can't recall how the argument came up. The way arguments do, I guess, around the stove in November, when fellers are waiting for the mail. "Yes, sir, I don't know much about it, but let's put it this way now: If the Lord keeps track of the sparrows, He can keep track of a sight of other things. Prayers should work if you say 'em right—yes, sir."

To hear that shaky voice of his, you'd think he'd gone to meeting regular, instead of fishing Sundays since he was a kid, and swearing and fighting until he got too old. That was the way with the Wiggins. It was a wonder how they hung on at Geoffrey Corners so long, whole generations of the Wiggins. You'd have thought that some smart party like Abel Judd would have done for 'em long ago.

Abel Judd was at the store, as I recollect it. Abel was always where there was a crowd. Young, red-faced and pleasant-spoken and real spry; always ready with a joke, too, Abel was. His house was all fixed up in new white paint. He always knew the summer people at the Inn, and went to Boston regular, once a month. Always ready to lend money, Abel was; always out to buy antiques and old doors. You know, the kind of party that knows the price of everything.

"That's right," said Abel. "Talk to 'em, Jonah. You're the one to let in light. You blamed old reprobate!"

"I'm just tellin' you," says Jonah. "That's all."

"If it came a drought," says Abel, "would you pray for rain?"

"I'm just tellin' you," says Jonah, "that's all."

Smart, that's how Abel was; red, with wrinkles around his eyes.

"You leave him be, Abel," said Leon Carroll from behind the counter, and that's the way the rest of us felt. Jonah Wiggin was all right, you see, because Jonah never did harm. Besides, it wasn't proper to make sport of sacred things. Jonah got up slow out of his hickory armchair and he buttoned up his coat and wrapped up his muffler.

"It's time to be gettin' up to my house," he said, and pulled on his mittens. Jim Heath, the party who was sheriff then, got up and fixed his mittens too. Jim looked big and grim.

"I'll walk up with you a piece," he said. "It's a long way back alone."

"Jim," said Jonah, "you're not aiming to attach anything, be you?" The Wiggins were always in some sort of trouble, you understand, but Jonah meant it as a joke.

"No," said Jim, "no, Jonah. The game warden may want you, but not me."

"Good night, fellers," said Jonah. "I guess I've given you something to laugh at, but it's what I say. I've never testified in meeting, but I've got faith. There should be something in praying, if you do it right." There always was a stubborn streak in Jonah. He wouldn't let an argument die down.

"His house, is it?" said Abel Judd. "Did you hear him, fellers? He calls it his house still, when it's my house all the time."

A little matter you will call it, considering all the times that stove had been burning in the general store and all the times Jonah used to be there arguing about this and that, waiting for the mail, but it was a matter you can recollect, because it was the start of something odd.

Walking up the hill away from the Corners in the dusk, Jim Heath said that Jonah went very slow and kept stopping to puff and pant. Jim wasn't so young himself, but he was spry, and Jim said it made him sad, seeing Jonah crawling up the hill.

"I'm not so young as I used to be," said Jonah.

"Now, that's a fact," said Jim.

"But I'm young enough," said Jonah.

"Glory be!" said Jim. "I'm not arguin' with you, Jonah."

That was always the way with Jonah—contentious.

"And what's more," said Jonah, "I could finish off more hard cider'n you could right this very minute—yes, sir."

"Ain't I said," said Jim, "I'm not arguin' with you, Jonah?"

"If you don't want an argument," said Jonah, "why do you walk my way?" Dry—that was what Jonah was.

"Gosh, Jonah," Jim said, "I don't know. And now you're gettin' going on religion. Godfrey, Jonah, what do you know about religion, any more than me?"

"You get thinking on religion," says Jonah, "when you get old. And I want to know—why shouldn't I know as much about religion as lots around? Does anybody know?"

"Glory be!" says Jim. "I'm not arguin' with you, Jonah."

No, sir, you couldn't pry Jonah off a subject. And it was odd, Jim said, because they were going past the church, cold and white beside the road, its steeple, like a razor, shaving at the sky.

"Jonah," said Jim, "what in Sam Hill is Abel Judd doing around your place?"

"Well," said Jonah, "I guess he can be around if he wants to be."

"I'm not arguing," said Jim, "I'm asking. I don't like Abel Judd, and lots here don't."

Abel was successful then, and up our way you get to wondering when anyone makes money.

"Well," says Jonah, "there's two sides to every question. There are some who don't like Abel and some who do like Abel ——"

"Tarnation!" said Jim. "I'm not arguin' with you, Jonah. Is he after Susie? Watch him, Jonah. He's got an eye for girls."

Susie Wiggin was Jonah's daughter, you understand; and Susie was worth looking at—a tall girl like her pa, with a brown, thin face and slim, strong hands. Yes, sir, Susie looked awful strong, but pretty just the same. You could hear her arguing with Jonah many's the time downtown. "You're shiftless, pa," she used to say. The Wiggins were always shiftless.

Jonah stopped in the road and commenced to puff again. He couldn't have liked what Jim Heath said, because his eyebrows went together and he hauled a cake of his chewing tobacco out of his pocket and took a bite.

"No," says Jonah, "he ain't after Susie. Let him get gay with Susie and I'll give him a slug of buckshot in the pants!"

"There!" says Jim. "Now you're talking, Jonah."

"Yes, sir," said Jonah, "Susie's going to marry into good people and not truck around with any scrubs. Who ever heard of any Judds when we were kids? The Wiggins have always been good people, more or less."

"Now, Jonah," says Jim, "I'm not arguing with you. I'm just asking. What is Abel doing around your place?"

And then Jonah told him and it made Jim kind of sad, because things like that always make you sort of that way.

"I sold him out the farm," said Jonah, stout and loud; "the whole two hundred acres, if you've got to know." And it gave Jim a sort of start when Jonah said it, because, you understand, the Wiggins had always been on their land at Geoffrey Corners. The Wiggins were always part of it, like the church and the store and the village green.

"You sold it?" said Jim. Jonah put a piece of tobacco in his mouth and commenced to walk up the hill again.

"Jim," he said, "I'm not as spry as I used to be. It wasn't that I wanted to, but he gave three thousand dollars. Susie won't want the farm and I'm to have it as long as I live. Yes, sir. Suppose I get to be a hundred; Abel says I can be there yet."

"As long as you live?" said Jim. "Did Abel tell you that?"

It didn't sound right to Jim, you understand, because Jim knew Abel Judd.

"Sure," said Jonah, "sure, he told me that. I wouldn't have sold it if I wasn't going to live there Where else would I fit, Jim, now I'm getting old?"

"Well," said Jim, "he put it in writing, I suppose."

"Godfrey!" said Jonah. "I suppose he did. How should I know? Ain't telling me enough?"

And Jim just shook his head and went on walking up the hill. It worried Jim Heath, you see, because Jim knew that Abel Judd wasn't the sort to let anyone wait and die.

You may have seen where the Wiggin farm stands, in the uplands with a big hill behind it. It's all gray and purple in the autumn and the winter; the woods are purple and the sky is gray and the house is square and old, with the roof of the cattle barn caving in. And out in front, beyond the dooryard, in a square of pine trees, was the Wiggin graveyard, where all the Wiggins lay that used to live there. The house was very black, except for a light burning in the kitchen, when Jim and Jonah got there. Susie was in the kitchen with her sleeves rolled up, and everything was helter-skelter; old paper, broken chairs

"Land's sake," said Susie, "but you're late, pa! The supper's getting cold."

Jonah stamped his feet on the mat and pulled off his cap.

"Two glasses of cider, Sue," he said. . . . "Susie's always arguing," said Jonah.

When he had the cider, you could see the old man was feeling better, but Jim was worried still.

"Susie," he said, "did Abel sign a paper saying your pa could keep this place as long as he was living?"

Susie looked at him, surprised, and commenced to laugh, the way she sometimes did, just as if nothing made any great matter.

"Land's sakes!" said Susie. "I never thought to look. He said it, didn't he?"

"He didn't sign a paper?" said Jim.

"No," said Susie, "he didn't sign a paper as far as I know. Land's sakes, Mr. Heath, pa's that shiftless I've plenty else to think about."

Jim sat down hard in one of the kitchen chairs. Jonah had taken off his coat and was standing by the stove, tall and thin, and you could see it didn't mean anything at all to Jonah.

"Then Lord help you!" says Jim. "He'll throw you out of here just as soon as he's a mind to. I know Abel Judd. Godfrey! Were there ever such poor fools?"

Old Jonah's face got kind of red and he stood up straight in the kitchen, looking at the broken chairs and at the plaster chipping off the walls.

"How can he get me out of here if he said it?" said Jonah. "There's some law in this state, ain't there?"

"No law," said Jim, "unless you signed a paper. You don't know Abel Judd."

Jonah still stood up there, straight, and his face was red and the cider made him feel better, and he commenced to scowl.

"That's Right," Said Abel. "Talk to 'Em, Jonah. You're the One to Let in Light"

"Then let's see him try to put me off my place!" he said. "Or anybody else, until the undertaker lifts me out. It's my farm until I die. That's what I said. Didn't I say it, Susie?"

And Susie commenced to laugh again and slapped the plates down on the table.

"Pa's awful determined when he once makes up his mind," said Susie. "Pa won't stand for any tricks, and I won't stand for any neither."

"Lord help you!" said Jim. "You've got to stand for them when Abel Judd gets going."

Jim, of course, he knew that there was going to be trouble.

All the time old Jonah was feeling better, and you could see that something Jim had said had made him kind of mad, because he stamped out of the kitchen and came back with his shotgun, percussion cap and muzzle-loader, and commenced to toss it toward his shoulder

"Just let anybody try to put us off," said Jonah, "and I'll give 'em a dose of physic!"

It wasn't nice to see old Jonah stand there, tall and thin, with his shotgun in his hand. It gave Jim a turn to see him, because Jim knew that Jonah was the sort of feller that would do it. He wouldn't let an argument go by.

"Godfrey!" said Jim, and he felt sort of queer. "If there's any eviction, I'm the one you'll shoot at. I'm the sheriff here."

"Well," said Jonah, "I don't care who 'tis "

"Jonah," says Jim, "I guess you better say your prayers that there won't be trouble, you dumb old fool."

Jim had a mind, and maybe he was thinking how a time comes in everybody's life when they get down and pray

You might guess now what would happen. Knowing Abel Judd, you would have known. Buy and sell fast that was Abel's motto. He knew that words didn't mean a thing unless you had 'em down in ink. It was the same old story, just as most things are the same.

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Jonah Was by the Kitchen Table Doing an Odd Thing; He Was Tearing Leaves Out of the Family Bible When We Came In

NOT THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"Wouldn't it be More Fun If We Didn't Tell Each Other Who We Are?"

THE Duke put on his hat and coat. He felt guilty. It exasperated him to feel guilty. Why should he feel guilty? What he proposed to do was so innocent. And he had to do something.

The Duke had spent seven solid weeks preparing for the great effort of his life. He was twenty-one years old and the time had come for him to step up into the ranks of the forever great or down among the second-raters. He had still two weeks to go and he didn't know if he could last that two weeks without cracking.

The anxiety around him was too thick. The Duke was a little anxious about himself. He was afraid he was on the verge of going stale and he couldn't ask Doc Blodgett to come out and look him over. Doc Blodgett was laid up in bed in a hotel in New York with a painful variety of rheumatism. But the Duke's anxiety was as nothing compared to the anxiety of the others. Jake was impossible. Every man on the place had taken to worrying. Even the calm Barney had ceased to be himself.

The Duke tried the knob of the front door. The lock was free enough, but the door was stuck. The front door of an old Connecticut house usually is stuck the first week in March. The Duke listened. He could hear the slap of cards and an occasional remark in the living room.

He pulled steadily on the door, hoping to open it without making any noise. The door wouldn't come. He used all his strength and it wouldn't come. The Duke got his weight under the door knob and jerked. The door came open with a loud, cracking sound that reverberated through the house.

The Duke waited to see if this untoward sound aroused attention. It did. Jake came rushing out of the living room. Jake was a fat man, but when he was excited he moved fast and he talked even faster. He took one look at the Duke and exploded.

"What are you doing?" Jake cried. "What is the big idea?"

"I'm going out," the Duke said.

"Out!" Jake yelled. His eyes widened, his breath came in gasps, he waved his arms. "What for are you going out? Where is there to go? It is half-past four already. In a few minutes yet it will be dark and then you will have your supper. Are you crazy?"

"I'm only going to take a walk," the Duke said.

"Where?" Jake cried. "Where are you going? Why do you have such ideas? Take a walk! When the roads are all slushy, and it is maybe going to rain, and it will be dark in another five minutes? This is no time to take a walk. It is not good to take a walk when it is wet and cold and raining, or maybe snowing."

"Listen, Jake," the Duke said quietly.

"Listen!" Jake yelled. "I do nothing but listen and you don't tell me nothing! If you want I should listen, say something! How can I listen when you don't say nothing?"

"I am going out for a walk by myself," the Duke began again. "I've got to ——"

"Boy"—Jake interrupted—"boy, do not be sore. If you want to take a walk, you should take a walk. Why not? Barney will go with you. I will even go with you myself."

"I want to go alone," the Duke said. "I am going alone."

"But it is already dark yet. It is raining."

The Duke did not wait to hear any more. It was no use trying to explain to Jake. He hated to worry Jake. He hated to hurt Jake's feelings. Jake was one of the few friends he had. But he knew that for once Jake would have to suffer.

The Duke went down the walk toward the road. It was not dark and it was not raining. It was merely cloudy and dull. He walked steadily down the road and up a long hill. The slush was beginning to freeze. The footing was bad. But he walked on, gazing at the dull March fields. There were little patches of snow here and there. The rest was brown—bare brown trees and bare brown grass. It was a sad landscape. And it was lonely. He felt lonelier here than he had in Paris.

He sat down on a stone wall and wrapped his coat about him and considered the situation. It helped to get out of sight and sound of the others. But he still felt tight all over. He knew that was bad. It was his job to relax like a cat, when he wasn't working. He hadn't slept well the night before. That was bad too. It was his job to sleep well. He had to sleep well every night.

He wanted somebody to talk to. He wanted a girl to talk to. He would have demanded the privilege of going in to New York and taking Norah out to dinner. But Norah was playing in Chicago. And Norah was the only girl in the world he knew well enough to call by her first name. He had never had a chance to meet nice girls.

He knew why he had felt so guilty when he had started out. It wasn't only that he hated to worry Jake. It was more a dream he had in the back of his head. It was a silly idea. He wouldn't have admitted it to anybody. He was barely able to admit it to himself. The dream was that walking down this road he would come on a stalled car, and in the car there would be a girl—a nice girl. He would help her get the car started and she would offer to take him to the village. And when they got to the village he would ask her to dinner and they would talk.

They would talk about something else besides his condition, and whether he was as fast as he had been, and whether he ought to get his chin lower behind his left shoulder, and whether Harlem Tommy could take it in the body. The Duke lit a cigarette and smoked slowly and let himself think how grand it would be to meet a nice girl that way. He finished the cigarette and walked slowly back to the house. He felt a lot better.

II

THE Duke persisted in taking a walk every day after that. He usually met an old man who drove out from the village every evening in a spring wagon behind a plodding horse. He almost never met a car, much less a stalled car with a pretty girl in it. The neighborhood was practically deserted. The farms had long since been sold to New Yorkers for summer homes, and summer people do not like early spring in the country.

It was a dull walk to begin with, and the Duke found it duller as he came to know every slightest rise and fall of the first two miles toward the village. But it was good to get away by himself. And after all, his dream might come true. He liked to think it might.

Jake had the New York reporters out to see the Duke box the week before the fight. Jake gave them a special luncheon to which the Duke was not invited and at which the menu was not limited to lamb chops and spinach and hard dry toast and weak tea. After luncheon they watched the Duke go through his workout. He went on the scales so they could see that he was only a pound and a half over the lightweight limit. He punched the light bag and the heavy bag. And then Barney taped his hands and he boxed six fast rounds while Jake pointed out to the newspaper experts how fast the Duke was, and how clever, and what a fine straight left he had.

As the Duke left the ring for his shower he heard Jake explaining.

"The only thing I can't show you, boys," Jake was telling them, "is how that baby can hit. On account of our having to use these sparring partners five or six more days yet, we can't let that boy hit. We gotta remind him every day to pull his punches. Otherwise he would be knocking a sparring partner bow-legged every time he let go his right."

One of the reporters had been kidding Jake pretty hard. "Jake," he asked, "why don't you show us what your boy is like when he's on the receiving end? We'd like to see if he can take it."

"We can't find nobody that can hit him," Jake retorted. "You find somebody that can hit him if you want to know can he take it. But I tell you right now the man don't live that can hit that boy with a right hand."

The Duke wished that Jake wouldn't talk that way about him. It was true that nobody he had ever met could hit him with a right hand as long as he was fresh and strong. But there was no use telling a bunch of fight experts that. They wouldn't believe it.

The camp relaxed slightly when the reporters left to catch a train. It had to relax or go to cutting paper dolls. Jake was almost genial at dinner.

"I got an idea we showed those newspaper boys something," he said. "I got an idea we get some fine write-ups in the morning."

"What difference does it make?" the Duke asked.

"It don't make no difference what they say," Jake said quickly. "Me, I wouldn't give two cents for what any fight writer says about a fighter. I ain't got no interest in what their opinion is. Whadda they know?"

The Duke observed the next morning that Jake drove to the village and came back with all the morning papers; and in the late afternoon he drove in again and came back with all the evening papers. He asked Jake to let him see the papers.

"Boy," Jake said, "this is no time for you to be reading about yourself. If you read what those fellers wrote about you, you would get overconfidence."

The Duke suspected that the newspaper reports of his boxing were unfavorable. And after a day he was sure of it. The atmosphere of the camp had been anxious before. Now it was sodden. The Duke went to work on Barney to find out what the papers said. Barney insisted he didn't know.

The last afternoon the Duke did no work except a little shadow boxing. The Duke lay on the table while Barney rubbed him down. Jake rushed off to the telephone. He was making the final arrangements for closing the camp and taking the Duke to New York. They were all driving in the next morning before the weighing in at the offices of the boxing commission.

"How do you feel, kid?" Barney asked.

"I'm pretty thirsty. I think drying out is nonsense." Barney gave him half a lemon to suck.

"You got to dry out, kid," Barney said.

"I don't believe it. If I'm half a pound over tomorrow you can rub it off."

"It ain't only the weight, kid," Barney said. "Dryin' out makes you faster."

"It only makes it harder to go to sleep at night," the Duke retorted. He sucked the lemon. "And there's another thing that's nonsense, and that's not letting me see the papers."

They argued that for ten minutes and Barney finally gave in. He produced a clipping from the World. The Duke read rapidly down the column, which was a lively and somewhat derisive description of the writer's day with Jake Levy. At the end was a series of pointed questions with the writer's answers to them:

Is the Duke a clever boxer? He is not so clever as Jake Levy thinks he is. The fighter never lived who was as clever as Jake Levy thinks his boy is. But the Duke is a good boxer and about as fast as they come nowadays. We can't remember when we have seen a prettier gymnasium fighter.

Can the Duke hit? That's the big question. Jake Levy insists he has a string of knock-outs to his credit. But the men he has knocked out are unknown in these parts. They may exist, but we have never seen them. The Duke seems to have done some fighting in Europe and out on the West Coast, but he has never fought in New York. Our guess is that the Duke can't hit any harder than most pretty-pretty boxers can. If he can hit as hard as Harlem Tommy can we will publicly eat our shirt in the ring at the Garden right after the fight.

Can the Duke take it? Our answer is, No. Our only reason for this opinion is his appearance. He doesn't look as if he could take it. He looks like an awfully nice boy who shouldn't be allowed to play in the same ring with a tough baby.

Can the Duke beat Harlem Tommy? Not if we know our cauliflowers. The Duke can move around a ring about as fast as any man we ever saw, and he has a smooth way of ducking that does actually remind us of the great Griffo. We won't be in the least surprised to see the fight go twelve or fourteen rounds. But when the Duke's legs falter, Harlem Tommy is going to catch him, and after that he will need a new tiara.

The Duke looked up at Barney and grinned. "I see now why Jake was so cagy about the papers. Were the others worse than this?"

"You won't let him know you seen this?" Barney begged.

"You needn't worry, Barney. Jake will never know."

"You don't take what this bird says serious, do you, kid?" Barney asked.

"Yes," the Duke said, "I do take him seriously. He sounds as if he knew something about the game."

"If I'd known you'd take him serious," Barney said, "I'd never have showed you his article."

"You'd rather I went in there feeling perfectly sure I could win, wouldn't you, Barney?" Barney did not answer. "I'd rather know exactly what I'm up against," the Duke said. "Every time."

The Duke dressed and they walked back to the house. The Duke stopped in the front hall and got his hat and coat

"Gee, kid," Barney said, "you ain't goin' to take a walk today?"

"Why not?"

"Why, kid," Barney protested, "the fight's tomorra."

"I haven't forgotten the fight, Barney," the Duke said.

Jake Levy came bustling downstairs. He saw the Duke in his overcoat. "You ain't going anywheres now!" Jake yelled. "You go and lay down somewheres and take it easy!"

"I'd rather take a walk," the Duke said. He opened the door.

"Boy," Jake yelled, "you don't know what you're doing! You're crazy in the head!"

"Nevertheless, I'm going for a walk," the Duke said, and started toward the road. Jake stood in the doorway shouting threats at the Duke. The Duke shrugged his shoulders. He knew what he needed. He was tense as a bowstring, and if he couldn't let down he wouldn't sleep that night.

The Duke walked down the familiar road wondering just what his chances were against Harlem Tommy. He had never seen Harlem Tommy fight. He felt that the boxing expert whose criticism he had just read was prejudiced in favor of the champion—most experts were. The Duke felt that he was a good deal better than the expert had given him credit for being. He felt he could hit. He felt he could take it. But how did he know?

The Duke walked on, feeling to the full his responsibility to himself and Jake and Barney and Doc Blodgett. He had to win. And yet he had no sound basis for believing that he could win. He had nothing but a feeling; and the feeling was, after all, nothing but a wish. That newspaper story had got him, exactly as it had got Jake and Barney and the rest.

He was stale. That was why he was worrying about his chances instead of feeling the fine confidence that comes from being in perfect condition. He was overtrained. He would do better to get drunk than to go on worrying and lie awake all night.

The Duke looked down the hill ahead of him and almost jumped. There, a hundred feet ahead of him, was the stalled car he had dreamed about so often. He ran toward it. But after the first few strides he checked himself and walked slowly.

This wasn't a dream. That car was real—a large, handsome sedan, standing well off the road. Of course there wasn't a girl in it. It was only in his dream that the car contained a girl. The actual car looked empty. He could see no one through the rear window.

He was almost alongside when he saw the girl in the front seat. She had turned halfway round and buried her face in her arms against the back of the front seat. She had evidently been crying. The Duke hesitated. She hadn't heard him coming. He coughed. The girl started.

"I beg your pardon," the Duke said hastily, "but is there anything I can do?"

She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief and looked up at him. She hadn't been crying hard. Her eyes were not red. She had fine violet eyes and a slightly turned-up nose. "No," she said, "I really don't believe there is anything you can do."

"Can't you start the car?" the Duke asked.

She stepped on the starter. The engine caught immediately. "It seems to be all right," she said.

The Duke was bitterly disappointed. The interview wasn't going as well as it had in his dream.

"If," he began weakly—"I mean, I thought that if there was anything I could do I would be delighted to ——"

She glanced up at him. "No," she said, "everything is all right. The fact is I stopped here to cry."

"Then everything isn't all right."

"No," she admitted. "My heart is absolutely busted. But I don't know what there is to do about it." She looked at him frankly. "Were you going to the village?"

"Yes," he said. "I was."

"Then," she said, "why don't you get in and ride that far with me?"

The Duke jumped in beside her. His dream was coming true. He began to plan the words in which he would ask her to have dinner with him. She would object, of course. He was so busy devising different ways of opening the subject that he couldn't say anything at all. The girl said nothing. The Duke studied her profile out of the corner of his eye. She was pretty in the way he liked best. He guessed that she was about his own age. She couldn't be more than twenty-two. She had a fresh, innocent look that deeply pleased him.

"Do you know what I think would help?" she asked, without taking her eyes off the road. "I think what we need is a drink."

The Duke was startled. There was something in the way she spoke about a drink that did not fit his conception of her. He did not like women to drink. And yet he knew that many nice girls did take drinking as a matter of course. He had read about them.

"Do you know where we could get a drink?"

She turned and smiled at him. "I think I do," she said. "At least I know where we can try."

"All right," the Duke said. "You lead the way."

The girl drove through the village and out the Boston Post Road for two miles until they came to a place that announced itself as an inn. She parked the car and they went into a large room full of empty tables. The girl led

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"Boy," Jake Said—"Boy, I Wouldn't Have Never Thought It of You"

Harlem Tommy Made No Attempt to Guard and No Attempt to Roll With the Punch. The Duke Knew That Harlem Tommy Was Waiting for Something, But He Couldn't Imagine What

JOHN QUIXOTE

By C. E. SCOGGINS
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Let the Future Come. No Man Could See Such Courage and Do Less Than His Calm Best

VII

IT IS!" whooped Wenceslao. "It is the Englishman—the Englishman of the train! Look, look, he is all bloody!"

And he swarmed over the terrace wall and dropped and ran to the outer wall of the next terrace, and dropped again and galloped down into the ravine, shrieking, "Hello, sair! Hello, sair! Are you hurted? Haf you keel heem, sair?"

John Harvey, struggling with the bewildered cripple, mopped his smeared face and blinked. His scalp was bloody and he carried his hat in his hand, and the sun blinded him.

"Oh, hello, son! Are we nearly there? No, I didn't kill him; he darn near killed me. Can you drive this fool donkey?"

"Yes, sair!" cried Wenceslao, and trilled a peremptory "B-r-r-r-r-ra!" The old jenny, grateful for intelligible instructions, limped obediently up the trail from the ravine. "What you do wiz hair, sair?"

"Huh? Oh, the donkey? Damfino, son. Hated to leave her there. She's hurt; leg broken, I imagine. Thought maybe I could do something for her when my—head quits bumping. Are we ——" The walls of the Castillo de Teresa shimmered before his dizzy eyes; he saw the wide iron gates, the dark and restful shade of trees. He murmured "Kismet" and dropped in one of the ghostly chairs on the veranda.

Benito came, his pale eyes popping more resentfully wide than ever. This was too much! First the granddaughter of Don Andrés and that inquisitive, bumptious boy; now a strange Englishman—and a donkey! What underhand business was afoot?

John Harvey didn't notice. Juana came, cheerfully horrified, practical; she brought water, washed his bloody scalp, exclaiming volubly: "Who has done this? What has happened? It is terrible! Who is the gentleman? Where was he going? Has he been robbed?"

"She say," translated Wenceslao, "haf you been rob', sair?"

"Huh?" John Harvey squirmed suddenly in his chair and clapped a frantic hand to his hip pocket. "Gosh!" he groaned. "I never thought of that. Now I am sunk!"

"How moch?" demanded Wenceslao, thrilled.

"Not much, but all I had. It might as well have been a million. Gosh!" John Harvey sighed and closed his eyes, but opened them as Juana started to apply a bandage. "Ask her if she hasn't got some disinfectant. No telling what bugs that club had on it."

This was a little intricate for Wenceslao. He ran for Andrew Morgan, and the old gentleman came out, fretful but courteous. It seemed to him that strangers were fairly swarming in this house.

"I—I am Andrew Morgan. You are welcome, sir."

He made no reference to John Harvey's injury, but John Harvey didn't notice that, in his surprise at hearing English and an English name. Was this the grandfather? He struggled up politely.

"Thanks. My name's Harvey—John Harvey. Sorry to cause all this trouble, sir, but I seem to have got myself into it. Little Helpful—that's me. Boy Scout doing his kind deed and earning a bump on the bean. John Quixote himself, in person!"

Andrew Morgan was confused by the American language. John Harvey tried to be more explicit.

"Didn't mean to bother you at all. I'd heard of this place, and thought I'd—just have a look at it. Overtook this bird coming this way. Couldn't mind my own business. He was getting in some rough work on—that." He indicated the old jenny drooping on three legs. "A born Sadist, if you ask me."

"Sad——"

"Sadist. Neurotic. Likes to hurt things. Crazy that way. I protested and he fairly poured the club to her. Just to prove he could. I slugged him, and—that's all I know."

"Sad!" confirmed Wenceslao, catching a thread of English, and bunched his face in a small imitation of Pedro Pacheco's heavy scowl. "Like zis. Eh, sair?"

"That's the guy." John Harvey looked in sudden hope at Andrew Morgan. "You know him, sir? He's got my wallet."

"Rob'!" explained Wenceslao delightedly. "A million! Did he ron fast wiz it, sair?"

"Can't say. He wasn't there when I woke up; only the wreck of his donkey. Likely he did leave in a hurry, thinking he'd killed me."

Wenceslao, stirred, described Pedro Pacheco in words that should have shocked Juana, but didn't. It was old Andrew Morgan who protested.

"Hush, boy! We only harm ourselves by thinking evil. Reverse the thought. God is all good and we are all His children. Nothing can harm us except in our own belief."

"Sir?" said John Harvey. "Oh, you're a Christian Scientist?"

"No, sir. Each mortal mind must find its own path to the truth behind mortal illusion. There is much good in Mrs. Eddy's teachings, but she is only one of many teachers. I accept no dogma."

"I—I suppose you don't believe in antiseptics?"

"Nonsense," said Andrew Morgan, firmly. "How can a mindless fluid, insensate so-called matter, influence immortal mind?"

"My mind's all right," murmured John Harvey. "It's my scalp that's bleeding."

"It is not bleeding."

"Huh?" said John Harvey, involuntarily exploring. "Well, by Jove," he grinned, "it isn't! Doesn't my head ache either?"

"It does not ache."

John Harvey blinked and concentrated solemnly. "It does feel pretty decent," he confessed, "considering."

"I am very glad," said Andrew Morgan. "You will excuse me now? If you need anything, tell Juana. I ——" He escaped.

John Harvey sighed and grinned at Wenceslao. He had his own idea as to the relief he felt; his heart was sound, the shade was cool, his healthy blood had its fair share of hæmoglobin. So he went out to see what could be done for the old jenny.

"Old girl," he murmured, "undeceive yourself. That wasn't a club that hit you; only an illusion. Your leg's not broken. . . . Well, by Jove, it isn't. But is that a pretty hideous bunch of lumps, or do we kid ourselves? Excuse me, sister; I know it hurts. Don't kick the nice doctor. H'm. Traumatic . . . periosteum. . . . Son, can we get some hot water?"

John Harvey, too, was a philosopher of sorts. He murmured cheerful nonsense to distract his own mind from that frightful vacancy in his hip pocket. What now? He didn't know. He knew he had no business to be here; he still believed he hadn't meant to come here. He felt the silence and remoteness of the place, a queer exhilarating sense of unreality. He worked over the old jenny a long time, dreading the moment when he must face a girl with lovely, disdainful lips and stormy eyes.

VIII

PEDRO PACHECO had no doubt as to the reality of evil. He believed there was a good deal of it, mostly directed against him. What evil luck that trouble had overtaken him again! After two months of fear and hiding he had found this valley where his uncle's death had not been, never would be, heard of; where he was accepted at his true worth as an honest charcoal vender. He had got good money for his charcoal, and had spent it like a gentleman—mostly in Paco's wine shop, acquiring friends. So he had overslept this morning, and the hot sun had made him a little irritable. And then that meddlesome Englishman had come along!

He hadn't meant to kill the Englishman, or to rob him either. But any sensible man must admit that a dead man didn't need money; sensibly, therefore, Pedro Pacheco took over the Englishman's assets, abandoned the crippled jenny, shouldered his bag of provisions and sought the privacy of the trackless hills. Then, looking back, he saw his luck getting worse. The Englishman wasn't dead. And —— What! The gall, the nerve of that rich one—stealing a poor man's donkey!

High on the mountainside, squatting under a shadowed rock, the gypsy watched. Maybe he'd better go back and finish the job; it might give him a few days' start before the *guardia civil* got on his trail again. But the boy ran out from the Castillo—the boy who had kicked him yesterday—and it was too late. He couldn't kill them both.

Since the Englishman was alive, he knew who had clubbed him, could guess who had his wallet. But could he prove it? Hastily Pacheco hid the wallet under a rock, taking only a modest twenty-five-peseta bill—anybody might own twenty-five pesetas—shouldered his bag and trotted panting back into the village.

In Paco's wine shop, with a small part of the twenty-five pesetas, he bought a sympathetic audience.

"Gentlemen, a shameful thing! Did any of you see an Englishman pass this way two hours ago—a tall, rich Englishman, very strong and brutal? He overtook me in the barranca, and he quarreled with me because I punished my own *burra*—a lazy, worthless one, but how can a poor man buy a better? Gentlemen, she was all I had!"

"The rich ones do not understand a poor man's troubles," nodded the audience. "What happened? Did she die?"

"No! But he assaulted me! Without cause! I strove to defend myself; even a poor man has a right to live, is it not true? But he struck me down. He is a bull, that one! Look, see for yourselves how my cheek bleeds within! And while I lay senseless, he drove off my jenny—the only one I own!"

"Why should a rich man steal a worthless jenny? Surely she has but strayed."

"No! You see this sack? It was on my animal. That rich one had cast it away like trash—and it must feed a poor man for a week! I ran up on the hill to see if I could spy my jenny, and with these eyes I saw him driving her into a rich *castillo* yonder!"

"Oh," said the audience, "have no fear then. That is the house of Don Andrés; he is no robber. Go without fear and he will give you back your jenny. He will give you money, too, if you tell him you are very poor."

Pedro Pacheco, warmed by wine and sympathy, took heart, remembering now the mildness of that old man yesterday. "Who will go with me?"

"No one need go. He is a good old gentleman, most kind."

"But the young one will accuse me! He will say that I attacked him, tried to rob him, maybe! No rich man will believe a poor one against another rich one!"

"Don Andrés will not hear any accusation. He says there is no evil. He is a little crazy, but most good."

"Crazy?"

Then they all talked at once, realizing suddenly that here was a man who did not know the miracle of Bisagras. Only the older ones could swear to it, but they all knew the story of that golden time when Don Andrés had suddenly gone crazy—that year when he had come to the village nearly every day with great bags of silver, thousands and thousands of pesetas, giving to all who said they were in need, preaching queer things. And many people still believed he was a holy man. Sometimes he could heal by praying. He no longer scattered money, but he would still give a little if you asked him.

Pedro Pacheco, listening, forgot his fear, believing his own story now. The yarn they told him was more marvelous. What evil luck that he, Pedro Pacheco, had not been here then!

IX

THE sun slid westward and the incandescent brilliance of the day merged into soft afternoon. John Harvey, sprawled on a shadowed rock by the still pool where all

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"But He Assaulted Me! Without Cause!"

MR. HANNA—By THOMAS BEER

THE HUMAN MACHINE

AUTHOR'S NOTE. In this paper I am obliged to vary from the many accounts of the campaign of 1896. I base my relliance on letters addressed to my father in 1896 by William McKinley, John J. McCook, Charles Ghead, William Dunn McCready, Harvey Fleming, Dudley Evans, Russell Sage and Marcus Alonzo Hanna. Letters of Henry Adams to his sister are also quoted, and an oral statement made to me by George Walbridge Perkins in 1912 is assumed to be accurate.

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William McKinley and the Committee Which Notified Him of His Election to the Presidency of the United States

CHIEF of the telegraph in the White House, Col. Benjamin Montgomery, had callers in his small office on a night in the autumn of 1902. A great strike in the coal fields had made this dim little room one of the most important points in the United States. Some of the privileged journalists and the agent of a terrific banker in New York were talking to Colonel Montgomery, waiting for the end of a dinner party elsewhere in the house. Montgomery was a polite satirist and a gently oozing spring of information as to the Civil War. He was talking about the siege of Petersburg this night, when an apparition grew in the smoky doorway, and all these men in dinner jackets started. It was an old man who seemed ten feet tall, towering in a wet ulster and a black soft hat which carried the golden device of the Grand Army. He had got into the Executive Mansion, they did not find out how, and he would not leave without seeing Mr. Roosevelt, although he would not say why. There he was, an immovable substance, an awkward fact. The President was at dinner? All right. He would wait. He stood just outside the door of the room and inimically considered the reporters and the official. It was patent that he distrusted the lot of them, and he did not take off his hat when Mr. Roosevelt came suddenly limping through the hall. Impatience had attacked the President at table. He had thought of a telegram to be sent, and he had come to write it himself.

He was just finishing the message when the apparition said, "I seen in the papers where you hurt yer leg, colonel."

Mr. Roosevelt spun and stared. There began the strangest conversation. The old man spoke as slowly as a plow moves in rocky ground. He had come on East to thank Mr. Roosevelt for giving his son a "gover'ment" job. This Jim or Bill had been shot in Cuba and badly needed a quiet job. And this was one of Jim or Bill's children. A minor apparition, three feet high, edged around the side of the columnar ulster. Mr. Roosevelt painfully knelt on the floor, after he had snatched a carnation from Colonel Montgomery's jacket, and talked to the child, tucking the flower into its clothes. Then he looked up at the specter and asked if it was a Republican.

"I used to be a Republican when it was Lincoln an' Grant an' Hayes an' Garfield. Then I was a Demmucrat some. I was a Populist in '92 and I was for Bryan in 1896. An' now I'm for you, colonel."

Mr. Roosevelt stood up and one of his hands helplessly felt the silk of his lapel. His eyes squeezed shut behind the glasses. For once he had no answer to a compliment. He bowed and limped away, and the veteran watched him.

When he spoke it was in a level tone of sad admissions: "Lincoln would never have wore them clothes."

"Why, my friend," said Colonel Montgomery, "I can show you a dozen pictures of Mr. Lincoln in evening dress!"

But the old man knew better. Without heat he told the Virginia gentleman, "You're a liar," and then he vanished, with Jim or Bill's child holding his fingers. A while later, when one of the journalists showed Mr. Roosevelt his note of the apparition's speech, the President's head shook twice and he said, "No, as a favor to me," and there was no pretty anecdote in next Sunday's papers.

This apparition, though, had stated the history of a certain rural intelligence. He had voted for his heroes while they held out, and then he had been a Democrat because he could not vote for Jim Blaine, who was known for a trafficker with the cruel railroads, and then Populism gave him a cause without a hero, and then Mr. Bryan was the hero of his cause in 1896. This was how he thought about things, in a world without telephones, a world in which "news" was the county paper or a babble from farm to farm about a message heard at the telegraph station, the death of a famous man or a flood. Let the son of such a man speak for him. This is Mr. William Dunn McCready, born in 1874 in Southern Nebraska, in a house four miles from town, half a mile from the next house. He was the youngest of eight children and of five sons. He first saw a faucet in 1884, on a train bound for Omaha, when his father took him along to a funeral.

William Jennings Bryan

"There must have been faucets and similar appliances in our town," he says, "but I presume they were in the houses of our banker and the man who had the store. I must try to convince you that our district was victimized by a kind of swindling that increased the hard times of 1891 and 1892. The railroad overcharged for everything. You know that it was cheaper to burn corn for fuel in 1888 and 1889 than to try to ship it. We were absolutely at the mercy of the railroads and the express companies. . . . Another form of swindling was that used by some storekeepers in such small communities. I know that a lot of sentimentalism has been expended on the dear old whimsical fellow who has a general store by some of our writers of rural hokum. But the storekeeper was frequently a hardfisted cheat. In 1890, when the McKinley tariff bill passed Congress, this smart Heinie in our town put up all prices 'on aggount of the dariff.' It was then that our banker came to the rescue. He told this robber baron to put the prices down or he would open an opposition store. Of course the storekeeper dropped his prices instanter. But it gave him an awful black eye with the community. He sold out to my uncle in 1891 and left town.

"It was natural that our county went Populist in 1891 and 1892. I want to say for my father that he was about the only person who understood the fall in the prices of cereals between 1885 and 1890. This was on account of his mania for geography. He comprehended that there were such places as Russia and the Argentine Republic. He would tell neighbors at calamity meetings that if the

'Yurrupean's' could get grain from South America and 'Rooshia' for less than we sold it, they would naturally buy it. But I swear that he was the only person I knew who did understand that. . . . On the other hand, he could not be made to understand that fiat money was not real money, any more than I could, until your father banged it into my head at St. Paul. He had been used to paper currency ever since he was a boy back in the 50's. If the Government said a thing was money, it darned well was money. The Populists perfectly believed that in 1892, at the time of the convention in Omaha. They were so simple about anything financial that it is cruel for historians to laugh at them. Their delusion was this proposition. 'If the Government will issue a lot of paperbacks per capita to the population of the United States, there will be more money in circulation and our crops will sell for more.' If you tried to explain to them this money was a drug in Europe and could not go abroad to purchase goods, they just did not get it. Europe was too far away. The Free Silver craze was part of the same state of mind. I think I might say that they did not understand the depreciating quality of money at all, or so few of them understood it that it came to the same thing. . . . To answer your last question, No, if anybody had told me what Mr. Hanna's name was at St. Paul in 1892, it would have meant absolutely nothing to me. I never heard of Mark Hanna from any source until the Hearst papers began cursing him in the spring of 1896."

In 1890 a remarkable instrument called the Sherman Silver Purchase Act passed under President Harrison's pen and became law. Four million five hundred thousand ounces of silver bullion were to be purchased monthly, and the Treasury was to issue against the cost of this gift to the silver miners notes redeemable in coin at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. This meant, approximately, that the nation was to buy nine-tenths of the nation's monthly output of silver bullion, and that the Treasury could not refuse, since these notes were legal tender, to redeem them in gold if it was required to do so. But this astonishing performance of capitalism in the West was advertised to the farmer as a method of giving him a plentiful, assured currency. The friends of silver did not discuss one or two facts. Silver was depreciating everywhere in the world, as they knew, and all the important European countries were now using gold as the standard of payment. They were getting a subsidy for the silver mines and causing a depreciation of the currency. The act was signed, and bankers began hoarding gold. Europe must be paid in gold, of course. A bulk of silver dollars accumulated in the Treasury. Loans for small factories tightened instantly. In April of 1891 young Bill McCready came in from feeding the pigs and found one of his brothers being petted by the women. Nick had walked all the way home from Omaha when the little factory closed down, throwing sixty men on the town.

Grover Cleveland. From a Painting by Ander Zorn

Many sons now came home to all these farms. Bill's back was slapped by young men who told him how he'd grown. If they were proud young men they had come home "on a visit"; if they were humble, they had just come home. Democrats said it was all on account of the McKinley tariff, and the bank said it was the Silver Purchase Act. On top of this quandary came a drought. So, that autumn, one of the McCready boys took his long legs into the cavalry, and Bill went up to a cousin in St. Paul, on borrowed money, and found himself a job as office boy at four dollars a week.

He diligently learned to use a typewriter, and his pay was raised to nine dollars in the spring of 1892. His boss had many callers. One of these, it seems, educated Bill by talking finance in front of him. Mr. William Collins Beer, Western agent of the National Surety Company, could rave against the Silver Purchase Act or discuss it logically by the hour. He was such an abominable mathematician that he had been dropped from West Point in 1883, and he could never add his own checkbook certainly, but he understood the movement of money. The office boy gaped, listening to his prophecies of a panic. Bill had been born after 1873 and was not personally aware of panics. He had a secret thirst for mad, exciting things. One evening, in the gallery at the Republican National Convention of 1892, he asked the stout man sitting next to him if he remembered the panic of 1873.

This gentleman remembered all about it. He talked in short, blunt sentences. Bill and the gang of young clerks around him all listened to his stories instead of attending to the speeches that flowed down on the floor. The assembly in the huge, raw hall at Minneapolis was distinguished, but very dull. The stout stranger was more amusing than the delegates. All these youngsters had come over from St. Paul to hear marvels, but the only entertainment was Governor William McKinley, of Ohio, president of the convention, who blandly conducted proceedings with a palm-leaf fan. The six or seven clerks admired this personification of a statesman. It appeared that the stout gentleman with the strange brown eyes admired Mr. McKinley, too, and he told them many anecdotes of the governor's amiable nature. And what did they all think of Tom Reed?

They thought nothing of him. The famous Speaker of the House of Representatives was not admired in the West. He paid, out here, for his habit of being wittily rude to rural congressmen. And the feeling against New England was still strong in 1890. The nobodies explained to the stout gentleman that Mr. Reed was stuck-up. They were all chattering their opinions, soon, under the influence of his cordial grin and his eyes. People talked to him torrentially and then often wondered just why they had been so confidential or tried to remember what Mr. Hanna had said, discovering at last that he had not said anything. Mr. Hanna was now gathering public opinion. He had nominal headquarters for a McKinley movement at a hotel in Minneapolis and there, on June tenth, he was offered the Secretaryship of the Treasury for McKinley, if he would help to combine McKinley's admirers with those of Mr. Reed. But he knew that this listless, discouraged convention would nominate President Harrison. So he made no great fight for his candidate, and was ready to drive back to St. Paul with this knot of proletarians and sit about with them for some hours in a respectable little German beer garden, smoking cigars and listening to their chatter. He paid for the cabs and the beer and retired from their sight without leaving his name.

Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Benjamin B. Odell in 1902

His name would have meant nothing to them. In 1884 Mr. Hanna picked up a French technical magazine from the floor of a smoking car approaching Cleveland and handed it back to a handsome, young wanderer, Henry Adler. There were some plans of theatrical machinery in the magazine. Mr. Adler translated the French under the drawings for the stranger and found that Mr. Hanna owned the Euclid Avenue Opera House in Cleveland. Mr. Adler was moving toward a seat in that theater, on account of a lady who would dazzle the audience this evening. He was barely twenty-one and he told Mr. Hanna all about the lady. Mr. Hanna must have said to himself, "You poor little fool!" and went on asking questions about theaters in France. When the train reached Cleveland, Mr. Adler was asked to his house to dine.

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The Generals Who Went on Tour During the Bryan-McKinley Campaign in 1896: J. W. Burst, G. A. Marden, R. A. Alger, James Tanner, Lem Wiley, D. E. Sickles, G. H. Hopkins, Oliver O. Howard, Joseph Greusel, T. J. Stewart

The Million-Pound Deposit

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XVIII

INTO Dutley's eyes came the pleased light of impending battle. Nevertheless, he felt a little puzzled. Even sounds have their psychology, and the feeble, almost timorous rapping upon the door seemed to carry with it a suggestion of nervousness behind, something far removed from the trim, brisk personality of Mr. Thomas Ryde. Burdett looked at him inquiringly.

"I'll open the door myself," Dutley said "You can cover me from the side window."

Then for once Burdett was able to forget that he was the servant.

"No, you don't," he answered, pushing his way past his master into the passage. "No one's got anything on me. It's you they want, if they want anyone. You do the covering, My Lord, and I'll open the door."

Dutley had no time to argue, barely time to step to the window. He caught a hurried glimpse of a weedy-looking individual almost tumbling into the house, and he slipped his gun back into its hiding place. A moment later the mackintoshed figure of Mr. Huneybell staggered into the room, closely followed by Burdett.

"Too frightened to speak a word, he is," the latter announced scornfully. "Doesn't even know whom he wants."

Mr. Huneybell was either recovering, or his state had not been so abject as it appeared. Regardless of the niceties of his position as a guest, he laid his dripping umbrella upon the carpet. His hat followed suit. His voice, it was true, shook a little, but once started he found no difficulty with his words.

"What are you both, you two?" he asked. "Just what are you watching The Towers for? Are you after anyone there?"

"Come, that's quite a great many questions," Dutley observed. "What am I to gain by answering them?"

"Your life, most likely," Mr. Huneybell answered quickly. "You don't happen to have," he added, glancing round the room wistfully, "a drop of whisky or brandy, or anything?"

"Whisky and soda for our visitor," Dutley ordered. "Why not take your mackintosh off? I don't know whether I shall answer your questions or not, but there's no harm in being comfortable about it."

Mr. Huneybell made no direct reply. His eyes were watching Burdett prepare his drink. Almost before the soda water was splashed into the tumbler, he snatched it away and drank half its contents.

Then he set it down with a sigh of relief and removed his mackintosh. His long, skinny fingers traveled through his mass of black hair, without materially improving its tousled condition. He gazed at the little stream of water that was flowing from his umbrella across the carpet.

"Afraid I'm messing your room up," he apologized. "Sorry, but I'm scared."

Down Into the Black Chaos Below, Clutching Vainly at the Air

"You're the second frightened man who's been here this evening," Dutley remarked with a smile. "We'll take care of you, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is."

Mr. Huneybell was not a pleasant sight. He had lost weight during the past few weeks, and some form of skin disease had brought red blotches here and there into the white unhealthiness of his cheeks. The unwholesome perspiration of fear still oozed from his forehead. Burdett refilled his glass and he sank into a chair. The sound of passing footsteps, however, brought him to his feet with a little cry of terror.

"Look here, my friend," Dutley told him; "you're safe from whatever you're afraid of in here. My friend and I are both armed; and there's a revolver in that drawer if you'd like it."

Mr. Huneybell was somewhat reassured. "You are detectives, then?" he asked eagerly.

"Not exactly. We are looking after a little matter on our own account—nothing to do with the police."

"You're watching The Towers?"

"Come, come!" Dutley expostulated. "You're the visitor. You came to us, you know. You had a reason, I suppose. You talk first."

The whisky was beginning to have its effect. Mr. Huneybell was calmer.

"If you were in my place," he said "watched all the time by the devil incarnate—you'd be nervous."

"The devil incarnate being, I presume, Mr. Thomas Ryde?"

Huneybell leaned forward in his chair. He took off his spectacles, momentarily revealing eyes of surprising brightness.

"Is it Thomas Ryde you're after?" Huneybell gasped.

"You're determined to make us talk first," Dutley complained good-humoredly. "All right. I don't know that I mind much. He is the bright little lad we are wondering about."

Huneybell shivered. "It scares me to hear anyone talk about him like that," he confessed. "You say you're all armed. You may know something about your weapons, or you may not, but I tell you this: I'll lay odds, if he knew we three were here and talking as we are doing, he'd put us all three to sleep."

"He seems quite a desperate fellow," Dutley remarked.

"Whoever you may be, sir," Huneybell continued earnestly, "don't you talk or think of him as though he were an ordinary person, because he isn't. I've read the history of most of the great criminals, and there was always some time in their lives that they softened a bit, always one little thing in their character which prevented their being absolute stony-hearted butchers. Thomas Ryde hasn't got that little bit. I know, because I've worked with him and been with him for the last four or five years."

There was a flash in Dutley's eyes. His forefinger shot out. "You're his town traveler, Huneybell," he exclaimed. "You're one of the five. You were in the Marlingthorpe burglary."

Mr. Huneybell did not appear so disconcerted as might have been expected.

"Well, I suppose I should have told you sooner or later," he said. "Now let me tell you this, and it's God's truth. I've saved both your lives tonight. It was you," he added, turning to Burdett, "who was watching under the trees. I saw you. I recognized you too. It was I who worked the searchlight from the tower. Lucky for you, let me tell you, that it was I and not he who saw you. I shot the searchlight off quick, as soon as I was sure. . . . He's the devil incarnate, that man. There hadn't been a soul hanging about for half an hour—no signs of anyone suspicious; everything was ready for his friends—when up he comes to the tower.

"'Andrew,' he said, pointing out of the window, down the avenue, 'that's where a sensible man would stand who wanted to watch this front gate; especially a night like this. Get your searchlight on him. If there's anyone standing still there, stamp on the floor three times.'

"With that he left me Sure enough, you were there I stamped on the floor three times, and on went the purple lamp. Not a soul entered the place. Then he came up to me. You never can tell whether he is interested or not. There's no more expression upon his face than on a stone image. There's just one thing he does, though, sometimes, and he was doing it then—moistening his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"'Andrew,' he said, 'there was someone there '

"'A man watching,' I told him. 'No doubt about that.'

"'Did you recognize him?' he asked

"'I never saw him before in my life,' I answered.

"'You're sure he wasn't, for instance, one of those two young men who have taken rooms in the house opposite?'

"'Dead sure,' I answered. 'He was a head taller than either of them.'

"'What became of him?' he wanted to know.

"'He went off down the avenue,' I told him.

"There wasn't a sign of it in his face, but I knew then that he was troubled.

"'I don't like strangers watching us, Andrew,' he admitted. 'If it had been one of those two young men we could have dealt with them. A stranger watching is perplexing.' With that he went downstairs."

"Why," Dutley asked, "did you deny the fact that the man who was watching was my young friend here?"

Huneybell answered without hesitation. "Because your young friend," he said, "would have been a dead man before tomorrow, and you, too, most likely."

"And you decided then to save our lives, eh?"

"I never meant to be mixed up in any killing," Huneybell declared, almost passionately. "I've seen two men shot—that's enough for me. That's what made me screw up my courage to come here."

Dutley rose, filled a pipe and pushed the whisky bottle and siphon of soda water toward his visitor.

"Well," he said, "let us consider that we've got through the preliminaries. You have told us, or allowed us to guess, a good deal, Mr. Huneybell. Help yourself to another drink and I will return the compliment."

Huneybell was almost apologetic as he accepted the invitation.

"I never used to drink," he confided. "It got hold of me the night after I came back to London from Yorkshire Another man who was in it and I, we sat in a dirty little cookshop near St. Pancras. If I hadn't drunk I should have died with fear. The taste for it's been with me ever since "

"Drink's a very good thing in its place," Dutley said, "but let's see if we can't help you to get rid of that fear. That will do you more good than all the whisky in the world. Tell us exactly what made you cross the road from The Towers and come here."

Huneybell smiled; an acid, frightened smile.

"I didn't cross the road from The Towers," he replied. "I wasn't quite such a fool as that. I walked to Bull End Corner, where the busses stop, and came back the other side of the way."

"What made you come at all then?"

"Well, I thought if you were detectives, it would be all up with us anyway, and if you weren't, there was a chance I might make a deal with you."

"What sort of a deal?"

Huneybell was well away now. He was almost fluent.

"You knew what the object of the Marlingthorpe burglary was, I suppose?" he went on. "We stole the Blunn formula—the formula Boothroyd's have been making those silks on all these years. There hasn't been anything about it in the papers, but we've got the formula. We stole it, and we've got it, and Boothroyd's aren't making their silk any more. My idea was, if you were not detectives, you were out after the formula."

"And you're not so very wrong either," Dutley encouraged. "Where is it?"

"It's in a safe-deposit company here in London. The receipt is in six pieces. Each one of us who were in the show has one. The formula can't be withdrawn unless all six pieces are produced."

"Trusting band of brothers, aren't you?" Dutley observed with a smile

"My share of the receipt," Huneybell announced deliberately, "is for sale."

Dutley smoked reflectively for a time.

"It doesn't seem to me that your piece is very much good without the others," he remarked.

"It isn't worth much, perhaps, but it's worth something," Huneybell protested. "Mind, they can't get the formula without it. What I'd like is this: I want to get away I want to get a long way away. They're starting a factory in Rio, where they'd give me a job if I could reach it. I've no children—only the wife to take with me. The formula's under offer at the present moment for a million pounds. My share ought to be worth at least a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. I'd take a couple of thousand down, and half anything else that comes, to be quit of it all, and out of the country. That's what I've come to—stark, mortal funk. It's in my blood. I can't sleep, I can't work I drink to forget."

With a timid gesture he drew the bottle toward him. Dutley watched him thoughtfully while he filled his glass

"I don't see what use your sixth share is to me," Dutley meditated. "That is to say," he went on, a moment later, "unless I know the names of the other five "

"The names of the other five go with the money."

"It's a deal then," Dutley agreed. "I'll give you four hundred pounds now, on account, and the sixteen hundred pounds anywhere you like to meet me in the West End or in the City tomorrow."

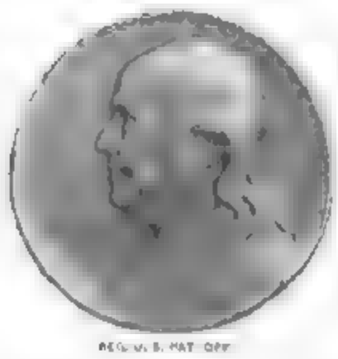
He rose to his feet and unlocked the drawer of a desk Huneybell sat mopping his forehead. There was a great relief in his face

"I'm throwing away a fortune," he groaned, "but Lord, the agony I've been through!"

Continued on Page 78

"The Baron Wants to Buy Some From You. He Wants Them for One of the Foreign Markets"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 11, 1929

The Sale of War Stocks to France

IN AUGUST of this year falls due the payment of four hundred million dollars for the war stocks sold to France in 1919. The story is a pathetic tale, in which fiscal mismanagement and depreciation of currency play about equally prominent rôles. According to the reports, the sales of these materials will have brought in to the French Government about the equivalent of two hundred and thirty million dollars. This loss is due largely to depreciation of the franc below the figure at which the stocks were purchased.

As the sales were made and money paid in, the receipts were used for current expenses of the French Government; there was no refunding established to care for the eventual payment to our Government. In short, the goods were sold at a loss, the money spent, and no provision made to pay for the purchase out of the receipts. When now the bill becomes due, this must be faced by raising money through taxation, and the sum at the stabilized figure of the franc will amount to more than ten billion francs. This is a large sum to be added to the budget obligation of the year and may necessitate another loan.

We have yet to hear of an instance in which the liquidation of war stocks after the war has resulted otherwise than unsatisfactorily, and this both to buyer and to seller. Veritably, a curse seems to rest on everything touched by war.

First-Class Nonsense

ONE of the wholly unnecessary burdens of government which President Hoover will be well advised to abolish as rapidly as possible is miscellaneous handshaking with tourists and sight-seers. Although the practice has been criticized and even ridiculed for years, it has enjoyed the strength of custom which is difficult to dislodge.

The executive offices of the White House are small and confined, even for the business of transcendent importance which must be carried on there. To have a mob of hundreds, and even on occasion of several thousands, of vacationists crowd their way into this place daily, or even twice a week or once a week, and then grasp the hand of the President, who from the nature of the case can have no consciousness of their identity, is quite out of harmony with the dignity of the office. That two Presidents in succession have actually injured their hands in this senseless performance is, to say the least, another excellent reason for its abolition.

But neither the lack of dignity nor the slight physical danger and harm involved seems to us the major reason for protecting and conserving the President's time, although the classification of the President with the Zoo and the Washington Monument, as a sight to be seen, does ruffle one's sense of fitness and decency. There is justified annoyance, too, among sensible and right-thinking people that willingness of senators and congressmen to give their constituents letters of admission to these handshaking processions has been the chief factor in keeping the custom alive.

One hundred and eighty-eight persons are said to have presented letters from a single member of the Congress in a single day. But, alas, politics still weighs heavily with too many senators and representatives. The voters ask, and congressmen believe they must give. What if the President's hand is lame, provided only a possible voter and constituent is impressed?

We pass by this aspect of the case for a more important consideration. If any real gain to the body politic were secured by turning the White House into a Subway scramble at twelve noon or by forcing the President's arm into a sling, these detriments might be put up with.

Increasingly the President needs time to think and plan out courses of policy and action. Unlike a European king or even the French president, he has no premier. Here the ceremonial head and executive are one and the same. At best, the President has so many important callers, he must consult with so numerous a group, deliver so many addresses and attend so many functions that he is hard put to it to consult his own soul in peace and decide upon the wise solution of the countless problems which he must meet.

The tendency is increasingly to lean upon the President to find a way through the modern maze. People incline to expect miracles from this man. Though Mr. Hoover's training and experience have raised hopes to an unusual height in his case, we believe that if Governor Smith had been elected, he, too, would have been the object of exaggerated hopes.

Mr. Hoover has a larger staff of secretaries than any previous President. Always he has been accustomed to organizing men for progressive achievement. He will have aid and advice in abundance. But, after all, the wisdom with which he decides upon his course must depend upon his own intelligence, common sense and judgment. It is both idiotic and cowardly to impose petty annoyances upon a man in this position.

The country would be immensely the gainer if the time so often given in the past to handshaking, to luncheons for petty if pompous celebrities, to needless speeches and corner-stone layings were devoted to thoughtfulness and planning.

The Tortoise Moves

IT IS only by earnest and diligent effort that laws which have their roots in an ancient past are brought into conformity with modern conditions. This certainly applies to the laws which govern property, inheritance and intestacy. Many remains of an outworn feudal system lingered on in England until the Birkenhead reforms of three years ago, and in the richest and most populous of our states, New York, Governor Roosevelt has but lately signed the Fearon Bill, which provides for drastic and much-needed changes in the decedent-estate law. New York is thus brought into line with other and, in this respect, heretofore more progressive jurisdictions.

In the Empire State these particular laws have remained substantially untouched for a century. The Revised Statutes of 1830 were written when the population was rural, when wealth was in real estate rather than in stocks and bonds, and when sailboats and horses furnished the transportation. However successful the Constitution framers were at an even earlier date in drawing up basic principles of government, it was too much to expect a legislature of a century ago to provide so far ahead for all the intricate details of property descent.

England had a peculiar problem of its own in striking at primogeniture, but in two respects, at least, the changes there and in New York have common purposes. In both cases the new laws give further effect to the principle of sex equality as earlier expressed in the suffrage. The economic contribution of the housewife to the family concern receives recognition in the improved status of the widow, and another change common to both is the confinement of the distribution of an estate to nearer and more dependent relatives than was formerly the case. Distant relatives may have loomed large in feudal times or even later, but their economic claim is almost nil at present.

New York has at last followed the practice of many other states in abolishing as far as possible all distinctions between realty and personalty in respect to the descent and distribution of property. Under the new law the share of the deceased spouse is increased, which is as it should be. In place of the relics of bygone days, dower and curtesy, which ruled in cases where no will had been made, the surviving spouse is now more directly and adequately provided for.

Under the old rule the wife had a dower right to a life income in one-third the real property; now the inheritance is in fee, outright, immediate. Also under the new law the injustice of having property which should have gone to a husband from an intestate wife go to relatives is done away with.

Another great reform is the prevention of disinheritance in case of a spouse. As in twelve other states, the right of election is given the survivor. This means that widow or widower can elect to take her or his share as if the testator had not left a will. Formerly a man could cut off his wife by will, except that he could not bequeath more than one-half of his estate to charity. He was able, however, to leave the other half to a stranger if he chose. This was a glaring inconsistency, because the same man during his lifetime could be compelled by criminal proceedings or by civil process to contribute to the support of his wife and minor children.

It is creditable work to bring such laws up to date, and the commissions which give years of time to this service deserve more thanks than they usually receive. There is no spectacular glory for anyone in ironing out the inconsistencies in fossilized laws—merely hard work. But we cannot thrive for long unless laws and government fit the conditions which science, invention and economic organization have imposed upon us, and there are all too few public-spirited men and women giving themselves to the arduous and thankless task.

Aspiring British Politicians

ANYONE harboring the fear that the devices of politicians are approaching exhaustion is invited to contemplate two recent instances of British political propaganda. The first is the promise of David Lloyd George to abolish unemployment. Given the return of the Liberal Party to power in Parliament, schemes are ready to be put into immediate operation providing enough work to reduce the unemployment to normal proportions within a year, without one penny added to national or local taxation! This is the reincarnation of the Welshman, indeed.

Secondly, the creation of a seventh dominion of the British Empire. Both parties seem to be in on this scheme. The plan is to annex Palestine for vital corridor control, a protective flank to the Suez Canal, a frontier zone joining Europe and Asia, a true dominion in the Empire sense, with the autonomy enjoyed, for example, by Canada. This, of course, could only occur following the expiration of the mandate, that has still some years to run. In the meantime, preparations for the transfer of status should be developed.

It will be a great day when, without unemployment at home and with commerce reëstablished abroad, Lloyd George walks through the corridor uniting the Mediterranean Sea with the Persian Gulf, to the acclaim of the assimilated Zionists and Arabs.

The Nicaragua Trade Route

By WALTER E. EDGE

Chairman United States Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals

AMERICA is now recognizing the necessity of preparing for another interoceanic canal. Engineers have reported that the waterway at Panama faces the prospect of some day becoming overcrowded and thus confronting cargo carriers with the alternative of costly delays or again rounding the Horn. Military strategists have pictured the serious problem facing the Navy should the present canal be crippled in time of war. Statesmen have pointed out the contribution toward international understanding and Central American development which a new trade artery might assure. As a result of such reports, Congress has authorized a complete survey of a proposed new canal route through Lake Nicaragua, as well as a thorough inquiry into methods of increasing existing facilities at Panama.

Three considerations economic, military and diplomatic—attach a profound significance to the Nicaragua-canal project. By shortening the time and distance between certain Atlantic or Gulf ports and those of Central America, our own west coast and Alaska, as well as by opening a new sea route to important South American and Far Eastern harbors, the canal would prove a new stimulus to trade. By bringing to Nicaragua the progress and benefits now apparent at Panama, it would do much to solve the difficulties with that republic which now harass our State Department. By establishing two water routes, instead of one, from ocean to ocean, it would prove a great military asset. Under present conditions, the blocking of the Panama Canal by bombs dropped from aircraft could effectually separate the Atlantic and Pacific fleets and place the United States in wartimes in a position similar to that of 1898, when the battleship Oregon made her historic voyage down the west coast of South America, through the Strait of Magellan and up the east coast to the Caribbean

Before discussing in detail the military and commercial advantages offered by the proposed Nicaragua cut, it seems wise to outline the present situation at Panama. Official reports show that the commercial business of the canal has doubled approximately every five years from its first year of operation, and indicate that if the present ratio of increase continues the waterway may reach the point of maximum capacity in less than ten years. This, however, seems to be only a possibility. A greatly increased tonnage in the near future would be necessary before the commercial business of the canal could continue to double every five years. In my own judgment, formed after a careful survey of the situation, the present capacity of the canal will, however, be reached between 1940 and 1960, which means that unless immediate steps are taken to prepare for the future the capacity limit may be reached in no more than twelve years.

It seems to me apparent that improvements to the Panama Canal can help, but not entirely remedy, the situation thus threatened. A supplementary water supply has already been authorized, but this can do little more than assure maximum use of existing facilities. A great need for additional water is now felt during the dry season, and estimates indicate that about $12,000,000 in money and five years in time will be required to provide a storage-dam system. A third flight of locks, paralleling the present two flights, has been suggested also as a method of increasing the present canal capacity. Proponents of this plan assert it would increase facilities 70 per cent, thus fixing the maximum capacity of a high-level canal for all time at approximately 100,000,000 tons annually. According to engineering estimates, these changes would cost from $125,000,000 to $150,000,000. The cost of transforming the canal into a sea-level waterway would be far greater. I have, in fact, heard no estimate for this under a billion dollars. But even if the changes were completed, the great difference between the rise and the fall of the tide in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans would still necessitate tidal locks. Thus it seems apparent that no matter how the Panama Canal problem may be met, there will still exist a situation demanding early and practical consideration of the construction of another waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans

As is generally known, the Nicaragua-canal project was seriously contemplated among the earliest plans to open a gateway between the two oceans. When the Isthmian Canal Commission in 1901 estimated the total cost of a canal by the Panama route at approximately $250,000,000, which included reimbursing the French, it also computed the total cost of the Nicaragua project at about $190,000,000, or some $60,000,000 less. More recently the cost of a Nicaragua canal has been estimated at a figure as high as a billion dollars, but that is, of course, purely speculative

It is impossible to fix an accurate cost of the project until the survey for which the legislation provides has been completed. To engineers, however, construction of such a

Continued on Page 155)

GO 'WAY! I'M FEELING BETTER ALREADY!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Cootie: "A Scientist Says Here, 'Man's Next Great War Will be With Insects.'"
Another: "I Thought We Gave 'Em a Pretty Good Battle in the Last War!"

Those Moving Men Somehow Seem Always to Come at the Most Embarrassing Moment

To be Candid

NO MATTER how richly delicious
The foods in the restaurants are,
While I don't mean to flout them, there's something about them
From home cooking different far.
Though in gravies are soused with judicious
Acumen their vealporkorham,
Though they sprinkle not sparsely their cutlets with parsley
And put paper frills on their lamb,

Though their consommé's nectar and honey
And a draught for the gods their purée,
Though their broiled and fried chicken the pulses would quicken
Of e'en the most sated gourmet;
It's not like home cooking. It's funny
But home cooking's different somehow!
That's why we're forsaking our rooftree and taking
Our meals in a restaurant now.

—Baron Ireland.

Oyez! Oyez!

JUDGE: What's the charge?

SHERIFF: Fishing without a license, Your Honor. I caught him red-handed.

JUDGE: Got the evidence?

SHERIFF: Yes, sir; he was taking this three-pound bass off the hook when ——

PRISONER: Beg pardon, Your Honor, but that bass weighs a little over five pounds.

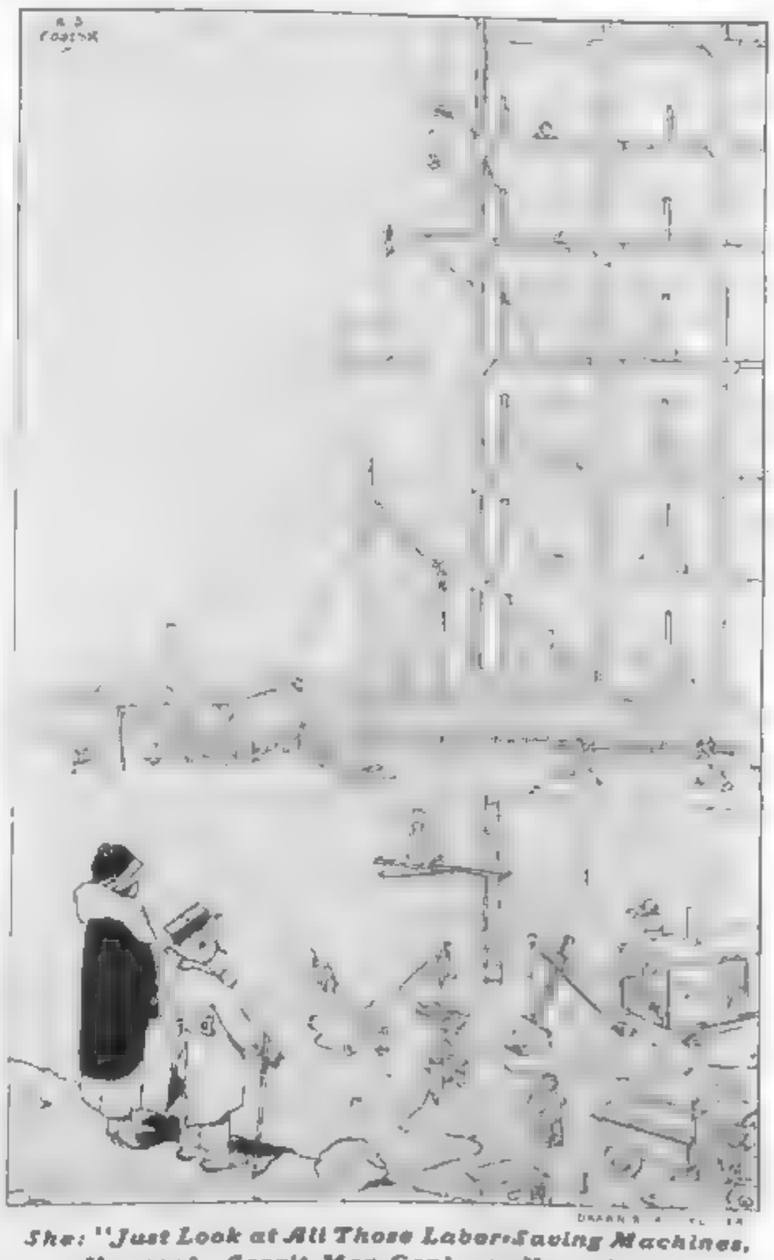
SHERIFF: He was taking a three-pound bass off the hook and I ——

PRISONER: Five pounds, Your Honor. I've got a pair of scales on my reel that ——

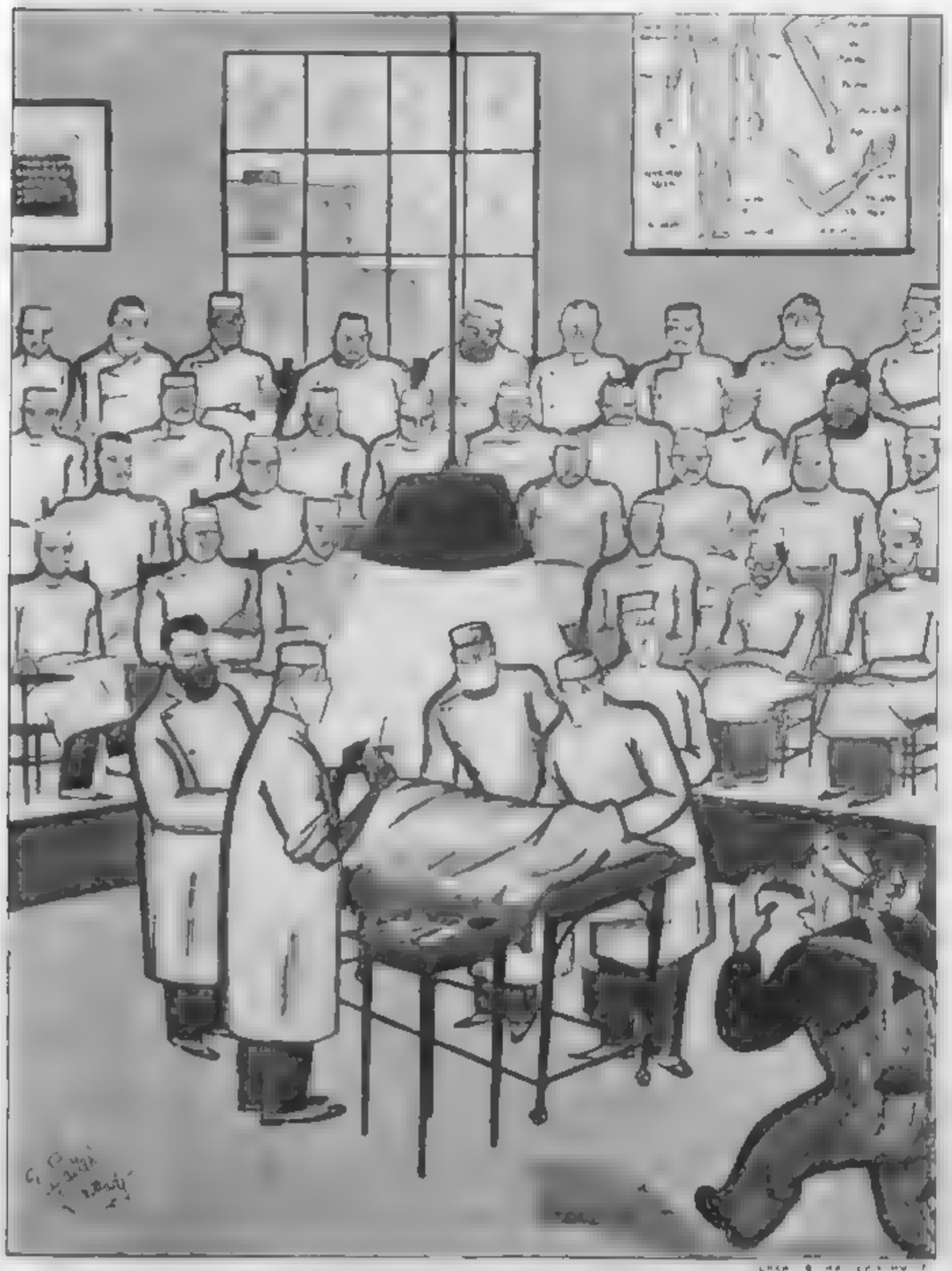
SHERIFF: I can guess the weight of any fish that ever swam, within two or three ounces, and I say ——

JUDGE: Order in the court. Let's see the fish. *(The sheriff holds it up by the gill.)* A pretty nice bass. I caught the mate to it over at Andrew's last

(Continued on Page 109)



She: "Just Look at All Those Labor-Saving Machines, Harvey! Aren't Men Geniuses Nowadays?"
He: "We Certainly Are!"



Janitor (Breaking in on Meeting): "Is There a Doctor in the House?"

DOES YOUR HUSBAND DRINK? WHAT IS THE PATHOLOGICAL HISTORY OF YOUR FAMILY? DO YOU BELIEVE IN BEHAVIORISM? LET ME SEE YOUR BED-ROOMS

Why Not Send Investigators Into the Homes of the Rich?

THE NATION'S FIRST CHOICE FOR QUALITY

Only a few—a very few—food products are of such high Quality that the whole nation knows about them and demands them. Campbell's Beans have this distinction. Everywhere throughout the United States they out-sell all others by far. People in overwhelming numbers prefer Campbell's Beans because they are slow-cooked to a golden brown deliciousness all their own—whole, yet mellow and tender—bathed in a glorious tomato sauce!

SLOW-COOKED
GOLDEN BROWN

Perfected now to even greater deliciousness!

I Gave Them What They Wanted

His Name Was Barlow and He Was a Grain Buyer in a Tiny Village at the End of a Spur Line of Railroad

III

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

OUR first move in preparation for the coming county and precinct elections was to outline an elaborate plan for street paving. "Complicated" would be a better descriptive word for this plan, because political considerations dictated all of its details. At that time no street in the city had been paved continuously for a distance of two miles, nor did we intend to bring about any such Utopian condition during the coming year. Better political results could be obtained by scattering our paving work far and wide through the residence districts in little patches of three to ten city blocks' length. The immediate effect of each patch was to increase property values and make it easier for a home owner to dispose of his investment if he so desired.

Naturally such bounty from the city government was appreciated. In fact, it brought results even beyond each patch of asphalt or brick, because of the probability of later extensions. On the basis of no more than three blocks of paving one could make promises that extended for five blocks in both directions. Being a shrewd boss, Mike Callaghan knew how to make these promises in strictly confidential interviews and get the most out of them. However, he kept his pledges, though not always promptly.

In the business district he waited for pressure to be brought before agreeing to any public improvements. After a committee had presented a strong case he would agree to use his influence with the mayor; invariably it would be discovered that there was not enough money available. The committee would then offer to assist with donations and assessments, whereupon the work would be done. The business men, Mike had found, expected things from the municipal government and made their requests with confidence. Mike didn't like that. He thought they ought to petition, humbly, hat in hand, and finally, when they got what they wanted, say "Oh, thank you, kind sir!" That was about what he made them do. On the other hand, home owners, he had discovered, expected nothing but taxation from the city government, consequently they were delighted when announcements appeared in their newspapers that they would soon enjoy excellent paving without having petitioned or exerted any influence whatever. Naturally, their conclusion would be that the city government must be honest and actuated by sound principles, since it thus placed the stamp of approval upon the home owners' faith in the future of the neighborhoods in which they had invested.

The automobile was not at that time important enough to demand long stretches of paved highway, so Mike's system worked very well. Also, he was peculiarly honest about his interest in street paving at a time when all of our boss-ridden cities wasted millions on what they were pleased to call street improvement. He held slipshod work in abhorrence and always insisted on not less than six inches of first-class foundation, which was then judged to be an assurance of permanence. Nevertheless, he lived to see every inch of that paving crumble under the pounding of what would now be regarded as rather light trucks. All of the work had to be done over again within a few years.

He could have made this work pay a heavy toll of graft, as I later did, by controlling certain companies and then seeing that they got the contracts, but Mike considered such arrangements rough. He insisted upon city employes doing the work; no contracts. I think he really had a passionate interest in sound paving, and since his way of obtaining it did not diminish his political power, he indulged his whim. He and I never did agree as to the proper sources of revenue. He had no objection to levying upon gambling and vice, while I hated it. For a boss to clip off a commission for doing sound work such as paving seemed to me reasonable and to him dishonest. Paving dollars were consecrated, as he saw it, while the others were fair game—being wasted, anyway; so let any man who could, grab and hold them. In short, he represented the régime of bossism that was about to pass into history, and I represented its next phase.

Our reason for an orgy of street paving just at this time was to expand the city pay roll and thus have plenty of manageable voters available for the county elections. The street-car company began work on the proposed extensions of its lines as soon as the new franchise went into effect, and we felt that we ought to match that force, spade for spade and pick for pick. Though the company would not be interested in county politics, Percy Ball, its manager, had formed political alliances during the recent mayoralty campaign that he could not easily throw over, and we assumed that he would be drawn into the county campaign either willingly or otherwise. He still wanted to get rid of Mike, so why shouldn't he trade with candidates for county offices, giving them his support now in return for theirs at the next municipal election? Our guess as to what he would do proved to be correct.

Mike had always made it a rule to launch public works shortly before any election in which he was interested, and after I succeeded him I followed the same rule. There is an ancient legend to the effect that political bosses obtain their power or preserve it by distributing fat jobs. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Fat jobs are a liability and a nuisance; consequently there are relatively very few of them. What a politician wants at his disposal is a large number of just any kind of jobs. Every well-paid appointive office makes at least three enemies to one friend for the harassed executive who distributes patronage, and unless he is a good diplomat, there may be ten enemies, all recruited out of the ranks of former supporters. If I could saddle upon any officeholder from President to mayor as many fat appointments as clerkships, I believe I could wreck his administration and end his political career. All

(Continued on Page 34)

Just out . . . the new half pound size

LOOK around your store for a display of the newest, smallest member of the "Silverleaf" family. It's just being introduced—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard in the half pound size. The same pure lard—to give new richness to your cooking. The same self-measuring features for cutting. The same familiar blue package. And "Silverleaf" comes too, as always, in the pound and two pound cartons, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Guaranteed Pure Lard
Remarkably white and pure
For dainty richness in all baking and frying
SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 32)

our various governmental units—national, state, county and municipal—pay niggardly salaries to the few highly skilled men they must employ. It is extremely difficult to obtain appropriations for adequate salaries for engineers, physicians, judges and scientists, and almost impossible to raise them, no matter how necessary, but it never has been hard to make the wage scales for laborers and clerks in the public service higher than those prevailing elsewhere.

The reason for this, it seems to me, is obvious. The public employe has only one vote, no matter what his salary. As for the votes he can influence, a day laborer will, as a rule, go to more trouble to reach his relatives and friends than would a five-thousand-a-year man. The number of men and women on tax-supported pay rolls has increased enormously during the past quarter of a century, but not one out of a thousand has a fat job or even one with an attractive future. However much money we are wasting through the excessive number of these petty political jobs, the greater waste is man power. Thousands of these people who receive just enough to wriggle through their monthly bills are too good for their jobs and under the pressure of necessity would soon be doing something far more worth while.

When I was a boss we got very little strength from patronage in the form of white-collar jobs. Laborers were our principal dependence, and while we probably built wastefully, at least we built something. The passion for governmental regulation, inspection and advice came later. We built things.

With our paving plans agreed upon and the money available to carry them into effect, Mike waited patiently for Ball to show his hand before undertaking any political trading on his own account. He had always traded in county elections, because the city machine was not powerful enough to dominate them. There was a strong county machine, and after having learned by experience that he couldn't beat it, Mike contented himself with making such dents and cracks in it as opportunity allowed, thus preserving himself from having to face a united enemy in the event it should ever be tempted to turn upon him. Our strategy was simply to wait until Ball decided whether he would support the ins or the outs, and then hasten to the other side. Victory or defeat would make very little difference, just so we came off the field with plenty of friends. Fortunately trial by ballot doesn't kill anybody; the man who runs and loses lives to run again; likewise, those who voted for him live to vote again.

A fact very much in our favor this time was that the only offices we really wanted to capture were three obscure little justice-of-the-peace courts that no one suspected us of coveting. Those we were determined to have. Our biggest problem remained precisely what it had been in the last municipal campaign—namely, the election laws. We had beaten the new election laws by a subterfuge and given Mayor Drake a second term, but we knew that the same trick wouldn't work again. Our own precinct captains had been too delighted with that trick to keep their mouths shut, and now everybody was on to it. As a matter of fact, every precinct captain in our organization could have been sent to the penitentiary for our clever evasion of the new election laws, but for some mysterious reason the American public scarcely ever pursues election frauds until they are dragged before the grand jury. Money is spent freely just before nearly every election to prevent fraud, but there seems to be an unwritten sporting rule: "If you get away with it, all right." We had sent our voters to the polls with marked ballots—a plain violation of the law, punishable by imprisonment for one year. The opposition failed to detect the trick on election day, and therefore they did nothing, even after they had found out how we managed to obtain and mark those ballots.

I never have understood why the public-spirited men who put up money and take a keen interest in elections drop the subject so suddenly on the day after the ballots are counted. Most of these men are good citizens, deeply moved by anxiety for the public welfare, but when they lose they go home and forget the contest, as though it had been a football game. If they are fighting a political machine they usually know that there is danger of ballot-box frauds and they try to prevent them, but that is far from easy. The man who is trying to do something always has a tactical advantage over those who are trying to prevent him, and no political boss that I have ever known anything about managed to rule for many years without finding it necessary to cheat on election day. The only way to stop him is to hang on to him like a bulldog and prosecute to the limit. A few operations of this sort would do more toward cleaning up machine politics than the election of any candidate I have ever heard of.

Having found the new election law an extremely difficult nut to crack, we began laying our plans to get rid of it. The scheme by which we had broken through its meshes couldn't be used again, because some busybody might search a few of our voters before they entered the booths and discover their marked ballots. What we wanted was a new law. Fortunately all the municipalities in the state held their elections on the same date at that time, and quite a number of politicians had found a way to put something over. As a consequence, every legislator had a drawer full of proposed amendments, either offered by his constituents or of his own concoction. Wherever people vote there is blind and foolish faith that a crook-proof election system can be devised. Take it from me, there isn't a chance! Not so long as the penalties for crookedness are not enforced! However, some of these amendments were being offered by politicians who had failed to break through the new law. That was the most amusing feature of the hue and cry, because these fellows were the loudest of all in their demands that the law should be improved. With both those who had been disappointed because the law failed and those who had been even more bitterly disappointed because it proved a success howling for changes, the governor was forced to call a special session of the legislature.

As soon as it convened, there were so many amendments available that the prospect for chaos seemed bright. Mike watched developments complacently. Any change suited him, either in the form of amendments or a new law, and chaos better than either. Mike had made his debut as boss in the colorful days when the only qualification for voting was to be a male person apparently twenty-one years of

(Continued on Page 103)

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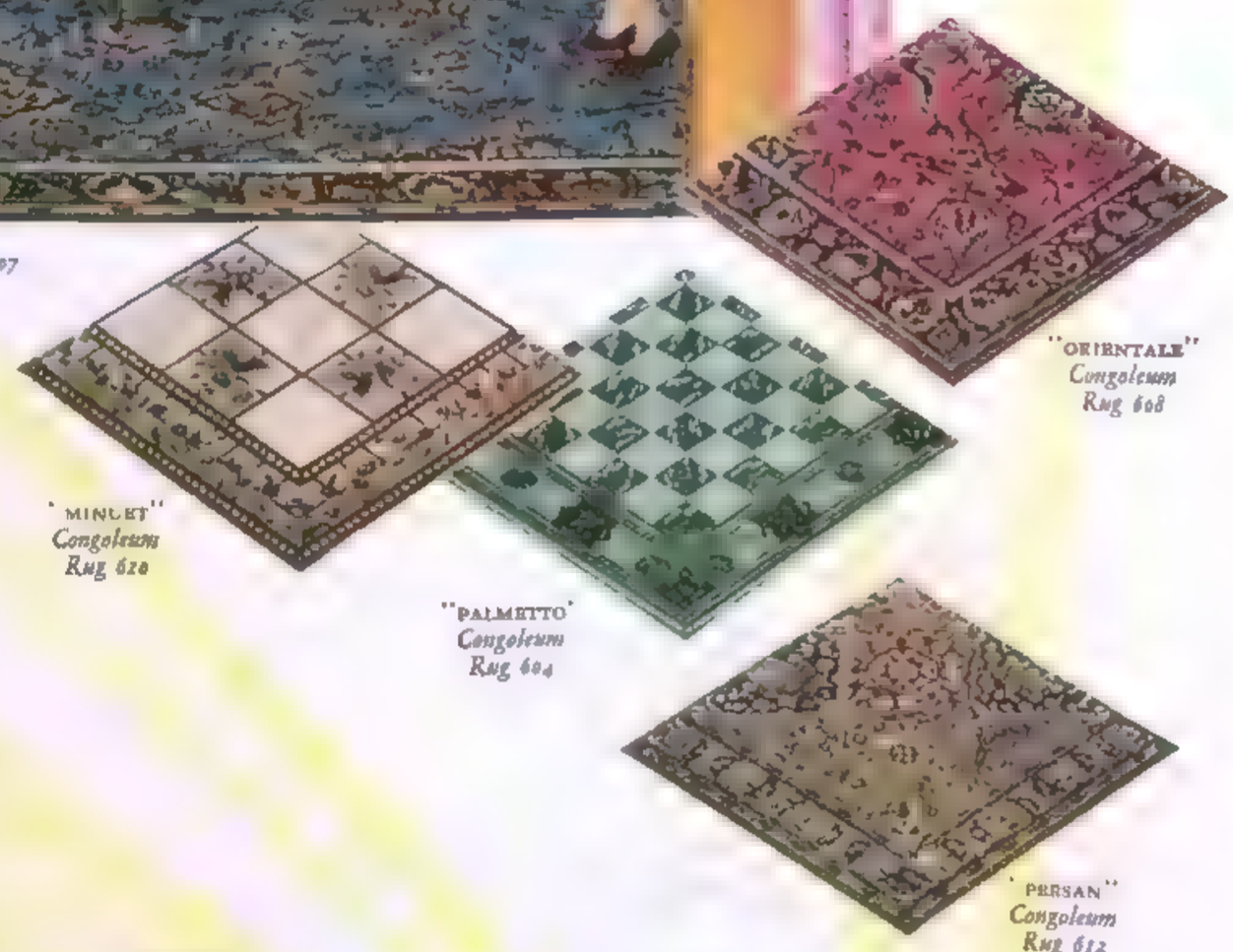

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THE INTERNATIONAL DOLLAR

By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THIS survey of international banking we now reach the final, and in many respects the most important, stage as far as American interest is concerned. It is the crossroads where the dollar, once a raw tourist, finds itself after much foreign travel. With, roughly, $15,000,000,000 actively invested throughout the globe and an additional $10,000,000,000 in war debts due him, Uncle Sam is intrenched on the creditor side of the universal balance sheet. Financially he has become a world citizen.

This state of affairs has two distinct aspects. One is, of course, the phase which evokes flag waving over militant solvency and its by-products. The rise of the dollar is perhaps the most spectacular event in all fiscal history. From mere onlooker, it has rapidly developed into a bulwark of the whole money scheme, working no less effectively for the aims of peace than in the war era, when it bolstered the wavering Allied finances.

How long can we continue to be the international investment buffer? Have home interests been sacrificed to meet insistent oversea demands? What is the precise situation of the international dollar and what does it do? With the answers to these questions this closing paper will deal.

There are various other reasons for a stock taking. We no longer have the foreign investment field to ourselves. The period of World War reconstruction has ended, revealing all the old powers, notably Britain and France, back on the big-money-employment job again. With reparations commercialized and a new fiscal freedom established, Germany will be able to assert herself once more. Henceforth it is a case of competition with the banking craft that was a matured agency when our financial structure was in its infancy. Even the greatest reservoir of surplus capital will not avail us if we lack the caution and the acumen with which to plant it safely and profitably. The rush of capital into the call-money market to feed speculation has diverted funds from legitimate pursuits, the foreign field included.

Have we mastered the financial game sufficiently to carry on in the face of the new conditions? Whatever the facts, it is obvious that we will be obliged to watch our international step to a greater extent than has obtained since 1914.

We cannot fix the responsibility of the international dollar without first seeing just where and how it works. Heretofore in this series we have merely touched the high spots—that is, the grand totals. We can now analyze the figures in detail, see the scope of American capital exports and likewise trace the kinship between our foreign investments and our foreign trade.

Trinity Church in New York, With Its Lofty Neighbors

Vanishing Investments

AT THE outset one difficulty is revealed. It lies in the difference between direct and indirect investments. The same handicap blocks any attempt at accurate estimate of the costs of war, where you also have direct and indirect costs.

Direct investment is a term employed to describe investments privately made in foreign enterprises by American companies, firms or individuals, without recourse to the securities market. It follows that they do not always appear in the published tabulations. This is why our oversea financial expansion is really larger than is revealed by the official statistics. It accounts for the differences in the various printed estimates.

Our direct investments are particularly large in Canada and Latin America, where we have so many branch factories. If we relied upon a list of securities publicly offered we would find scant trace of hundreds of millions of dollars privately employed in these areas. The case of one of our great motor manufacturers will illustrate. He has branch plants in more than a dozen countries. Originally established with private funds, they have been built up on earnings plowed back into the enterprises. The same is true of hundreds of our private investments abroad, especially in Europe, which now run into many millions. Some account must be taken of these holdings. It means that an element of scientific guessing is involved in arriving at totals.

The guessing hazard is minimized somewhat in the case of our Latin-American investments, since they are chiefly in large enterprises, separately chartered, and on whose financial structure public data are available. In addition to our investments in foreign enterprises, developed and controlled by American interests, there is also a considerable amount of American capital employed in securities of foreign enterprises not controlled in the United States. These are bought on the foreign bourses for individual investment or speculation and come under the head of direct investment.

Still another difficulty confronts the appraiser of our foreign investments. Various foreign countries are debited with large loans which were public offerings and appear as such in the tabulations. In reality they have ceased to be foreign debts, because in numerous instances they have been bought back by the nationals of the countries involved.

A case in point is the $150,000,000 loan to the Dutch East Indies underwritten in the United States. There is every reason to believe that Holland, the mother country, has since purchased a large portion of these bonds in the open market. The same procedure has occurred with bonds of Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, issued here in 1920 and 1921. Last year Czecho-Slovakia retired a $25,000,000 issue by means of an internal issue. Czecho-Slovakian exchange on New York did not reflect this operation by even a fraction of a cent, which bears out the assumption that the government or the citizens of that country had long since acquired these bonds.

Because of the conditions I have just outlined I will start off with two computations of our foreign investments. One is the set of figures prepared by Dr. Max Winkler, the well-known banker economist for the Foreign Policy Association, which shows a total of $15,911,000,000. Of this sum $4,898,000,000 is in Europe, $4,120,000,000 in Canada, $2,950,000,000 in Central America, including Cuba, Mexico and the West Indies, $2,713,000,000 in South America, $851,000,000 in Australasia, and $375,000,000 elsewhere.

Blotting Out the Red Ink

THE second, compiled by Grosvenor M. Jones, head of the finance division of the Department of Commerce, puts our oversea stake tentatively at $14,800,000,000, with the following geographical distribution: Latin America, $5,600,000,000; Europe, $4,200,000,000; Canada, $3,500,000,000; and the Far East, Africa and elsewhere, $1,500,000,000.

Doctor Winkler's figures are higher because he has taken direct investments more into account. The fact to emphasize at this point is the enormous growth of our oversea investments. In 1914 they represented only $2,625,000,000. We were then a debtor nation to the tune of $5,000,000,000. Up to the outbreak of the war we were importing more capital than we exported. We required what money we actually possessed to build up the country. Hence the invasion of foreign funds, mainly British, which were a distinct factor in our progress. In August, 1914, we owed Great Britain alone $4,000,000,000, which was nearly two-thirds of the total foreign funds invested in the United States. Today we have not only wiped out that $5,000,000,000 adverse balance but have built up a credit balance of $10,000,000,000, which is the par value of the Allied war debts to us.

Since we are now embarked on recapitulation, it may be well to say that, whereas in 1914 less than a dozen foreign government and municipal obligations were listed on the New York Stock Exchange, with an annual turnover of foreign securities not exceeding $3,500,000, the total offerings of alien securities, including bonds guaranteed by governmental bodies, last year in this country were $1,425,789,180. The foreign financing of the United States of all kinds during 1928—again I use Doctor Winkler's figures—reached a net amount of $2,137,183,900.

Europe led with $1,079,529,750, or more than 50 per cent of the total. Nearly 38 per cent of the amount represents financing on behalf of German states, cities and corporations. More than 74 per cent of the European financing was in behalf of corporations. As you will presently see, the American dollar is going more and more into foreign industrial enterprises.

South America ranked second with $498,413,060, or more than 24 per cent of the total. Here corporate financing and government, state and municipal issues were about evenly divided. Canada took third place with $298,185,000, of which only 20 per cent was provincial and municipal financing. A significant feature of our foreign investment is revealed by the $143,345,000 that we put into Australasia, mainly in government and municipal loans. This is a comparatively new field.

The disturbed political situation in Central America, especially Nicaragua, and in Mexico, was responsible for the considerable reduction of Yankee investments in that area. They reached only $42,251,000 in 1928. Of this amount, 46 per cent went into government securities and

(Continued on Page 41)

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Even in thickest traffic, you'll find Oldsmobile easy to drive. Swift, stageless pick-up gives you the advantage at the signal light. Easy handling and flexible performance enable you to slip nimbly through crowded streets. Fingertip steering and a short turning radius simplify parking.

Out on the road, Oldsmobile's big 62-horsepower, high-compression engine delivers a smooth, rhythmic flow of eager power. There is greater speed than the average motorist ever needs—quick, sure acceleration to flash past other cars—tremendous reserve power for the hills—stamina to maintain a touring pace hour after hour.

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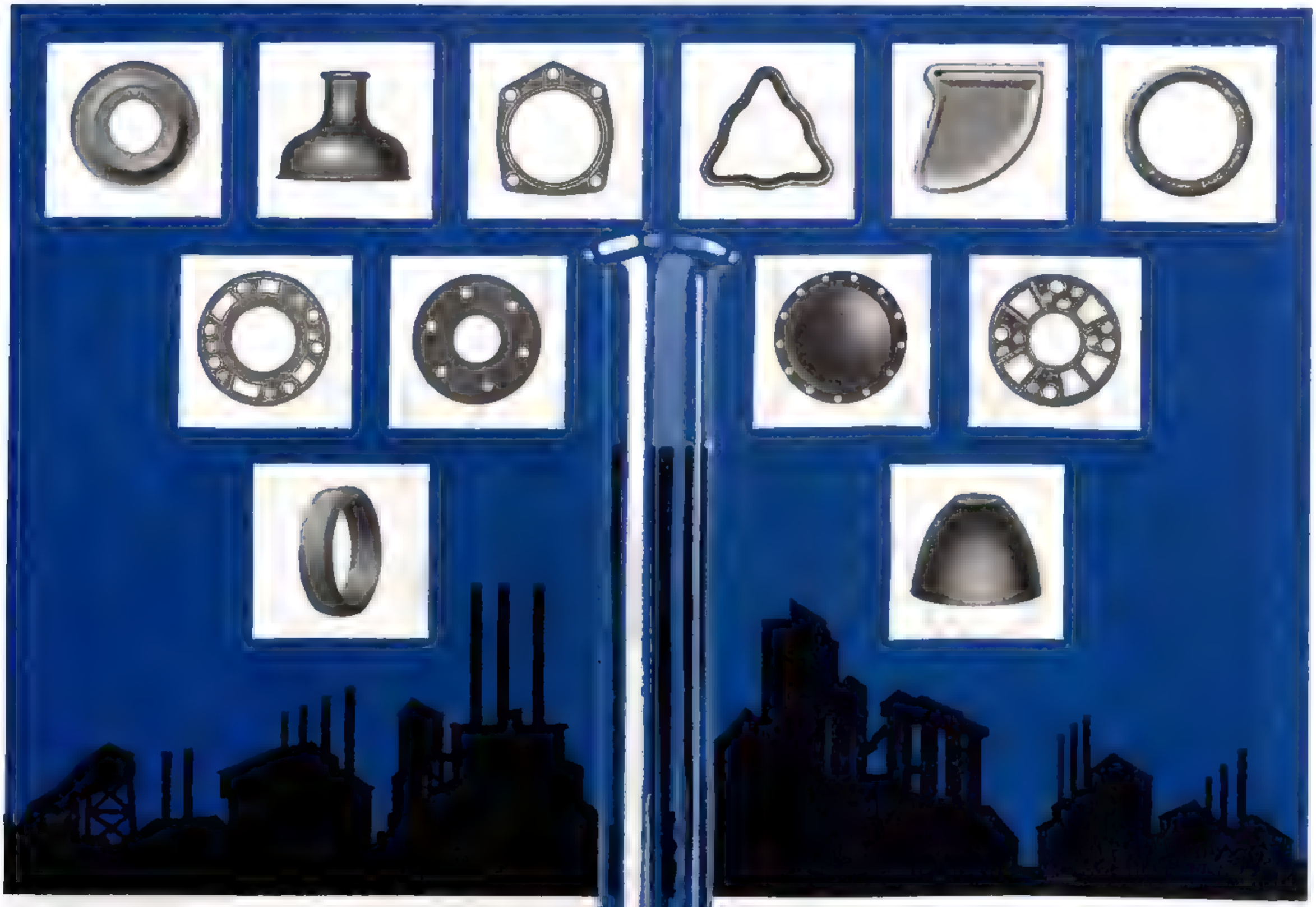

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Bring your problem to Goodyear. Goodyear's technical experts stand ready to work with you, with enthusiasm and understanding, as they successfully have worked with many others. Just write or wire to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

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(Continued from Page 37)

the remainder into corporate loans and the purchase of properties by American interests.

Doctor Winkler makes the interesting statement that it is more than a coincidence that American investments abroad made between 1914 and 1928 almost exactly correspond to the aggregate excess of our exports over imports for the same period. He says: "Had we not invested abroad we might not have been able to dispose of our surplus production, nor would the rest of the world have been able to pay for such a surplus."

The internationalization of the dollar has meant a kindred internationalization of practically every branch of productive activity. Prior to 1914, 90 per cent of American money that ventured overseas went into the branch factories of less than fifteen large concerns who specialized in typewriters, cash registers, adding machines, agricultural implements, and oil and meat products. Interest rates in the New York money market were too high as compared with the rates of European money centers to induce foreign governments and corporations to place loans here in any volume.

Today foreign banks, industries, department stores, and even churches and schools, have been financed. We have helped to finance the great Continental chemical combine, the Swedish match monopoly, the industrial comeback of Germany, the coffee monopoly of Brazil and the public utilities of a score of countries. Our capital has gone into the financial institutions of no less than twenty foreign nations. American revolving credits largely helped establish the pound sterling, the French franc and the Italian lira on a gold standard. We have also helped to put Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Poland, Peru and Hungary on their financial feet, with the aid, in some instances, of American money doctors, whose activities will soon be disclosed.

Through Adequate Capital

AMERICAN investors abroad not only have displayed a definite preference for foreign corporate bonds as compared with foreign corporate stocks, but have also shown a distinct desire to go into securities of certain industries, such as railways, banking and credit companies, sugar, paper, mining, oil, iron and steel concerns. Public utilities score high in the rating.

Some idea of the trend of the dollar abroad may be gained from the list of foreign corporate securities publicly offered in the United States during 1928, as reported by the Department of Commerce. Public utilities headed the list with $268,076,700, which was nearly one-third of the entire financing of similar securities during the preceding twelve years. Second were banking and credit companies, with $174,037,500. Third came paper companies—practically all Canadian corporations—which took $93,858,000. Next in order were railways—again Canada is in the forefront, with $56,817,000—the Swedish match monopoly, with $29,070,000; mining companies, $22,000,000; department stores, $19,860,000; textiles, $17,780,000; electrical equipment and machinery, $17,500,000; iron and steel, $16,790,000; miscellaneous manufacturing, $10,730,000; and steamship companies, $15,575,000.

In the total of $784,899,680 put into foreign corporate securities last year there were also such widely varying items as $5,900,000 for churches, $2,651,600 for chain stores, and $2,571,000 for motion-picture concerns. It is largely due to American capital and enterprise that the chain-store idea has been introduced into Britain and Germany. In the former country they are threepence—six cents—and sixpence—twelve cents—shops. In Germany they are twenty-five and fifty pfennig shops. There are one hundred pfennigs to a mark, which is, roughly, equal to twenty-five cents.

The figures on foreign corporate-security offerings show how inadequate official estimates sometimes are. The list from which I have just quoted attributes only $1,000,000 to automobiles. As a matter of fact, we put many times this sum last year and in the preceding years into automotive enterprises throughout the world. The fact that they are direct investments keeps them from appearing in the public tabulations. The American motor car is preëminent everywhere. It constitutes 91.2 per cent of all the automobiles manufactured. About 90 per cent of the cars used in South America are Yankee made. At least a dozen of the leading American companies have branch factories or assembling plants in all the major countries. In Canada alone our automobile capitalization is $88,800,000.

These and similar capitalizations elsewhere do not represent 100 per cent of American money. Whenever possible, it is always advisable to enlist local capital, which makes for good will on both the political and the selling sides. A conspicuous example of this kind of financing is afforded by the American company which has entirely recast the telephone system of Spain. Its employes and thousands of other Spaniards from King Alfonso down are stockholders in the company.

Our financial penetration in Great Britain has had political repercussions, as a case consummated at the time I write shows. Early in February American capitalists bought control of a $150,000,000 trust supplying light and power for a considerable area of England. Lord Birkenhead, formerly Lord Chancellor and an ex-cabinet minister, is head of the combine.

As soon as the news became known members of Parliament and a section of the City, as London's financial district is known, were up in arms. The usual outcry against "the power of the dollar" was raised. Eventually it was shown that the American financiers had bought at a price that their British colleagues refused to pay and that, instead of a gouge in rates, the cost of current would be lowered. With adequate capital mass economies can be effected.

Looking North Toward the New Diminutive U. S. Sub-Treasury in New York on the Site of Which George Washington Was Inaugurated as First President of the United States

American investments in Germany require a section apart for two reasons. One is that through loans we have largely financed reparations payments. The second is that having been the indemnity exchequer, we are likely to be called upon to take a huge block of the bonds which will represent the ultimate amount of reparations, their commercialization, and therefore the final liquidation of the war. If we assume this new obligation it means that the United States will be financing Germany's debts. This, however, is another story.

Since the Dawes Plan went into effect Germany has been the biggest foreign borrower in the United States. The total amount has reached $1,147,020,000, representing the loans placed here between 1924 and 1928. From being regarded as an adventure in the hectic postwar inflation days, the German loan has come to be an outstanding feature in the international financial field. We started the ball rolling by taking half—that is, $110,000,000—of the so-called External Loan of 1924, which was authorized by the experts' committee to help stabilize the mark. Since that time we have poured in hundreds of millions every year. In 1928 the volume reached nearly $300,000,000.

Every phase of German life has been touched by the American dollar. More than $100,000,000 is in loans floated by states, notably Prussia, Bavaria, Hamburg, Oldenburg, Anhalt and Bremen. German municipal loans are estimated at $106,450,000, while loans of public and semipublic institutions like the Rentenbank, state and provincial banks, and utilities, reach $40,000,000. We have put more than half a billion into outstanding industrial concerns such as the massive steel units in the Ruhr and the two leading steamship lines.

With a concrete example I can show how American capital has performed constructive service in the Reich. Prior to the World War, Germany had, in many respects, the most highly organized land-credit system, especially for small loans, anywhere. Inflation wiped out all the available capital. The pipe line for loans existed after the Armistice, but there was no reservoir to feed it. Consequently the farmers suffered. Reduction in crop output piled up food imports and made the unfavorable balance of trade unwieldy.

Through American loans aggregating $135,000,000 the land-credit reservoir was replenished. The money was put mainly into what is called the Central Bank of Agriculture, a continuation of the old Rentenbank, which issued the *Rentenmark* as the first step toward stabilization. This intervention has changed the face of the German land map. Food imports are decreasing each year and agriculture is on the way to some degree of self-sufficiency.

This wide distribution of the dollar has done more than make the United States the dominant creditor power. It has democratized international banking, which, until the World War, was a closed corporation, with the United States merely a bystander. It has also made the average American citizen financially world minded.

Once more we must indulge in recapitulation; this time to summarize the dollar advance and what it means to a great mass of our people. Up to the war period the dollar had a distinct fear complex. It was afraid to wander far from home save, as you have seen, to build branch factories and provide strategic points for commodity distribution.

Financial Education

ONCE we entered the fray we threw our financial strength unreservedly into the great struggle. With peace the dollar has become somewhat acclimated to alien atmosphere. War demands abroad were now succeeded by an equally large need for reconstruction. Many foreign countries had ample equity, but lacked the capital with which to revive productive life. We owned the only available excess, and it went forth again not only to heal the wounds of war but to make Europe economically sound again.

The second era of large American capital export could be achieved only by diversion of funds into productive channels. This was nothing more or less than the fundamental rule which applies to all investment.

Now, foreign investment, like every other kind of money activity, is largely a matter of education. In 1919 hundreds of thousands of Americans owned stocks and bonds in domestic corporations whose names they knew and with whose operations they were familiar. It was a far different proposition with a German steel concern, an Italian hydroelectric corporation or industries in other Continental states. All these institutions had earning capacity or taxable resources, but they were situated in a part of the globe that had plunged into stupendous disorder and where conditions were still unstable.

Hence our first postwar oversea-investment venturing required two accelerators. One was the necessary knowledge about the entities involved. The second was the attraction that lies in high yields. There was no lack of information. It followed that in the earlier postwar years, when Europe and other areas were still in the throes of the unrest miscalled peace, foreign governments as well as foreign corporations were required to pay high rates for their borrowings—that is, high as compared with similar American rates. In 1920, for example, France paid 8 per

(Continued on Page 173)

NOT IF YOU GAVE IT TO ME!

Jimmie Inspected the Place With the Eye of an Expert. "The El Duco," He Commented, "Has This Dump Beat a Mile"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IT HAPPENS that on a certain Wednesday night in this very year of grace, the male, or nominal, heads of two families, separated by a thousand miles of shining railroad track, were engaged in the same silly diversion: They were trying to tune in clearly on the broadcasting station in Madison Square Garden.

That was the night that Momski fought Bomski, and everybody else in the Garden but the announcer went to sleep; and the particular air channel supposed to convey the blow-by-blow account of the meeting seemed inextricably confused with other air channels conveying other forms of entertainment, so that whenever Momski or Bomski fell down, due generally to tripping, it was to the accompaniment of I'll Get By or Moonlight on the Ganges, as turned loose over the ether by the Five Jolly Pumpernickel Bakers.

Around ten o'clock Mr. Porter Ingram got disgusted. Under ordinary conditions he acknowledged no man a greater lover of music than himself, but tonight the old tiger strain had the upper hand, and he wanted to hear of straining muscles and spattered gore.

He lived, as a matter of fact, on Morningside Heights, within three miles of the Garden, and he might very easily have gone there and slumbered with the rest of the sporting fraternity, but somehow it had just never occurred to him. The tiger had always been completely sated by the highly emotional voices that came directly from the ringside through his dynamic loud-speaker. It may be that the strain had grown just a little thin since the first Ingram crawled out of the jungle and bought himself a derby hat.

"Won't you turn off that fool thing," Mrs. Ingram called from the bedroom, "and come on to bed? Do you realize that it's after ten o'clock?"

"All right," he gave in. "But I never seen it fail yet. You get a good fight at the Garden, and the way they got these stations worked out now, it sounds like it's being fought by Roxy's orchestra."

"You always say that," she said. "If you're so crazy about it, why don't you go see one some night?"

"What's a radio for?" he demanded. "What would I be doing, paying out money, when I can get it over the radio?"

"Turn out the lights and come on to bed. I'm not going to stay awake all night and argue about can you get things over the radio. I've got a lot of work to do in the morning."

A half hour later the apartment was dark, and Mr. Ingram had just reached that hazy half land just before unconsciousness, when he was shaken gently by his wife.

"Asleep?" she whispered.

"No-o-o."

"I forgot to tell you—who do you guess I saw today, standing right next to me in Tell's Fifth Avenue Store?"

"Yeh?"

"Ethel Barrymore!"

"Yeh!"

"I just happened to turn around and there she was. She was buying something."

"You sure it was her?"

"Certainly I'm sure! I saw her just as close as that!"

"How you know it was her?"

"From her pictures—she looks just like them."

"Yeh?"

She rolled back on her side and they both lay awake for a few moments, thinking of the smallness of the world and of its surprises, and then sleep came.

The next morning Mr. Ingram learned from his morning paper, read propped against the sugar bowl at breakfast, that Momski, the Duluth Assassin, had emerged victorious over Bomski, the Rapier of the South, after ten rounds of maneuvers in which both boys had successfully avoided being hit seriously.

Mr. Ingram's old Army pal, Jimmie McAlpin, manager of the Mason City, Ohio, branch of the National Bacon Corporation, had been less annoyed by the aerial confusion that night. Jimmie was a lad who'd just as soon hear Moonlight on the Ganges as news of prize fighters, or if neither was available, he would do with something else. It was very difficult to disturb Jimmie with a radio.

Having tried half-heartedly to get in on the Madison Square Garden affair, he surrendered to circumstances and twisted the dial to the State Capitol station, which was broadcasting a rousing dinner given by the United Master Barbers' Association to its retiring president, Antonio Moletto, and then wandered on to the porch and forgot it.

Mrs. McAlpin lay curled up in a cushioned swing, and Jimmie dropped into a rocking-chair and lit his pipe.

"You know," he said thoughtfully, "I wish sometimes I'd of gone on to New York when I got out the Army, the way Porter did. In New York you don't have to sit around and listen to things over the radio. They're there, and you can go see 'em yourself."

"They keep on the go too much for me," she commented, yawning. "The summer I was there before we were married, it was just go, go, go, from morning till midnight."

"You get used to it," he explained. "It's just like anything else—you get used to it."

"I don't mind visiting New York," Mrs. McAlpin said, "but I wouldn't live there if you gave it to me."

"Sometimes," he continued, puffing reflectively, "I kind of think I'd like it. What I mean, once you got used to it—going to theaters and parties and night clubs and all that—you'd kind of get used to the hours they keep, and all that trotting around, and it'd be just as natural to you as it is to them."

"It'd kill me," she demurred, "if I had to keep up that pace long."

"You'd have to get used to it gradually," he admitted. "But after all, New Yorkers've got the right idea. You got to get some fun out of life, because you don't live but once. You don't catch those New Yorkers drooling around wishing there was something to do or something to see—not them! What I mean, that's really the only way to live."

His head lay back and he blew a spiral of smoke that edged through the vines that hung from the eaves and then faded away hopelessly in the warm dark.

"Crafton just got back yesterday," he went on. "Says he ran into Porter on Broadway." He paused to chuckle. "That's where old Porter would be—right on the main drag! Trust that fellow to know the white lights!" He chuckled again, reminiscently. "I got to thinking about him today, about the times we had when we were at Camp Mills. Boy, boy, boy! Did I ever tell you how we got into the Moulin Rouge and Porter tried to kiss the checkroom girl and ——"

"You told me that," Mrs. McAlpin said.

"That was some night! Porter tried to kiss the checkroom girl and what a slap she give him—blop!" He laughed at the memory. "Right now, right this minute," he said, "I'll bet old Porter's in one of those cabarets, because if there was a good time around, he'd be the one that'd find it and join in. I know him!"

"Yes," his wife said, "and if he or any of the rest of them would really tell the truth, they'd have to admit that they were sleepy."

"Sleepy!"

"Yes, sleepy. It's all just showing off—just plain showing off—running around like that night after night. Human beings aren't any different in New York than anywhere else, but oh, no, they wouldn't give out that they were sleepy; they just got to keep on running around because everybody else runs around half the night like they was lunatics. Not me! I wouldn't live there!"

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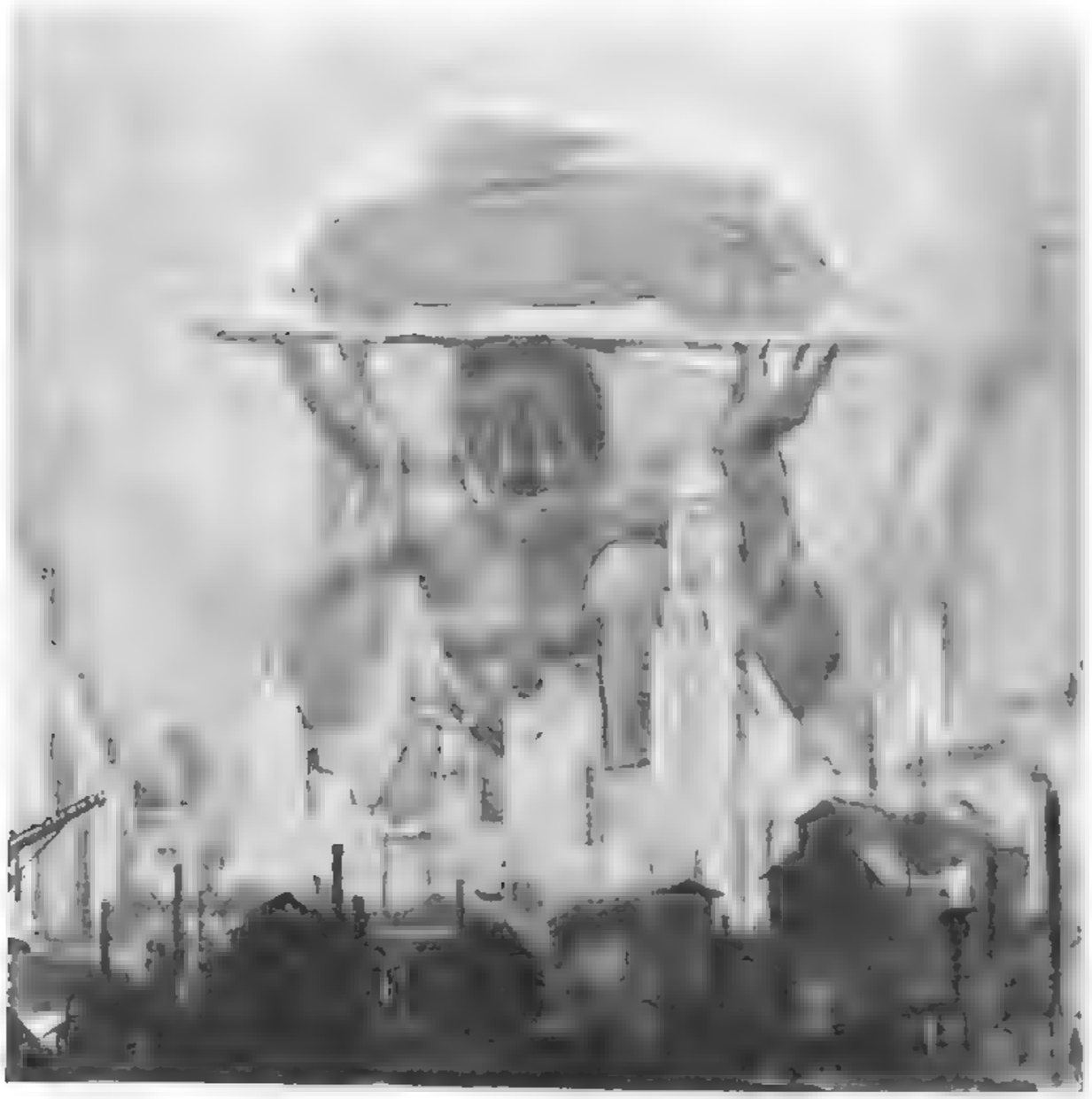
FORGING AHEAD TO NEW GOALS



There is something bigger than giant factories underlying Buick leadership . . . something greater than massive machinery . . . something stronger than hardened steel. It is the flaming spirit of progress that impels the builders of Buick cars!

Buick motor cars are not made of iron and steel alone.

Great plants, superb machinery and tremendous financial resources play an important part.

But there is something even more important back of Buick's quarter-century of leadership. And that is the spirit of progress which permeates the Buick organization.

This spirit guides the executive at his desk. It inspires the engineer at his drafting board. It extends to the craftsman at his lathe. It fills every man with a sense of personal responsibility. It induces him to give the best that is in him at all times. It welds all Buick into a harmonious unit with but one purpose: to build better and better automobiles.

The outgrowth of this spirit is one of the most magnificent records of achievement the motor car industry has ever known.

More Buicks have been produced than any other fine car, by a ratio of almost three to one. More than eighty per cent of all Buick owners buy Buicks again. More than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200.

Yet Buick craftsmen hold to their creed of progress as faithfully as though Buick had just been born.

And when even greater acclaim comes to Buick, as greater recognition always follows greater achievement, they will not be content to rest upon their laurels.

They will keep on building Buick motor cars better and better throughout the months and years to come.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Canadian Factory: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ontario

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 42)

"Don't be crazy yourself," Jimmie scoffed. "What do you mean, they're sleepy? You get used to it, I tell you. You might be sleepy, and I might, but they don't get sleepy. They're used to it."

Mrs. McAlpin sniffed.

"Besides," he explained, "they don't run around every night like that. That's a mistaken notion about New Yorkers—that they run around like that every night. They got to have sleep sometimes like anybody else, and they know it. They take off nights and go to sleep like anybody else. But they got used to that irregularity and they can go on longer than we could, because we aren't used to it. That notion about New Yorkers going out every night—that's a mistaken notion."

"Well, I'll bet they get sleepy, anyway," she said.

"You know what?" he said presently. "I was just wondering today—what do you say we run up to New York for a few days, maybe a week? It wouldn't cost much, and I'd like to see old Porter again. Must be seven years now since I saw him." He blew more smoke.

"I'd have to get some more clothes," Mrs. McAlpin said, sitting upright. "I'd have to get at least three ——"

"Oh, no," he interrupted blandly. "You look all right. You still got that purple dress, haven't you?"

"Orchid," she corrected him.

"Orchid to some, purple to me," he remarked. "You look all right in that."

"Why, Jimmie, I've had that thing two years!"

"It don't look it. You could pass it off as new. The way women think that if they wear a dress once, it isn't any good any more and they've got to get ——"

"Once!"

And so, on that Wednesday night, they roughly worked out the plan to go to New York.

A week later, when Porter Ingram got home from his office in Broad Street, just off Wall, where he was head bookkeeper, Mrs. Ingram greeted him with the news.

"There's a telegram for you on the phonograph," she said. "Who is Jimmie?"

"What's the idea of opening my telegram?" he demanded.

"I thought maybe somebody was dead."

"Haven't you learned yet that somebody besides surviving relatives and undertakers send telegrams?"

"You can't tell," she said.

When she returned to the room a few minutes later, Porter was sitting gloomily in his favorite chair, the telegram in his lap, his hands folded in patient resignation on top of it.

"Did you ever think," he asked, apropos of nothing in particular, "that maybe we ought to move out of New York—say, to some small town out West, or down South, or somewhere?"

"You don't mean," she exclaimed, stopping dead still, "we got another ——"

"Jimmie's an old Army pal," he explained moodily. "We used to tent together, and we run around together quite a bit. He's a good guy, Jimmie is—but you know how it is." He rose and walked once across the room and back again. "Don't anybody know anybody but us," he cried suddenly, "who could show them New York?"

Mrs. Ingram sat down thoughtfully.

"Two weeks ago," Porter cited the facts, "it was your brother-in-law. For six days—for six full days, I showed him New York. I never saw a guy in my life that could keep going the way he could. One night we must of hit twenty speak-easies, not to make any mention of two night clubs. I nearly died. It wasn't a month ago it was those people we met at Wrightsville Beach, and they were just iron people, that's all. At four o'clock in the morning they got sore because I said maybe it might not be a bad idea to go home after the next place. They kept shouting, 'You're a great New Yorker, you are!' They were the worst yet."

"I know," she said sympathetically.

"Before them it was that girl you knew at school and her husband, and you'd thought those babies were trained in Texas Guinan's night club. Then there was Charlie and his wife, and that fellow that went to college with your brother's best man. And now here we are—and I ain't got over your brother-in-law's visit yet—with two more."

"Maybe these people ——"

"No," he said firmly, "no, not a chance. Quiet, mannerly people who like to sit around a little while in the evening and then go to bed don't visit us. They may visit somebody, but they don't visit us. We get the ones that can't hardly wait till they get the check paid to get along to the next saloon. It's an imposition -that's exactly what it is—an imposition." She nodded thoughtfully.

"And it's ruining my health," he continued moodily. "For a week after your brother-in-law left I was shaking like a leaf. When I lit a cigarette you'd think I had delirium tremens. I got to have some sleep. I got to have regular sleep, and not just two hours a night either. I got to have a lot of sleep, or I get to shaking." He shook his head, puzzled. "I don't see how these out-of-towners stand it."

"Look, Porter," Mrs. Ingram said: "Let's just stop it, that's all. Let's just not put up with it any longer. We'll put our foot down and let them do their own gadding. You can't stand it, staying up late like that, and I can't; so let's just not pay any attention to it. We'll have them over for dinner and give them a nice quiet evening, and if they want to run out to one of those night clubs, all well and good, but not us!"

"We ought to do that—we really ought," he said. "By George, it would serve them right ——"

"I'll give them a nice dinner—we'll have everything nice and good—but we'll put our foot down on anything else. We've got our health to think of, to say nothing about what it costs."

So it was agreed, firmly; and in that frame of mind, with a smile of sincere welcome, but with steel in his backbone, Porter went to Grand Central and greeted the ebullient McAlpins. They shook his hand convulsively and followed him with such admiration as he wound his way, unperturbed by crowds or the vastness of this great vault of a terminal, that he felt a genuine warmth toward them. He began to feel again some of his old affection for Jimmie.

"The old New Yorker himself, eh?" the latter chuckled as their taxicab made its way toward Broadway. "I was just telling Alma the other night about that night at the Moulin Rouge ——"

Porter laughed indulgently. "The Moulin Rouge's gone now," he said. "Yonder's where it was—remember?"

They all peered out of the window at the corner that had known Jimmie in his heyday, and then sat back happily.

"I'll bet," Jimmie said slyly, winking at Mrs. McAlpin, "that when that place went out you didn't know where on earth to go for a good time, eh? What I mean," he explained to his wife, "I know old Porter like a book. If ever you want a good time, go out with Porter—that's

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Jimmie Turned to Mrs. McAlpin. "You Aren't Tired, are You, Baby?" He Said Fondly, and Her Girlish Laughter Shamed Him for the Question

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

In Automobile Transmissions

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Particularly is this true in transmissions where New Departure Ball Bearings are employed, for they are the highest type of anti-friction bearings. *Nothing rolls like a ball* and New Departures contain the most uniformly perfect spheres made by man, rolling freely between raceways of equal perfection.

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These are the reasons why so many automobile builders pay the higher cost of New Departures to give their customers the utmost in performance and economy.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

World's Largest Ball Bearing Manufacturer

(Continued from Page 44)

what we used to say in the Army because if anybody knows the high spots, he does!"

The steel in Porter's spine began to soften slightly and he laughed modestly.

"What I said," Jimmie continued; "what I told Alma, I said, Porter's the boy that'll have old Broadway right in his hip pocket. I said, I'll bet he wasn't in New York two weeks before he was calling the traffic cops in Times Square by their first names."

"Go on!"

"Don't try to kid me, big-timer! I know you!"

"Why, I got no time to be hanging around Broadway."

"No-o-o?" He jeered boldly. "I suppose you sit around the house every evening, listening to the radio, eh? Just an old home body ——"

"Look here ——"

"Just an old home bird, I suppose! Sit around the house after dinner with a good book or something, and don't go out because you'll be sleepy—that's you, I'll bet!"

"Say, man, I'm ——"

"Tell it to somebody else, Porter! Tell it to somebody that don't know you! Don't tell it to me!" He chuckled.

Porter gave up his fairly faint struggle in the interests of exact accuracy and smiled self-consciously.

"Well," he granted good-humoredly, "you couldn't be around here this long and not learn a thing or two."

"See?" Jimmie demanded of Mrs. McAlpin. "What did I tell you? Ain't that what I told you?"

They all laughed again, happily, and Porter began to assume a somewhat jaded air as he called casual attention to this theater and that, this night club and that, which the McAlpins might very well have identified for themselves, and by the same means as he, for they all had large signs over the entrances.

They stopped at the far uptown hotel at which Porter had engaged reservations for them, to register, get rid of their bags, and wash up, after which they continued on to the Ingrams' apartment in the Heights.

A great deal of chatter over introductions, snatches of recollection of the old days, and discussion of the train trip followed. Ida Ingram was pleasant, but wary. She felt she was going to like the McAlpins, but she refused to lower her guard; she held the conversation firmly to domestic subjects despite several eager efforts on the part of her husband's old Army pal to inject a touch of whoopla into it here and there.

And it was with frank and unabashed astonishment that presently it dawned on him that they were going to have dinner there in the apartment. He thought at first he hadn't heard correctly.

"Aren't we going out to a restaurant?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"You mean we're going to eat here, at home?"

"Sure. Why not?" The Ingrams were a little puzzled.

"I don't know ——" Jimmie started and stopped, and shook his head suddenly at the futility of ever trying to understand the idiosyncrasies of New Yorkers. It had never occurred to him that such a thing as eating in a home in New York ever had been or even could be done. "I don't know," he repeated feebly. "I just wasn't thinking."

The Ingrams studied him curiously a moment and then led the way into the dining room. The discovery of this arrangement threw Jimmie into a slight depression momentarily, for he had set his mind on eating publicly; but after a while his spirits rose again, and the meal was precisely the nice affair Ida Ingram had hoped it would be.

As ten o'clock came and passed, and then 10:30, Ida began to relax. Until then nothing had been said of moving out and downtown to the sinful Broadway belt, and hope was beginning to rise in her. She looked upon the McAlpins with kinder eyes; they might turn out to be very welcome guests. But the relaxation was a bit premature.

At eleven o'clock Jimmie pulled out his watch. "Reckon it's just about beginning to warm up down around the main stem now," he reflected aloud. "Theaters getting out and folks beginning to pep up a little."

Ida's mouth tightened and she tried to exchange a glance with her husband, but Porter, for some reason, evaded her eye guiltily.

"Yeah," Jimmie continued with disarming irrelevance, "begins to pick up around eleven." He chuckled reminiscently and looked at his wife. "Where'd we be at eleven o'clock in Mason City, baby?"

"In bed and asleep!" Alma giggled.

"You said it! In bed and asleep, and here in New York we're just getting going good! Can you beat it?"

The Ingrams remained solemnly silent.

"Yeah," Jimmie went on, "if I was to tell you New Yorkers what time we generally went to bed you'd have to laugh."

The New Yorkers looked at Jimmie McAlpin without any visible signs of humor or amusement.

"But," he added, returning the watch to his pocket, "what I always say, when in Rome do as the rummies do—eh, Porter?" He laughed. "So what say, folks? What say we get on our things and take a look at little ole Broadway? Porter'll lead and we'll follow—for'ar-r-rd mar-r-rch!" He leaped gayly to his feet.

Porter started to say something, and at the same instant caught a glimpse of the command in his wife's eyes; his voice trailed away in a feeble, embarrassed protest.

"I tell you, Jimmie, I been hitting it up lately ——"

"Outside with that, old scout!"

"No kid, Jimmie, I been ——"

"Say, are you trying to duck out on us? Well, there ain't a chance—not a chance in the world! We been laying up for this party too long for anybody to duck out on it—yes, sir!"

"It's this way ——"

"Now, look, Porter; you ain't trying to tell me you been going out all these years, and the very night I get here—this one particular night, of all nights—you going to throw me down; are you?"

"Don't put it that way, Jimmie. I tell you ——"

"I'm going to get sore, Porter. Here we are, come all the way from Mason City, first time we ever visited you, and you trying to throw us down. That ain't right, old man, and you know it"

"Now, Jimmie," said Mrs. McAlpin, "you oughtn't put it like that. Maybe they're tired, really."

Jimmie laughed contemptuously. "New Yorkers tired! You don't know New Yorkers, baby!" He returned to the harassed Mr. Ingram. "What say, Porter old kid? Snap out of it and let's touch some of the high spots."

Porter looked at him unhappily, the thought of the high spots of New York being at the moment one of the most revolting notions that he could conceive; but Jimmie had an eye that was strong and forceful, and tonight he craved to prowl.

"Well," Porter gave in weakly—"we might"

"Porter!"

"Look now"—he turned to his wife appealingly—"it won't hurt to go out for just a little while. We don't have to stay all night. We can go to some place and dance a little while and come on home. What's your objections to that?"

"Objections! Me have objections?" She looked at him with a wonder so apparently genuine that he was taken aback. "You were the one that was objecting; I never said a word."

He looked steadily at her for a moment, then: "Get your things," he said grimly. "We'll go, but just for a little while."

"At-a-boy!" Jimmie exclaimed happily as the wives went for their hats and coats. "'At's the old Porter! I knew you wouldn't be able to resist the old white lights—not old Porter Ingram!" He rubbed his hands expectantly. "You know, old man," he said, "it must be the air in this town. At home at this hour I'd be so sleepy I wouldn't be able to hold my head up. But the way I feel now, I don't care if I don't ever see a bed again! I feel like I could go on forever—absolutely!"

Porter looked at him sourly. "Yeah?" he said.

It was 3:15 in the morning when he and Ida got back to the apartment.

It was a hard day, that next at the office, but he had spent such hard days after before then, and he tried to be as philosophical as possible about it. He had begun to regard them as unfortunate, but apparently unavoidable.

He fumbled loggily through breakfast alone, Ida having proved incapable of rallying to the call of duty at the usual hour, and went moodily about his duties at the office until five o'clock; earning no commendations, however, for swift and energetic vitality.

"Hear anything from Jimmie today?" he asked cautiously when he reached home and failed to find the visitors there.

"Alma telephoned," Ida admitted.

"Go ahead, spring it."

"They got tickets for the theater tonight."

He breathed a sigh of relief. "That's great," he said. "Now, if you'll give us dinner early, I think I'll pop into the hay ——"

"I mean, they got tickets for all of us," she hastened to add.

At this, he quivered like a leaf.

"Now, look," he said, "it's all right for them, and it's all right for you, but what about me? They can sleep until noon or later, but I've got to be up ——"

"Alma said they were up at 7:30 this morning."

"They lied!" said Mr. Ingram fiercely. "They lied! They're trying to make us look bad. They lied!"

"But, dear," Ida insisted, "she called at a quarter of nine, and they'd already had breakfast. She said they always got up then—that Jimmie couldn't sleep after the sun rose. It was an old habit of his and he couldn't break it."

"He didn't seem to have much trouble breaking an old habit of going to bed at ten o'clock," he pointed out, and then smiled savagely. "Oh, well," he said; "watch 'em when they come in. People out of small towns ain't any stronger than anybody else. Just watch 'em when they come in!"

At dinner they agreed that going to the theater would be all right, but that further peregrinations were out of the question; they'd simply bid the McAlpins good night if a night club was suggested and come straight home and go to bed.

"But you watch 'em," Porter stated confidently. "You watch 'em when they come in. If they got up at 7:30 they ain't going to be too crazy to go anywhere else tonight—flesh and blood, you know!"

Thereupon he fell asleep at the table and remained in a semicomatose state until a ring at the door announced his guests. Jumping slightly, he endeavored to pull himself together, and mumbled again his last words.

"You watch 'em."

"At-a-boy, Porter, old scout!" Jimmie came into the room like a brisk gale from the northwest, Alma at his heels, her eyes glistening and her cheeks red with excitement. "What a night—what a night—eh, Porter? It takes Broadway to show you the good time, and no fooling, Porter." He caught Ida's arm enthusiastically. "And could you imagine those other people, still

(Continued on Page 50)

"Get Me Some Black Coffee," He Growled. "Bring It in Here—a Whole Potful"

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

An English doctor's scientific curiosity in 1785 gave the world an important new medicine—till then locked in the leaves of a common purple flower.

Golden sovereigns for the secret of a wayside flower

Old Mother Hutton, the Shropshire herb-woman, guarded her secret jealously. Had not her herb tea relieved an Oxford dean of his dropsy, when all other remedies had failed?

To solve this mystery, a certain Dr. William Withering sought out the old woman, nearly 150 years ago. At first she stubbornly refused to talk to him. But finally one argument prevailed. There was the clink of golden sovereigns in Mother Hutton's palm, and the cherished recipe was his to examine.

Withering saw that the crudely written scrawl called for twelve common herbs and plants. After long and patient trial he found eleven of them medicinally worthless. But from the twelfth, the purple foxglove, he obtained a powerful new drug which has come down through the generations as one of the most valuable remedies at the command of the medical profession—digitalis.

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Although physicians welcomed Withering's contribution to Medicine, they soon found that the use of digitalis was attended by a serious difficulty.

Extracts made from the drug were by no means uniform in potency. Some were too weak; others were much too strong for safety.

For over a century, physicians and pharmacists grappled with this problem of making uniform extracts of digitalis. Only in 1898, exactly 113 years after Withering's announcement, the first *standardized* tincture of digitalis made its appearance. Working in the Parke-Davis laboratories, Dr. E. M. Houghton, the research pioneer in this field and for many years director of our medical research division, finally achieved this far-reaching triumph.

Digitalis, however, was not the first drug to be standardized. In 1879—just half a century ago—after long years of preliminary research and experiment Parke, Davis & Company gave to Medical Science the first medicinal preparations of fixed, unvarying strength. Then the principle of standardization was applied by Parke-Davis scientists to a long list of important drugs, thus making it possible for physicians to prescribe medicines, and for druggists to compound them, with the assurance of absolute accuracy.

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Creamy smooth, free from grittiness and earthy taste, Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia is pleasant and easy to take. It mixes readily with water, milk and other liquids, and is especially acceptable to children. Only a product of *exceptional purity* could meet all these requirements. The high-quality ideals of a great research and manufacturing laboratory are reflected even in the simplest home remedy. When Milk of Magnesia is needed ask for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

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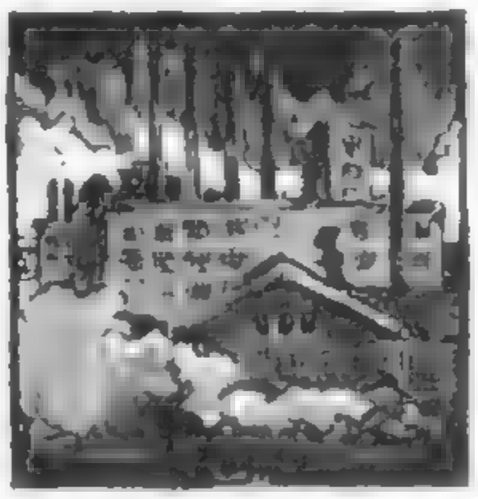
The business man welcomes Chrysler Motors as blood kindred—one of his kind, thinking his thoughts, speaking his language. He applauds Chrysler Motors as an institution soundly conceived to put accepted principles to work.

By harmonious coordination of its engineering, purchasing, manufacturing and operating units, Chrysler Motors drives right at the heart of waste, archfoe of all industry. Business, the public, the purchasers see the results of group effort, feel the effects of group power in lower prices and greater value in every Chrysler Motors product.

And these products cover the broad field of motor transportation—each car, each truck, each bus the value leader in its price class.

Transportation today is better because of this unique institution, taking life and direction from the genius of Walter P. Chrysler. It is the purpose of Chrysler Motors that this improvement shall steadily increase.



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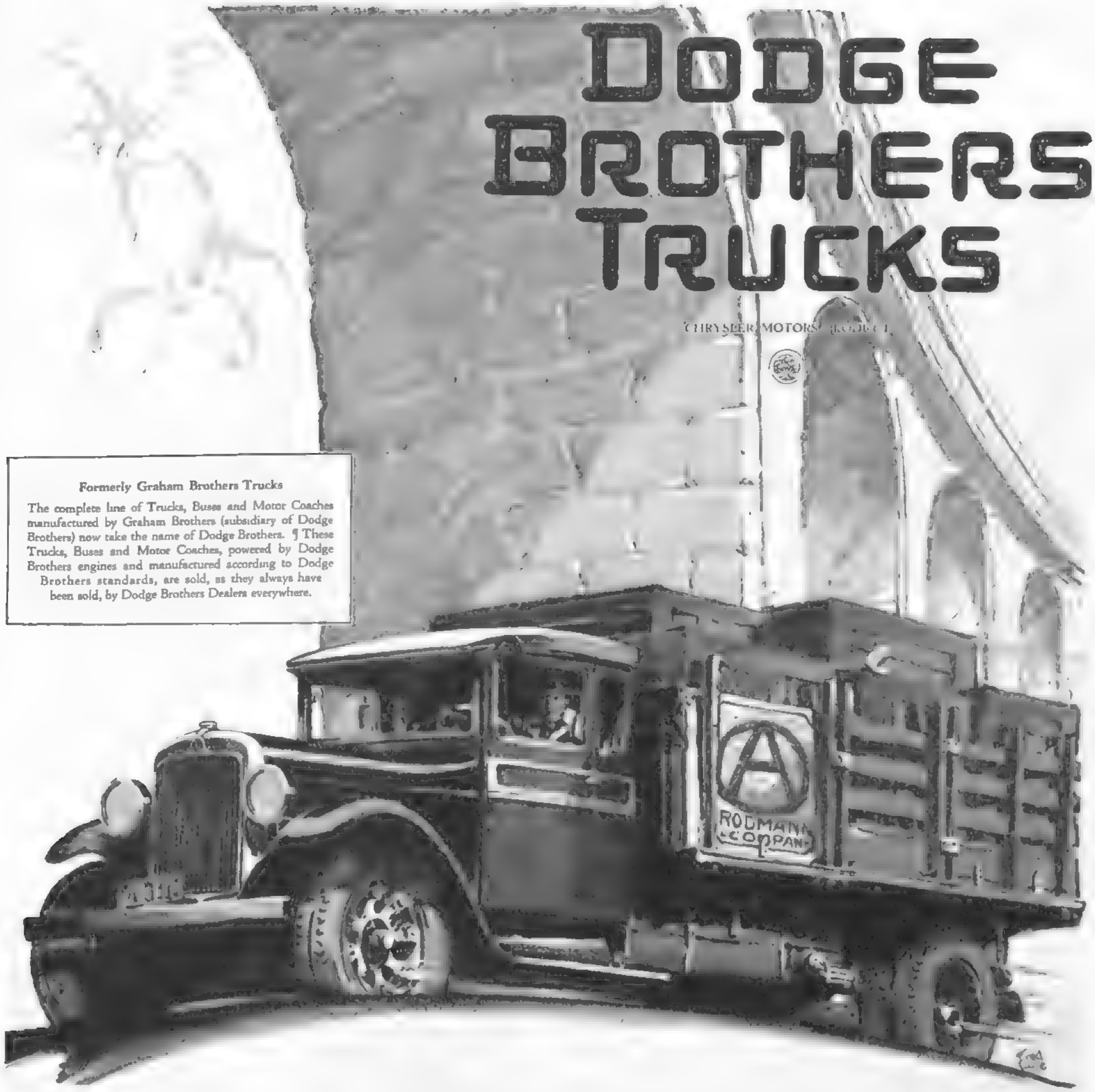

WORK is the sole function of any motor truck as profit is the ultimate aim of any business. Work—its quality, its quantity, its cost—must be the true measure of motor truck value.

From drawing board through to factory gate the experienced brains and skilled hands of the builders of Dodge Trucks are guided by consideration of the work each truck must do for an owner. And world-wide Dodge service is ready, always, to keep them at work.

Hundreds of thousands of Dodge Brothers Trucks are in use by owners who prefer Dodge Trucks. Repeated purchases prove this preference. Each appraises work in his own way—miles run, packages delivered, tons hauled, power, speed, economy, reliability, freedom from layup, expansion of business territory. But each thinks of work finally in the same terms—profit earned . . . For your greater profit—whatever your trucking needs—put Dodge Trucks to work for you

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SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Watch This Column

{Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.}

NOW, I guess you know that I was not letting my enthusiasm run away with me when I told you that "*Show Boat*" will be the great moving picture sensation of the year, if not the brightest spot in all movie history. For instance, Florence Perry of the Pittsburgh Press says: "A milestone in movies—a picture you will look upon as a gauge to appraise the value of what pictures may follow in the next bundle of years." And that is but one of thousands of laudatory comments coming in from everywhere. —*C. L.*

The cast of "*Show Boat*" has been praised without stint. LAURA LA PLANTE rises to the peak of her endeavors as "Magnolia", JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT has eclipsed all his previous performances as "Ravenal"; OTIS HARLAN, who has created hundreds of outstanding characters, shines effulgently as Captain Andy Hawks.

Laura La Plante as "Magnolia" in "Show Boat"

Can you imagine a greater combination of stars, eminent musical artists and celebrities than "*Show Boat*" reveals? Among those identified with this one picture are Edna Ferber, one of the greatest living authors; Florenz Ziegfeld, world-known producer of stage-hits; Jerome Kern and his fascinating music; Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, an illustrious name in theatrical circles; Harry Pollard, renowned as a director; Helen Morgan and Jules Bledsoe in the songs they rendered in Ziegfeld's stage-production.

Joseph Schildkraut as "Ravenal" in "Show Boat"

Otis Harlan as "Capt. Andy Hawks" in "Show Boat"

Universal's "*Show Boat*," in sound and silence, will give millions a chance to see it who couldn't see it in the stage version.

Certainly it looks like a Universal year with "*Show Boat*" already making history and "*Broadway*" coming along very soon.

Carl Laemmle,
President

The highest type of theatrical entertainment at popular prices.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 46

heading for other places when we called it a night! By George, you New Yorkers take the prize, you do! We got to hand it to you—yes, sir! You certainly got what it takes to have a good time!"

"Take off your coats," Ida began.

"No, no!" Jimmie objected quickly. "I found a swell place this afternoon—fellow from Akron I ran into showed it to me. You must know it, Porter—the Valencia, on Forty-seventh Street."

"No."

The Mason City boy went into a spirited description of the wonders of this beautiful rendezvous, of the afternoon he had spent with his Akron friend, and of how they had met a Johnstown fellow, and together had had many illuminating experiences in and around Broadway.

Had he been a discerning person his first glance at his old Army pal would have discouraged this gaudy exudation of vigor; for Porter was regarding him malevolently. His confident prediction of the limit of the McAlpin stamina having collapsed when the two guests breezed in like yachts coming up the Narrows, he had been suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of bewilderment, as when a man contemplates a phenomenon entirely contrary to the laws of God and man; which had soon been followed by a heavy sullenness, now replaced in its turn by a rising resentment, a growing anger.

This came not only from the McAlpins' fine fettle, itself quite sufficient to revolt any normal person, but also from the humiliating vastness of the esoteric knowledge of Broadway and its denizens that Jimmie had accumulated during the afternoon.

"We'll pop on down to the Valencia," the latter rattled on. "I know the guy in charge and I'll get him to give you a card, Porter."

Porter Ingram glowered at him, his eyes bulging.

"Another swell place we went to—you know the El Duco, Porter, on West Forty-seventh Street?"

"Didn't you ever get off West Forty-seventh Street?"

"We didn't have to. I'll get you a card there too—the manager's friend of mine; he'll take care of you right. Another place—ever run across the Victorian?"

"On West Forty-seventh Street?"

"Yes."

"No, I never run across it, but you'll get me a card to it, I suppose!"

"Why, sure."

But Porter was out of the room. Ida smiled conciliatingly. "He's a little upset—something at the office," she apologized. "He'll be all right. . . . Excuse me." A voice, hoarse but controlled, had called from the bedroom.

She found him sitting on the side of the bed, obviously endeavoring to conquer some struggling emotion. His fists were clenched, his lower jaw ground slowly, and in his eyes was a light usually associated with the eyes of homicidal maniacs.

"Get me some black coffee," he growled. "Bring it in here—a whole potful."

"Certainly, Porter."

"Get me the coffee," he muttered. "Just get me some black coffee, that's all." A little frightened, she went out; Porter sat there, mumbling to himself: "I'll show 'im! Trying to make me look bad. I'll show 'im! He got some sleep somewhere today, but I'll show 'im!"

Occasionally, during the next ten minutes, his reason threatened to unseat itself at the jovially impatient suggestions to snap it up from the wiry Mr. McAlpin in the next room; but to his credit be it said that he held himself in like a hero, and finally the black coffee came. He drank six large cups of it. When he returned to the living room he had on his hat and coat, and in his eyes was the fire that had ever distinguished the Ingrams when the big moment came and men of strength and courage were needed.

"Let's go," he said curtly.

They visited the Valencia, where the proprietor greeted Jimmie like a long-lost brother, and welcomed the two New Yorkers on his account. They found time, before the theater, to pop into the only speak-easy that Porter knew around Times Square—a bit of a humiliation in itself, in view of the rules of the game, for they had been there before, last night—and he sat wide-eyed and grim, with a mask of iron, through one of the funniest musical comedies in town.

They were scarcely out of their seats, when the final curtain went down, before his suggestion came that they keep on to some fast, snappy place.

"Let's go to some fast, snappy place," he said so savagely that Jimmie was a little frightened; "some good live place for a little while. What say?"

"Sure."

"Come on," he snarled.

They went, and it was 4:30 the next morning before the Ingrams dropped the McAlpins at their hotel and turned the cab toward their own apartment. Ida was already asleep, leaning on his shoulder, but Porter sat upright, his eyes glassy but open, his jaw set, as the jaws of the Ingrams were always set in these big moments.

When the alarm rang, three hours later, he was wide awake almost at the first tinkle, and out of bed with the definiteness of a man with a single overwhelming purpose. He dressed quickly and fixed his own breakfast, consisting of a percolator of coffee brewed for twenty-five minutes. Waiting for it, he sat staring fixedly out of the window, and when presently it was ready he drank it all.

Before leaving the apartment he went into the bedroom and, standing at the foot of the bed, called Ida. He called three times before she opened an eye and gazed at him stupidly.

"Whassit?"

"Ida," he said curtly, "we're going out this evening—all of us."

"Oh, Porter, can't ——"

"We're going out," he repeated firmly, precisely as Pickett announced his charge at Gettysburg. "So be ready."

She wanted to make further protest, but Mother Nature called her back, and she was unconscious, sound asleep again, as her husband turned on his heel, muttering thickly, "I'll show 'im!" and walked out of the room and the apartment.

Daylight and activity helped somewhat, and he managed to comport himself with dignity and results until noon; albeit it was the dignity of a corpse that has, in some occult manner, been breathed into a semblance of human conduct. At noon he went to the office manager and excused himself for the rest of the day; he was ill, he explained, and after a look at the hollow red eyes the office manager had to admit that there was some basis for this claim.

"Go home," he said, "and get a good rest."

But there was no rest for him that day. From the office he went on a mysterious round of calls, from office to office, to friends he knew had a streak of madness in them, and when, shortly after five, he reached Morningside Heights he had seven cabalistically inscribed cards which he showed Ida.

"Human nature is human nature," he explained. "Out-of-towner or no out-of-towner, flesh and blood has its limits. Tonight I'm going to show 'im! I got seven cards, to seven high-strung places, and if the worst comes to the worst, two more addresses I couldn't get cards to, but all I got to do is mention who sent me and everything will be all right. I got seven ——"

"But, Porter, what's the sense ——"

"Haven't you any pride?" he demanded. "Here's this guy—I called his hotel at 8:30 this morning, so's I'd know he was up early, and he was already out getting breakfast! Been out since 7:30!"

"It's an old habit ——"

"I just called to see that he wouldn't break himself of it too sudden," Porter explained. "Here he was, didn't get to bed until after 4:30, and up at 7:30!" He laughed weirdly. "Understand? That's the second night like that!"

"I know," she insisted; "but what's the object ——"

"For once," he said, "I'm going to show one of these people that come to New York! I'm going to make him realize that you can't do that night after night. I'm going to show 'm, y' understand?"

"But what are you going to show him?"

"I got seven cards," he said with savage glee, "and two addresses!"

"But tomorrow night ——"

"There ain't going to be any tomorrow night; he's leaving at eight tomorrow morning. When he gets aboard the train at eight tomorrow morning he's going to understand—well, at least one of these guys that come from Mason City, Ohio, is going to understand, and understand good, that New Yorkers don't and can't ——"

The bell rang.

"Some black coffee!" he ordered hastily. "Some black coffee in the bedroom—a whole potful of it."

"Oh, baby, what a night—what a night!" The voice of a man riding the crest of the wave floated in. "By golly, we must have hit a hundred places, but do I feel like a million dollars now! It must be in the air in this town—never felt better in my life! Say, I run up against a fellow I used to know in Cleveland this afternoon ——"

The door to the bedroom shut just in time, for the up-until-now well-contained Mr. Porter Ingram had seemed on the point of rushing out and throttling his good old Army pal, and his wife, too, as likely as not.

"I'll show 'im!" he muttered thickly.

They had dinner at the apartment—a thoroughly disagreeable meal to Porter—but the effervescent McAlpins sailed through it with the *élan* of a couple of boys down from New Haven for the night. Afterward they had drinks, mixed by the malignant Mr. Ingram, and for every one they drank he had a private cup of black coffee in the kitchen.

The result was that when they left the house for the Crazy Club he had a strange and almost supernal appearance. He looked like a man who had been awake for ten thousand years and could probably remain awake for another ten thousand. As a settled New Yorker, he could not, as may have been gathered, go for any great length of time without sleep; now he looked an ageless man, a sleepless man, a man with eyes like a fish, lidless and eternal.

A block away from the place, these ageless eyes studied one of the seven cards through which he meant to make the night memorable to a guest in the great city, and fortified himself with names and identities. When the cab stopped he was ready.

"Evening, Max," he saluted the gorilla who hovered around the barred door.

"Evening. Got a card?"

The formalities were concluded to Max's satisfaction, and they mounted dingy stairs, where another gorilla, named George, likewise inspected the card.

Then they were inside the Crazy Club, their reward being a rough table, four hard chairs, and the attention of a waiter who had the aspect of a man who would take a poke at anyone who opened his yap. Jimmie inspected the place with the eye of an expert.

"The El Duco," he commented, "has this dump beat a mile."

"This," said Porter, "is the place where all the smart people get started."

"Not now," Jimmie interrupted pleasantly. "They used to, yes, but no more. That fellow from Cleveland—he's been banging around town for a week—said the smart crowd's give this up and has taken up Marty's, over on West Forty-ninth Street."

Porter shut up.

"What I say," Jimmie went on, "is we get one here and then drag on over to Marty's. I know the head waiter—met him this afternoon."

(Continued on Page 52)

Yeast promotes intestinal action

says DR. KURT HENIUS

the physician who treated German Royalty

DR. KURT HENIUS -*Privatdozent (lecturer), University of Berlin. Dr. Henius lectures in the Intestinal Clinic, University II Charité, one of the famous Berlin clinics. Former physician to German royalty; personal physician to one of Germany's great industrial magnates.*

"In the case of constipation, yeast causes peristaltic motion and easy elimination. Because of the ability of yeast to eliminate harmful bacteria in the intestines, it is given with excellent results in cases of intestinal catarrh. Also in furunculosis (boils), which is frequently connected with irregular intestinal habits, yeast has proved one of the most dependable remedies."

Dr Kurt Henius

THE crusade against the universal scourge of constipation has enlisted some of the greatest scientific minds of Europe.

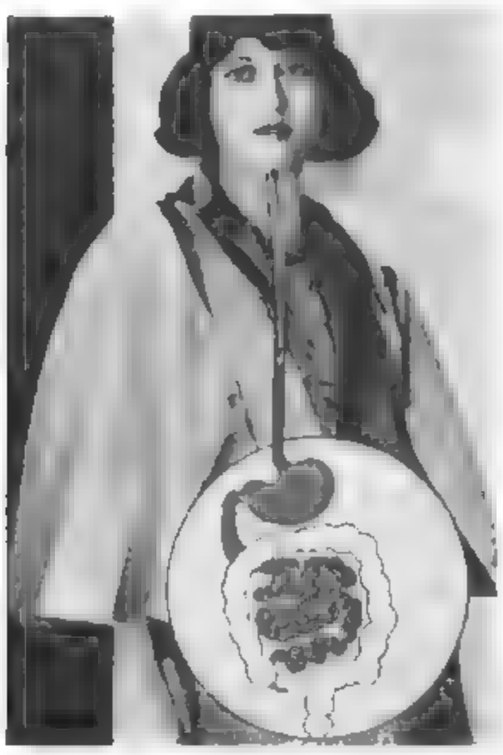
Among them is the distinguished Dr. Kurt Henius, of Berlin. Lecturer at the great University of Berlin, writer, expert on intestinal diseases—his verdict in regard to constipation is noteworthy.

"Yeast, taken internally," he said recently, "has proved that it can destroy bacteria in the intestines by setting up altered conditions of life." Dr. Henius confirms the verdict of physicians throughout the United States, where half the doctors reporting in a recent survey said they prescribed yeast for constipation and its many accompanying ills. They know that headaches, indigestion, depression, frequent colds and embarrassing skin disorders are often due to clogged intestines.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or "killed" yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons and purify the whole system.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily; one before each meal or between meals, plain or dissolved in water either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. To get full benefit you must eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Start now! The results will delight you. Buy two or three days' supply at a time. It will keep in any cool, dry place. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-88, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



Where 90% of ailments start

From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Poisons forming in a clogged colon quickly spread throughout the system. Here is where yeast works, keeping this entire tract clean, active and healthy. For clear eyes and skin, for the youth that only health can bring, eat Fleischmann's Yeast three times daily

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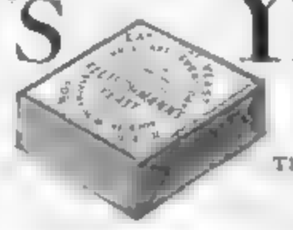

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Well known members of the BETWEEN THE ACTS CLUB

No one likes to ditch a ball game after the first inning. But it's just as little fun to walk out on a half-smoked cigar because you're too busy to finish it. That's why you'll find so many active men carrying tidy pocket tins of Between-the-Acts. *The 15¢ cigar in 10 installments.* Long enough for real cigar pleasure but short enough to fit your briefest smoking moment. *And not a penny's waste in a packetful!*

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 50

"Can you get me a card?" asked Porter, as a man would who had reached that state where he liked to torture himself.

"Sure. All you got to do is use my name."

After the drink they dragged on over to Marty's, and sure enough, the smart crowd, or at least a smart crowd, was there, and in it Jimmie discovered one couple he'd met in Cincinnati and the fellow from Akron, just as smart as anybody else in the house. They joined Porter's party for a while and succeeded in making the nominal host and hostess look like a farmer and his wife from Beaverkill Falls being shown the town by several rich relatives. It was humiliating.

But finally they got the McAlpins away from their Ohio compatriots and out into the fresh air. The night was still young—far younger than was to the Ingrams' taste; Jimmie spoke for a dandy little place he'd visited in the afternoon with the gentleman from Cleveland—a place he was surprised to hear that Porter didn't know—but the New Yorker, slightly wounded, but still a formidable rounder, disparaged this suggestion in favor of one of his own.

This proved slightly embarrassing, for both the second and the third cards he employed turned out to be a bit outdated. Under the aloof and faintly contemptuous glances of the McAlpins, Porter was told by brusque caretakers that one of the places had been padlocked these six months, and the other had gone out of business around 1926. It was unquestionably two points for Mason City, Ohio.

"You folks come with me," Jimmie spoke up generously. "I know a place that'll knock your eyes out."

Temporarily weakened by failure, Porter submitted. They—he and Ida—trailed meekly along while before the all-conquering Jimmie doors opened like magic, friendly greetings welcomed him at all points, and the head waiter, who appeared to remember him with pleasure from the afternoon, honored him with personal attention, and accepted the New Yorkers because they were Jimmie's friends.

Here Porter mustered up his spirit once more. Fortified with more black coffee—he was not drinking anything else—he rallied his forces and demanded leadership of the party. He was for going at once to another place, and privately he prayed that the friend who had given him this fourth card of admission had kept his night life a little more up-to-date than the others.

Jimmie agreed at once. Jimmie was willing to go anywhere and do anything. It was suddenly depressing to Porter, regarding him through glazed eyes, to observe how superbly he flowered as the night wore on. The lateness of the hour, the quantity of his collations, the exertion of this rushing about appeared but to bring out the best and brightest in Jimmie; as they left the place he appeared even fresher, if possible, than when they'd entered it.

On the sidewalk Ida halted doubtfully. "Would you folks mind terribly," she faltered, "if I get in a cab and go on home? I don't want to break up the party," she added hastily, "but I've got so much to do early in the morning. If you wouldn't mind ——"

"But it's only two o'clock," Porter said in sepulchral tones; "just the shank of the evening!"

"Sure, just the shank of the evening!" Jimmie echoed.

"Nevertheless, if you wouldn't mind terribly ——"

"Why, certainly, Ida," Jimmie broke in gayly. "Maybe she's tired."

"She's not tired," Porter asserted savagely. "She's got work to do!"

Jimmie turned to Mrs. McAlpin. "You aren't tired, are you, baby?" he said fondly, and her girlish laughter shamed him for the question. "'At's a baby!" he commended her. "It must be the air here."

Shamed once more, Porter got Ida a cab and gave the driver the address. Then he leaned inside and whispered hoarsely.

"That's all right, sweetheart," he assured her. "You go on and get some sleep. I wish I could go with you, but I'm going to get this guy if I die at it! Flesh and blood's got its limits!"

There is no need of recounting the remainder of that night; for it lasted until seven o'clock, an hour before the McAlpins were due to board their train, and in essence it offered little variety.

By three o'clock Porter's card index had been exhausted. It had fizzled out with sickening feebleness. At the fourth place indicated they had got into as dismal and unappetizing a joint as the town offered—a place of so little interest that even Jimmie, a man notoriously of low taste, sneered at it frankly and openly.

At the fifth Porter had got into a long and monotonous row with the gorilla guarding the door; the gorilla did not remember giving out that particular card, he didn't remember good old Sam, who had loaned it to Porter, he didn't remember good old Alex, who came there nearly every night, he did not remember anybody, for apparently the man's mind was a blank. So, having disclaimed acquaintanceship with everybody Porter knew, he shut the door in their faces.

Laughing weakly, he had pushed on in his leadership, a hero while breath remained, while heart beat. The sixth had proved another casualty left on the field in the wake of the padlocking forces, and with that his epaulets fell from his shoulders; for he discovered that somewhere during their wanderings the seventh card had slipped through his fumbling fingers and been lost in the byways of Broadway. He turned slowly, a broken man, prepared to surrender and throw himself on the mercy of his rival, to acknowledge his ignorance of any other lawless retreat in this his own city—and it but three A.M.

"Well," said Jimmie briskly, "what about popping around to a little hideaway I ran across yesterday afternoon?"

"Do you use a bicycle on your afternoon rounds?" Porter asked with sudden bitterness. Then, taking a deep breath: "Let's go."

From that moment his humiliation was complete. He followed like a carriage dog, and his old Army pal led, and led with a degree of distinction that in somebody else would have aroused Porter to admiration. In brief, he was shown New York—Broadway.

"Let's get out of here now. I know a place over on Third Avenue that lasts all night; a fellow I met from Akron took me there."

Suggestions like that rang in Porter's head time and time again. They never lingered anywhere long; the Mason City boy's list of little places seemed endless, and he himself and his wife tireless. It had all gone to their heads like wine, and they were giddy, restless, eager, pushing on and on and on—and Porter followed.

He realized it all but dimly. He'd drunk black coffee until he sloshed, but still he had to walk with conscious erectness, lest he actually crumple up and fall down of weariness. But the bulldog strain was there; his familiarity with night life may have been tarnished, but there was still a pride that compelled him to stick with them, to show them that a New Yorker could stand the gaff as well as this hardy stock from the provinces. He gritted his teeth, opened his eyes with startling wideness, and favored them occasionally with a forced and ghastly smile, the horrific smile of a corpse that has come to its plight unexpectedly in a moment of joy.

At seven they were in a taxicab bound for the McAlpins' hotel, to pick up baggage, check out, and continue on to Grand Central. It was gray dawn, damp and dreary, and within the cab two-thirds of the occupants were laughing delightedly.

"By golly!" Jimmie exclaimed. "Look at that sunrise, will you, baby? Up all night—well, just wait until the crowd back home hears that! Up all night!"

Alma giggled hysterically.

"Porter, old scout," he continued, "I don't know how we're going to thank you for all this. By golly, you've shown me life—real life. Best time I ever had in my life, old man! And when I tell 'em back home—well, I won't be the last Mason City fellow who'll be dropping in on you for an evening or two!"

"Yeah?" Porter said feebly.

"Dawn!" Jimmie repeated ecstatically, apparently unable to get over this phenomenon. "Can you beat it?—staying up until dawn, like a regular New Yorker!" He shook his head slowly, genuine awe and admiration in his eyes. "I don't see how you folks keep it up!"

Porter rode with them back to the station; he seemed incapable of anything so drastic as a definite move to go home. He felt vaguely that he'd better remain in this cab, wherever the McAlpins wanted to go first. To get out and have to stand up again would be to court disaster. Costly, perhaps, but safer here.

They bade him good-by effusively, shook hands and sent words of farewell to Ida. They thanked him again and again for his hospitality, and begged him and the little woman to come out to Mason City.

"It might be a little quiet after the big city," Jimmie admitted, "but you might like the rest."

"I would."

They were the only words he spoke. His hand was limp in theirs, and his face waxlike, with two holes like burning coals set deep, that in the cold gray would have frightened anybody more observant than the McAlpins.

The cab, bound for Morningside Heights, had not reached Vanderbilt Avenue before he was asleep, in a druglike sleep that was more of a coma than anything else; and he recovered but slightly when the driver shook him at the journey's end and demanded his pay. He fumbled bills into the man's hand, faltered across the sidewalk, up the stairs, and rattled the key aimlessly before the keyhole.

Ida undressed him and put him to bed. The iron will that had kept him moving on and on and on broke suddenly, and he sprawled in a big chair, dead to the world and supremely glad of it. The crisis passed, he relaxed, and with her aid finally stumbled to the bed—the sweet, sweet bed and slid between the sheets the dear, dear sheets. He moaned once, a beautifully happy moan, and then Ida spoke.

"Dear, what about the office?" she pleaded.

"Call 'em," he mumbled. "Call 'em. Tell 'em be back aroun' We'sday." She started out, when he spoke again: "No," he said vaguely, "make it 'bout Friday."

The Pullman was full of the sort of people who take eight A.M. trains—people heavy-eyed, like commuters, out-of-towners who have no real taste in trains, traveling salesmen compelled to get out early to get back in their territories after a day or two sneaked in New York.

The McAlpins sat facing each other happily.

"Can you beat it?" Jimmie demanded. "Up all night—all night, I tell you! By golly, now you tell me, how do those people stand it?"

"Heaven only knows!" she replied. "It would kill me. It's go, go, go, from morning until night!"

"Those New Yorkers are good! You got to hand it to 'em!"

"Well," she said, having failed to solve to her own satisfaction the enigma of a New Yorker's vitality and stamina, "I think I'll have the porter get me a pillow and I'll take a little cat nap. What are you going to do?"

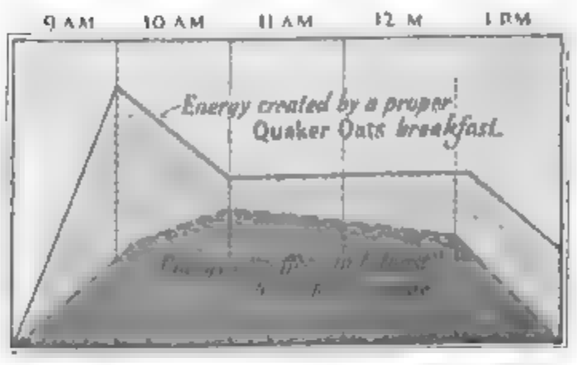
He looked thoughtfully out of the window at the flats of Harlem, flashing by on both sides, and considered.

"No," he decided then, "I don't think I'll do that. I'm not quite sleepy." He leaned over and struggled with one of the bags. "I think I'll read a little while." He got out a magazine and settled back comfortably. "You know what I think?" he said firmly. "I think it's the air in New York."

The Great American Breakfast

and the Average American Energy Curve

—a recent study of the relation of diet to success



This chart demonstrates the energy created by your food. Thus, the top line shows why you feel better, are more alert, mentally, after a normal breakfast including Quaker Oats. The bottom line shows the utter inadequacy of a light breakfast.

*

THE strength of a nation is the health of its people, economists tell us. And dieticians say that breakfast "fads" are ruining the nation's health.

When it is considered that nation-wide investigations—in industry, in offices, in schools and in homes—have proved that 70% of the day's work is accomplished in the 4 short hours before luncheon, the seriousness of properly nourishing breakfasts is apparent.

The chart above, prepared in collaboration with leading scientists, shows just how far a good breakfast goes toward energizing for the important morning hours. Shows how inadequate "freak breakfasts" are in building for accomplishment.

In fairness to yourself, then, eat to provide the proper energy your morning work requires.

What you should eat

Quaker Oats is the "best balanced" cereal grown.

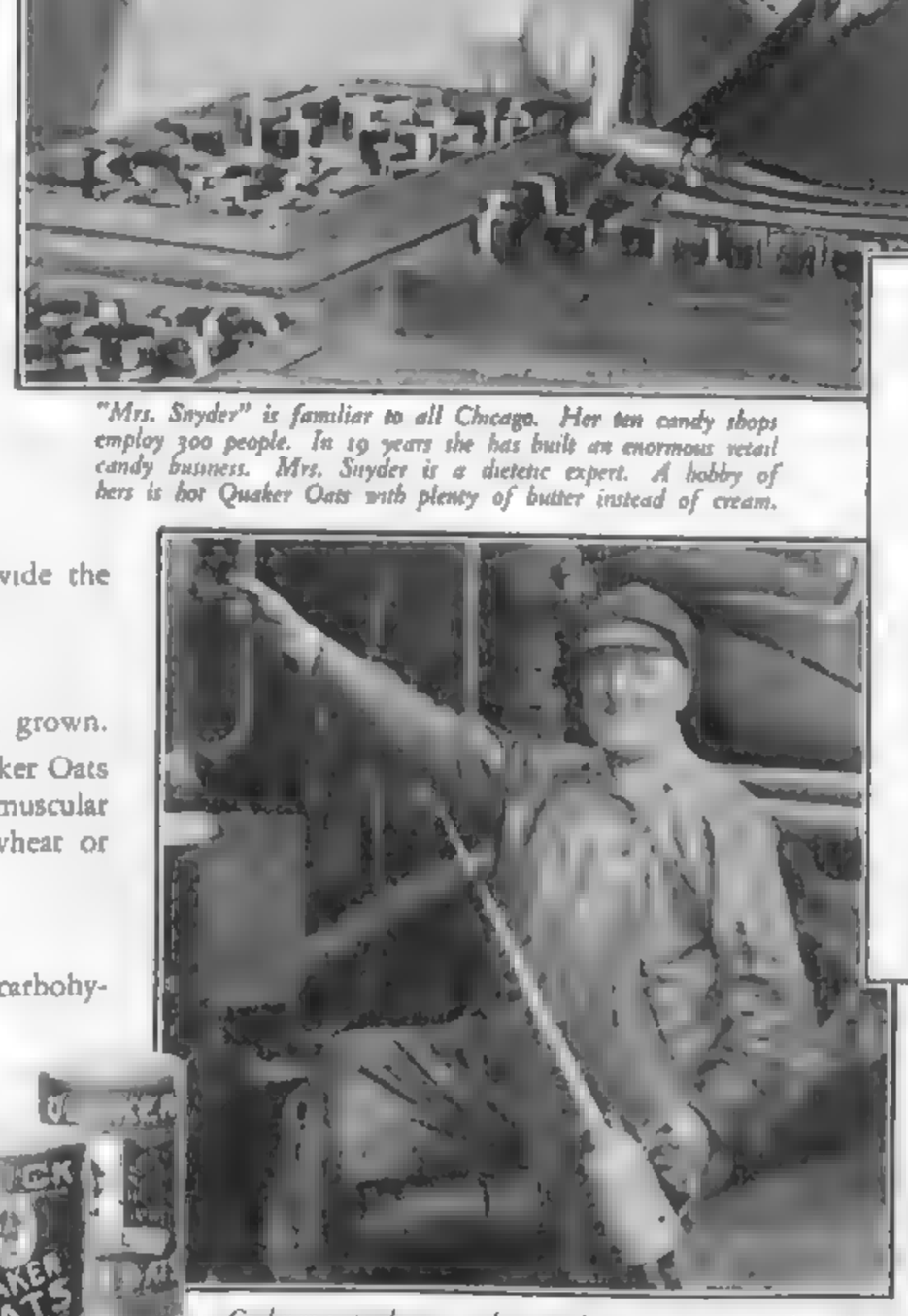
You need protein in ample quantity. Quaker Oats is 16% protein—the element that replaces muscular wastage and builds up tissues. It excels wheat or rice or cornmeal in its protein content

Minerals, vitamins—too

Your body needs minerals, vitamins and carbohydrates, too. Quaker Oats gives you adequate minerals to build bone and promote growth. Vitamin B is ample. And 65% is carbohydrate, to supply energy. It retains the roughage that keeps the system clean naturally.

Children enjoy a steaming dish of Quaker Oats as much as grown-ups do. Mothers find that raisins, dates, raw or cooked prunes or figs—added to the morning oatmeal—give the dish a magic appeal. Now that Quick Quaker is available, this is the quickest hot breakfast in the world. It is cooked in 2½ to 5 minutes. Your grocer has the two kinds, Quick Quaker and the Quaker Oats you already know.

Quaker Oats offers the various elements of food you need to ward off morning fatigue, properly balanced for perfect assimilation Served hot and savory, it is one of the most delightful, as well as nourishing, breakfasts known.



"Mrs. Snyder" is familiar to all Chicago. Her ten candy shops employ 300 people. In 19 years she has built an enormous retail candy business. Mrs. Snyder is a dietetic expert. A hobby of hers is hot Quaker Oats with plenty of butter instead of cream.

Cool nerve, steady eye . . . these are things an engineer needs on the 20th Century Limited. P A Supper (above) prepares for the run each day with a hot Quaker Oats breakfast that equips him mentally and physically for the long strain he's under

Into 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of your day's most important work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m.—in 4 short hours—according to nation-wide commercial, financial and scholastic investigations.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

It is easy now to SIMONIZ any Car

And the sooner the better

YOU want to drive a car that always looks new and beautiful—everyone does. So, you are interested in knowing how to retain its lustre and beauty for years. Then, the sooner you Simoniz your car—the better, because Simoniz gives immediate and lasting protection which every car needs to keep the colors from fading and make the finish last longer.

You will be surprised how easy it is to Simonize any car, for nearly all now are finished in lacquer. When a car is kept Simonized, that is, gone over only three or four times a year, according to the service it gets, the finish will remain new and beautiful for years. It is very easy to keep a Simonized car clean and bright, for a dry cloth wipes off all dust and dirt without scratching the finish.

When cars are dulled and travel worn, just use Simoniz Kleener to restore the lustre and renew the color. Then Simoniz provides lasting beauty and protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. They are world-famous and all the leading hardware and auto accessory dealers have them.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise—
SIMONIZ

Easily Applied With a Cloth

ROBOT GOES TO WORK

By Wm. A. McGarry

MECHANICAL imitations of man have been very much in the news during the past few years as scientific stunt workers. In certain important but not very plentiful jobs the engineers have even found a practical use for the so-called Robot—a collection of gears, cams and levers in which a sensitive light acts as the brain and electricity serves the purpose of nerves to actuate the metallic muscles. The scientist is always careful to explain, however, that Robot in his present development is a highly specialized instrument, and even in the most optimistic prophecies the public is warned against expecting too much too soon.

Perhaps that explains why a humble cousin of the mechanical man has been able to attain, during the past few years, a population in the United States now rapidly nearing the million mark without attracting national attention until quite recently. This poor but intensely mercenary relation is actuated by coins varying in denomination from one cent to a half dollar. When its metallic palm is crossed with silver -and then only—it makes two or three internal motions and gives up, in accordance with previous arrangements, one of a wide variety of products or services.

At this writing the list includes apples, gasoline, ice cream; candy, wrapped or in boxes; soft drinks, loose and bottled; handkerchiefs, soft collars, men's garters, dime savings banks; toothbrushes and paste, separately and in combination; a wash cloth and a bit of soap, postage stamps at cost in some instances and with a 20 per cent mark-up in others, thrift stamps to be applied to the purchase of securities, change for larger coins; cigars and cigarettes, notions, lead pencils, and the use of a washing machine. Coin-operated gas meters and pay-station telephones are old familiars, but machines are now in process of development which will furnish all the units of the average breakfast long before the delicatessen-store proprietor is out of bed.

Behind the Scenes

A few months ago the bankers drew national attention to the fact that mechanical distribution is already well started in this country by a series of mergers and consolidations, all of which have been widely advertised. These groupings brought together in each instance from three to a dozen of the largest operators in the coin-machine field, some of whom already had approached national distribution of their modernized penny scales and similar equipment, together with a number of companies controlling machines for the vending of higher-priced and more essential commodities. In addition, it has been announced that negotiations are under way for at least two more consolidations, and all of the new combinations have actually launched well-capitalized programs for expanding the field of present equipment and for the development of machines to operate in other markets.

As so often happens in the news, however, the story behind it is vastly more interesting and significant in this instance than what has appeared in the headlines. At a rough estimate, for example, the total capitalization of the front-page mergers—not including a number of long-established manufacturing corporations which have become associated with some of these enterprises—will soon have reached the nice round sum of a hundred million dollars. Yet, according to what I have been able to learn about the small fry, this figure is considerably less than a dominating percentage of the total investment made in the manufacture of machines to deliver merchandise to the consumer and to collect the price thereof.

A friend of mine who found himself drawn into the field by reason of the fact that he was an expert in electrical refrigeration started to collect information on the subject about three years ago. He is authority for the statement that no less than 250 manufacturers scattered all over the country have produced and put into operation automatic-vending equipment. A great many of these are still experimental, but others, such as the washing machine and the gasoline-vending devices, are numbered in the thousands, although their distribution in some instances has been carried only into a few thickly populated counties.

Analysis of this list reveals an even more significant fact. It shows that only a negligible percentage of these manufacturers and pioneers are interested in equipment of the catchpenny type, and then only as a by-product. The great majority are devoting themselves to products of universal and daily use for which the market already has been established. Experiment is not even limited to such obvious prospects as canned and packaged goods. At least one manufacturer of popular-priced shoes is making a serious study of the possibilities of machine vending for his products. Distributors have been responsible for most of the recent publicity, but back of what they are doing is a vast productive effort employing the best industrial and technical skill in the country.

Going After Big Money

The mechanized man, in other words, is now going after tonnage. He is turning up his nose at the insignificant cent; although one corporation took in three and a half million dollars in pennies during 1928, and nobody in the industry is refusing them in that quantity. What he wants now is the important money in nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars clinking around the retail outlets of the nation in such volume that mere human beings cannot take them in fast enough.

An engineer of my acquaintance who has had a great deal to do with the modernization of the catchpenny type of equipment tells me that until the mechanical man took up serious merchandising very little money was made out of coin machines, except in the distribution of gas for household use, and in telephone service. The owners and operators, as a whole, put in very little and got back less. On paper, the profits were enormous, but eventually it developed that the economics of the penny-sales machine was on a par with the mechanical gambling appliance to which it was related. A big haul one year disappeared the next, along with all the new money it could attract.

About five years ago, however, the great American passion for improvement got around to the penny catcher. I believe it is possible to show that the motivation in this instance was not quite the same as that which had actuated the inventor of the first slot machine; at any rate, the procedure was different. It was a money-making proposition, to be sure, but where the inventor and his followers set out to get, expecting to give as little as possible, the pioneers in the modernization of the coin machine put the typical American reverse on the procedure and tried to see how much they could give in better goods and service and fewer failures to deliver both. They had discovered, among other things, that one of the chief reasons why coin machines didn't pay was because they didn't work. Sometimes this was due to slugs and sometimes to poor servicing, but more often it was attributable to the deadly malady of public suspicion and distrust.

Accordingly, a program of reorganization and modernization was launched. Weighing and chewing-gum and candy machines were dragged out of their dark corners and dressed up. New and attractive cabinets were designed, and the colorists were called in to give that rakish appearance to the chassis. The doctors of sales psychology went into the silence, to emerge with ideas for attracting attention by animation and illumination. The first simple trip mechanism operated by the weight of the coin was improved, and in some cases abandoned in favor of electrical or better mechanical devices which would reject the more popular types of washers and strange coins from foreign lands, and retain only good American money. The effect of all this was to bring about a tremendous increase in the number of penny-taking machines and a very definite trend toward stabilization

It must be conceded also that the engineers and merchants responsible for this transformation made certain valuable contributions to larger and more important industries the products of which are unquestionably essential. One of the great New York Subway systems, for example, is now earning $120 a day that it was unable to collect a few years ago. After its lines had been completely equipped with coin turnstiles all sorts of imitation nickels began to turn up in the receipts, and eventually the total got to 3000 a day. Engineers who had been working on this problem in the slot-machine field were called in. A device was developed which is known as the bull's-eye. It reveals and magnifies each coin put into the turnstile until another coin is inserted, and although this exposure lasts only a fraction of a second when the rush is on in Manhattan, the fear of it cut the number of spurious coins to 600 a day, and it is constantly decreasing.

In this connection it is worth noting that the system referred to carries 2,500,000 passengers a day, so that even the former high number of cheaters was negligible on a percentage basis. All the systems using coin turnstiles had trouble for a short period just after the war, when an enterprising traveler discovered a degraded South European coin the exact size and weight of the United States nickel. He is said to have made a fat living while he was content to import these coins for resale at three cents each, which netted him a profit of about 100 per cent. But when he decided to control his own supply and manufacture the coins he became a guest of Uncle Sam.

Diplomacy to the Winds

If the ingenuity wasted to beat the game by such hopeful souls were turned into constructive channels, invention would enjoy a boom. The other day, in the office of one of the big automatic-merchandising corporations, I was shown a box containing nearly 200 fake quarters, no two exactly alike. One indicates that cheap foreign labor has been spotted as an opportunity by the counterfeiter. A paper profit can be shown out of the shipment of good American twenty-five-cent pieces to Europe, where a circle is cut on one side about two-thirds the size of the coin, and half the thickness of silver is cut out. This is then filled with a base alloy. It can be "shoved" with the good side up, but the new coin takers reject it, and one of them is being fitted with a phonograph record which will accompany the rejection with a loud-voiced "Put in a good one, please."

The engineers, then, began to see where the humble catchpenny, brought up to date, foolproofed, colored and styled, expanded, adapted and adequately merchandised, might become respectable and achieve an economic excuse for its existence. But after this process was well under way another and entirely independent development began to manifest itself, and it became evident that a wholly new market had been

(Continued on Page 56

STYLE M-344
Tan or Black

For the MAN who Cares

When you choose FLORSHEIM SHOES you have selected the easiest and most economical way to dress your feet well and comfortably. There's no better answer to the question "What shoes?" *than* "FLORSHEIMS." Thousands upon thousands of men *wear* FLORSHEIMS and have for four decades. That's proof of *quality that satisfies* . . . of style that men like . . . of money's worth and more.

The Florsheim SHOE

Most Styles
$10

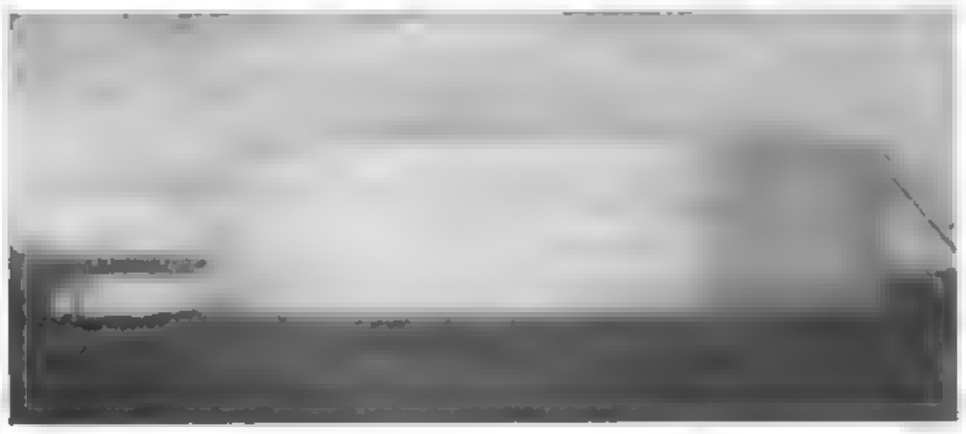
The FLORSHEIM Shoe

For the Man Who Cares

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

Not just a PAINT... a conservation service....

Aluminum Painted tank car of the Bolene Refining Company



This oil storage tank of the Gypsy Oil Company is painted with Aluminum Paint.

ALUMINUM PAINT has met and solved three important maintenance problems that confront the oil industry.

It protects tanks and equipment from rust and corrosion.

It resists the action of the highly destructive fumes of hydrogen sulphide.

It reduces evaporation losses of oil in tank storage.

When Aluminum Paint is applied to a surface, the small flake-like pigment particles of pure Aluminum cling together—overlap like fallen leaves. This unique property is termed "leafing," and causes the formation of a metallic film that gives enduring protection.

This tough, durable coat of metal is slow to discolor. It provides lasting reflectivity against the sun's rays, keeps tank interiors cool and conserves their contents.

Send for a copy of the booklet, "Aluminum Paint, the Coat-of-Metal Protection." It is a true story of practical painting economy.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

2497 Oliver Building Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices in 18 Principal American Cities

ALBRON ALUMINUM

Trade Mark

The pigment base for the better grades of Aluminum Paint is Albron—made from pure ALCOA Aluminum

When you specify ALBRON pigment you insure to the Aluminum Paint you use those qualities that are responsible for its extra durability and complete opacity

Paint manufacturers and jobbers, and most dealers, are prepared to furnish a suitable vehicle of oil or varnish

Painting contractors know, and will recommend Aluminum Paint, and are prepared to apply it

ALUMINUM PAINT

(Continued from Page 54)

created for coin-operated mechanical distributors. Some months ago Roger W. Babson put his finger on the point in question when he said that you cannot produce by machine and distribute by hand, and the conviction among business men that this is true is the real explanation for the growth of automatic merchandising. It has started a reëxamination of the prosperity cycle itself, and the national machine is being studied in its entirety. From this perspective it has become instantly apparent that while every other function of business has been mechanized—management, production, transportation, and even sales, through the medium of advertising—distribution of the goods is still being performed by the methods in use a hundred or a thousand years ago. All sorts of improvements have been made in getting the goods to the clerk, and many systems and conveniences have been developed, particularly in the chain-store and department-store fields, to simplify the passing of merchandise to the consumer. But a man with bare hands is still performing this simple operation over and over again.

As a matter of practical record it has been found in surveys by one of the great tobacco chains that 60 per cent of the operations of its clerks are repetitive and may be performed by machines more rapidly, with fewer mistakes and at lower cost. Under the clerk system a store cannot be operated with profit below a volume line which is constantly rising. But the mechanized store that may be kept open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year, is now far past the experimental stage, and in such a store the volume requirement is lower because the machine is immune from mental or physical fatigue.

Experiments with such stores were made last summer at several of the Atlantic Coast resorts, in line with the modern merchandising principle that the consumer makes the laws of distribution. In other words, it is now being recognized that the only way to determine what is a logical combination of items to be offered for sale together is to offer them and note the reaction. The place of the machine in distribution is being determined by the consumer, and there are some rather startling facts to indicate that he likes it. A manufacturer of handkerchiefs installed a coin device to sell his product in the wash room of a railway station, for example. Previously they had been sold by the attendant. The coin machine took up no more room than the cabinet previously used to display the merchandise, but whereas sales by the attendant had averaged eleven in twenty-four hours, the coin machine has been doing better than sixty a day.

Men and Machines

In some quarters it is being said that the advent of machine distribution is likely to create a social problem of national magnitude by displacing the clerk. This, of course, is a repetition of what was said about the machine when it was first introduced to the factory, and in the long run it may be expected that the problem will be solved in the same way—in other words, that the machine may be expected to create more jobs. Most business men with whom I have talked, however, expect very little disruption or unemployment from the introduction of mechanical distribution, even of a temporary nature. Several of the great national chain systems which have made heavy investments in automatic merchandising equipment already have expanded their lines in order to provide their sales organizations with something to sell, and the servicing of their vending machines will call for additional men.

New jobs have been created also in any number of department stores by the introduction of vending equipment, and unquestionably the effect on all sorts of factories interested in the manufacture of such equipment will be marked. The coin-in-the-slot device for the sale of ice cream and beverages, for example, ties up directly with the manufacture of electric-refrigeration equipment, and also with the new dry-ice industry. Some of the installations already made or planned also provide for rather far-reaching structural alterations.

No other form of distribution offers so many opportunities for individual effort, and according to manufacturers of specific appliances, thousands of agents or operators are now functioning in various parts of the country as lessees or owners of flocks of machines varying from half a dozen to several hundred. At least six distinct plans have been worked out for the distribution and control of the equipment, and individual buyers, lessees or distributors have developed any number of variations. One man in a thriving industrial region has built up a substantial business by installing machines to sell candy on a profit-sharing basis in large factories. He discovered that candy bootlegging is one of the minor irritations of factory management. Workmen who are not permitted to smoke at their machines or to start nibbling at the lunch pail before the noon whistle blows insist on having something to chew and often forget to bring it with them in the morning. Industrial engineers have found that a certain amount of time is lost as a consequence through the subterfuges invented to get candy.

The Modern Washerwoman

One of the new consolidations now taking shape is to be built around equipment to sell candy in moving-picture theaters—on the backs of the seats. The type of machine used in the old-fashioned legitimate theater obviously will not do, since patrons are coming and going all the time, and servicing the machines would interfere with the filling of the seats. Automatic merchandising has even been applied to the one-man trolley car in the development of a coin turnstile requiring, of necessity, less space than those used in the Subways.

The automatic gasoline filling station to which reference has been made may prove to be a boon to motorists. It is so arranged that the quantity of gasoline to be delivered for a half dollar may be regulated according to the prevailing price. Such stations may be operated by an attendant while the shop is open for business, and after that by the customer. Liquid lends itself readily to automatic merchandising. The British, who have been forging ahead rapidly in the field, have a cocktail machine, while one of the new American beverage dispensers has been ordered in large quantities by South American interests for the sale of wines at so much a shot.

The washing-machine development furnishes a perfect illustration of how vending appliances may be used to locate new markets. Manufacturers of such equipment have been looking with growing concern at the increasing popularity of the apartment house in the American housing scheme. For obvious reasons, apartments do not lend themselves readily to the ownership of washing machines. A coin-device expert equipped a number of washing machines with quarter slots and a time clock permitting the use of the machine for thirty-five minutes, and succeeded in finding a ready market on a profit-sharing basis in the basements of apartment houses. More than 1000 of these are now in service, and the yield is said to reach $200 a year per machine.

Many experts expect to see the greatest expansion of the new distributing machinery in food products. A great deal of progress already has been made in the standardization of containers as a result of chain-store development, and virtually all the manufacturers in this great industry are now investigating or experimenting with sizes that may be handled conveniently through machinery. Equipment is now on the market for the sale of milk at so much a drink to school children, one of the chief advantages of which is that it makes possible a guaranty of cleanliness and sanitation.

$1465

MARMON

Respected—For twenty-seven years Marmon has built fine cars. When a man says, "I drive a Marmon," that's final; never questioned.

A Restful Car—Marmons have always been known as "the easiest riding cars in the world." This "68" is no exception. To drive 50 miles in a Marmon is to get an entirely new impression of how restful a motor car can really be.

Smooth, Abundant Power—The "68" is powered by a Marmon-built straight-eight motor rather than a six. This makes a real difference in smoothness and adds a thrill to all driving.

Take It to the Roads—You have to give the "68" its "head" to find out the more remarkable things it will do. It means something to have a car that seems instinctively to follow the road.

Head It Up the Hills—Put your foot right down and leave the gears alone. You can be going faster at the crest than at the bottom—if you so desire.

Thrifty Operation—Gas, oil and tires cost a certain amount of money in any car. The "68" is extremely light on all three. Likewise, it hasn't the "shop habit". Its record in the hands of 20,000 owners proves its thrift.

Marmon's Low Prices—If you still think all Marmons cost $2500 to $3000, a real surprise is in store for you. The "68" (illustrated) is $1465. The "78", a companion car, is $1965. (Prices at factory. Group equipment extra.)

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

. . . . buys all this

On the air!
Ben Bernie and his Mennen Men

Dance to their music every Thursday at 8:30, eastern daylight time, on the N. B. C. network stations—
WTIC, KDKA, WLW, WBZA, WBZ, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN

Here is Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, talking to Ben Bernie. Mr. Bernie and his orchestra are famous for their animated and witty radio performances, and their tingling dance music

BEN BERNIE tells Jim Henry

"I keep my face in tune with MENTHOL-ICED shaves"

"JIM, I play before a 'high-hat' New York audience every night. And believe me, it's hard, hot work to lead a band through 17 jazz numbers! But—when I have started the evening with one of your *cool* Menthol-iced shaves I feel fit as my fiddle at the finale . . . The minute the lather goes on, I can feel my face cool down . . . and my spirits go up. Since I've started using Menthol-iced, there's close harmony between my face, my lather and my razor! . . ."

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

COOLNESS—refreshing, invigorating, triple *coolness* — that's what makes Mennen Menthol-iced unique — *different from any shave you've ever had!*

The menthol, blended into Mennen Menthol-iced by a secret process, does these three things: 1. Tones tired facial nerves. 2. Soothes and heals minute shaving abrasions. 3. Protects the skin after shaving . . .

2 CREAMS – *Mennen is made with and without Menthol*

Mennen is the only shaving cream that comes in two forms. Take your choice: Menthol-iced for a tingling, triple-cool shave—or Mennen without menthol, the good old quick-shave stand-by . . . Both creams give you *Dermutation* —the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard and toning the skin. Dermutized lather doesn't *care* if the water is hot or cold, hard or soft —it whips up thick and moist and fast. Use either cream—you'll get a smoother, snappier, happier shave!

Send for free trial tube.

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

P. S. Finish your shave with Mennen Skin Balm – the modern, fragrant freshener for the skin. Send for the trial tube! Jim Henry

Free 14 COOL Shaves!

Let Jim Henry send you a trial tube of Mennen Menthol-iced and Mennen Shaving Cream. Just write your name and address in the margin below, tear out and send it to Jim Henry, Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. S-4.

The Poets' Corner

Youth

IF I, in roaming round, should find
The fabled font of youth;
I'd view it with a questing mind,
Though doubting not its truth.
I'd stop before its waters blue
Should touch my eager tongue;
There'd be no growing old with you,
Were I forever young.

If Ponce de León should say:
"I beg thee come with me,"
I'd bid him Godspeed on his way,
'Neath pine and cypress tree.
Your cheeks will lose the rose's hue,
Age creep your locks among;
I'd rather share the years with you
Than be forever young
—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

The Road

THERE was a kindly little road
That spoke to the willows on its way;
A moon-kissed, slender and friendly road,
Known to the lark and the bright-eyed toad,
And the ant who carried his solemn load
Of a twig in the heat of the August day.

But known above all else by two
Who walked its length in the evening's hush,
When the stars were piled in a bowl of blue
And the lips of the rose were cooled with dew
Who whispered their hunger, as lovers do,
When the world is a song of the golden thrush!

Across the fields at the edge of town
The little road traveled and spoke to the bees;
Dusty and happy and umber brown,
And loved by all who walked it down,
From the old mill's ragged and creaking gown
To the trim slips worn by the poplar trees.

But loved above all else below
By two who dreamed their dream in rain,
Who whispered their hunger so long ago
While the moon peered down in a misty glow—
By two who would give their lives to know
A small and magical road again!
—*Bert Cooksley.*

The Hunter Dreams in His Club

A DIM gray dawn with a streak of amber
Is breaking now, though I know not where.
Blue pigeons soar, and the monkeys clamber
Up from dark to the lucid air.

Hushed as though it had seen a gorgon,
A bush buck stands at the forest's edge;
A strange bird calls like an opening organ,
Tiny myriads talk in the sedge.

Gone by now is the fireflies' wonder,
Lost to sight with the Milky Way;
Suddenly near, the zebras' thunder
Rolls for joy at another day.

Flowers bright as a painter's palettes
Give their honey to brighter birds,
While upon feet like monstrous mallets
The bull rhinoceros goes to his herds.

A little wind like Aurora's shiver
Blows, and the light is brighter far.
Dawn grows wide on an unmapped river,
Out goes the light of a large low star.

The sun leaps up, and at once the grasses
Flash as bright as the eye can bear.
Far off, clear quartz in the mountain passes
Beckons on. But I know not where.
—*Lord Dunsany.*

No King

THE locusts have no king, yet go they forth;
They have no king, yet go they forth by bands;
The locusts have no king, yet South and North
Their sullen armies desolate the lands.
Not Jenghiz Khan or Tamerlane the Great,
Nor Alaric or Attila the Hun
Ravaged like these; no wall or brazen gate
Delays their march; their clouds blot out the sun,
Their wings roar like the sea, their evil jaws
Champ, champ unceasingly; and where their vast,
Ungoverned hordes, whose hunger finds no pause,
Have made their bivouac, have come and passed,
No leaf, flower, fruit of any growing thing
Of earth remains. And yet—they have no king!
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Sand Dunes on Lake Michigan

Film Clings to Teeth—

In it are the acids of decay. Film-free teeth are white and healthy.

Remove FILM *daily—scientifically*

You must remove film to give teeth gleam and sparkle—to combat serious tooth and gum disorders. The new way urged widely by dentists.

SOONER or later teeth get that discolored look. Then be careful, for that is likely to be the day when serious tooth and gum troubles get their start.

That is because dull teeth mean *teeth covered with a film*. And film, it's found, is the source of the commoner dental diseases including pyorrhea, bleeding gums, decay and many others.

How to remove film is the most important dental problem of the day. To do it scientifically the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent is urged.

You will be sent a free 10-days' supply to try. Please mail the coupon before you forget.

Film—What it Does

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the New Way Removes Film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

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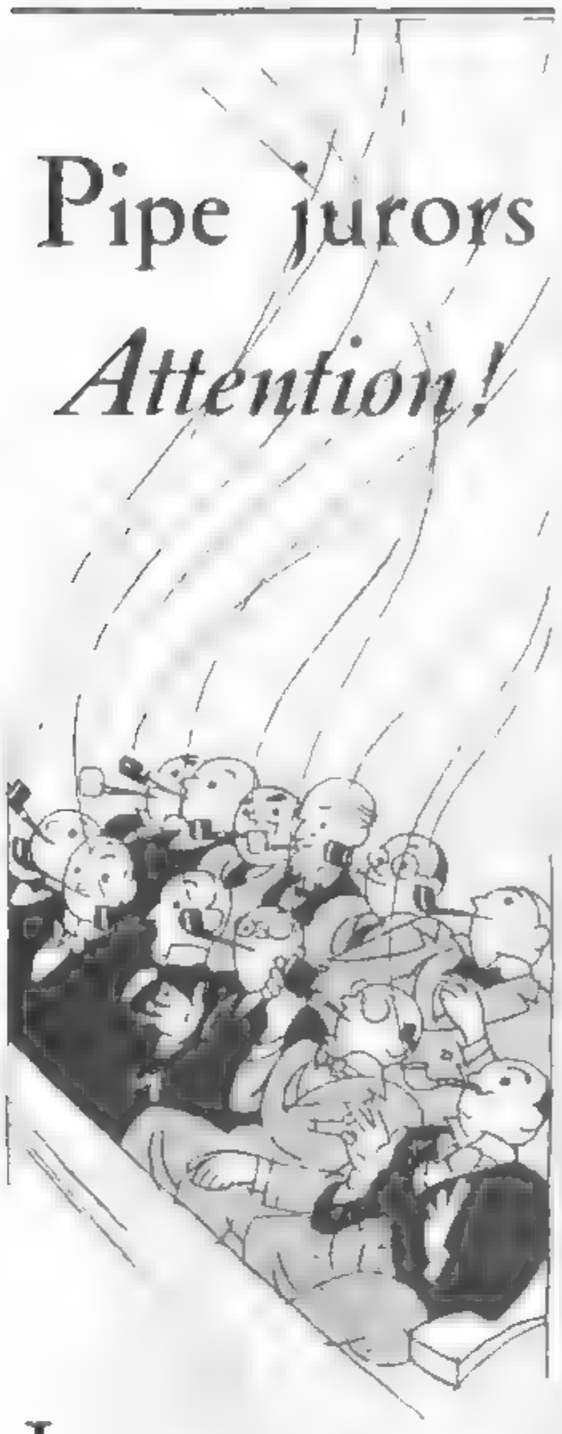
Only one tube to a family 3178

Pipe jurors

Attention!



IF you want to give your favorite pipes a fair trial, start them all at scratch with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. It's milder than most, it's rich and mellow, and its fragrance is kept fresh by the heavy gold foil that lines the tin. Let Sir Walter show you how good *your* pipe can be.

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(for the United States only)

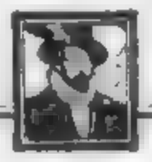
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 10, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky

H.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's  *milder*

THESE STANDARDIZED UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 11)

Modern casualness and liquidity have produced a real kindliness in social intercourse which has been lacking almost from the time of the Elizabethans. It is becoming a very human world. Not having a mechanical turn of mind, I might very readily—unless I thought—join Mr. Merz in his amused annoyance at the present general American absorption in carburetors and golf, but after all, a common absorption in carburetors and golf is a far more harmless absorption than an absorption in billhooks and scaling ladders, and much as it annoys a person of my temperament to see our highways crowded on Sunday afternoons with motor cars, I would rather see them crowded that way than crowded with barons and their men at arms off to sack a neighboring town. In the former instance there is more hope for the future and for the free play of thought and action. It is easier for the slave of the motor car eventually to free himself than it was for the serf of the feudal lord.

Too Good for Commoners

A great deal of nonsense has always been talked about Doctor Frankenstein and his monster. Those who cherish this myth forget that there is a flaw in it. The destruction of the inventor by his machine postulated, on the part of the machine, a malevolent human psychology no machine can possess. Machines cannot conquer men, nor are they "enemies of human beings," as Mrs. Spears states, for the simple reason that they are part of men. They are a projection of the human mind. A machine cannot exist except in the minds of men. They are not thunderstorms or floods or tornadoes; they are always amenable to the human will. Nor is it possible, except for a short period, even for strong men to seize machines and enslave by their means the rest of humanity. Every machine is inherently a labor-saving device, and if you save labor you snatch time for thought. Most people do not take advantage of this fact, but enough do so that invariably in the end every machine and all men who would abuse it are tamed to the uses of humanity. Each new invention disturbs for a while economic and social life, but in the end, each invention proves itself a friend of man.

Charles Beard, one of the few really scientific critics of modern life, has proved this again and again. The textile trades are an excellent example of his contentions, while, in America, the discovery on the part of men who own and control machines, that short hours and high wages are industrial benefits is a proof that there is a natural tendency which prevents the other possible form of tyranny I have mentioned.

There are, of course, further considerations. It seems almost indisputable that machines benefit the mass of mankind, but, on the other hand, they might very well hamper the superior man and lower the standard of the quality of the goods produced. That they do not do the latter is proved by the increasing excellence of standardized goods all over the world. There was a time when standardized goods were poor—that time has long since passed. Today, in most instances they are about the equal of hand-made goods. In this respect, standardization has merely meant that nowadays in any part of the world a man can be comfortable and that, on the whole, the poor man can be about as well dressed, as well fed, and as much amused as the rich man. Obviously, this fact annoys many reactionary members of the upper classes. One is reminded of the ancient story of the duchess who, having been kissed for the first time, asked if the custom was common among the lower classes, and, when told that it was, remarked, "Well, all I can say it's much too good for them."

Incidentally, this wide distribution of wealth and comfort in the United States is one of the most puzzling factors with which the foreign critic, or even the domestic critic still a slave to certain traditions, has to deal. He is accustomed to telling instantly, or believing that he can tell instantly, the social status of a man by his clothes, his manners and his method of living. He is bewildered, therefore, by so many people who are almost, but not quite, well-dressed; by so many people who have almost, but not quite, the best of manners; by so many people who live fairly well, but not so well as they might. In this mass of what might be called near-excellence he loses his ability to distinguish real excellence, and so thinks there is no real excellence at all. The sharply dramatic contrasts to which he is accustomed or which he has been trained to expect, are absent. Therefore he thinks this country almost monstrously standardized. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why there should be any more standardization about prosperity than about poverty. The quaint European peasant is just as much standardized—indeed, much more so than the American mechanic, but he is so far removed from the orbit of his superiors that distance lends him a romance he does not possess. The realist, however, has never found the life of the European lower classes romantic. He has always found it standardized and drab beyond endurance.

In the United States the machine has released, on the whole, the worker, the farmer and the lower middle class—for we have such a class economically, if not socially—in an unprecedented manner, and they have become the least standardized and dehumanized classes of their kind in the world. That they are still overstandardized and still somewhat dehumanized in certain ways goes without saying. It is a comparison I am making, not a statement of a Utopia. These classes may not have boat songs, as Mr. Merz suggests, but they have a lot to whistle about, and since any music is better than none, they are singularly blessed in the fact that they have more music than any other peoples, even if it is canned. Mr. Merz seems to have overlooked the fact, anyway, that boat songs are not a modern accomplishment, and that most of the folk songs we now hear are very ancient themes, transmuted through the genius of some highly trained musician such as Grieg. I trust Mr. Merz is not thinking of the Volga Boat Song—a song which no Russian seems ever to have heard in Russia. But even when it comes to folk songs we have not done so badly, considering the fact that in this country we have originated the only modern ones there are.

Machines and Craftsmen

Just why the lower-class negro is not as much of an indigenous peasant as any European peasant singer of folk music, I do not know. A Galician peasant sings a folk song and all Russia, Poland and the Ukraine claim it; an American negro sings a folk song, but that is not American, that is negro.

The majority of men all through history have been standardized, whether it was bread and circuses, men at arms and fighting, or the wage slaves of the early English industrial revolution; but apparently this new, modern, American form of standardization, where, for the first time, men are using machines instead of allowing machines to use them, has produced at least two benefits which even its bitterest enemies can no longer deny; although in the beginning these benefits were by no means clearly indicated.

The lot of the average man has been incalculably improved; the quality of machine-made goods, instead of deteriorating, has steadily grown better. And both these benefits are progressive, and their progress is steadily visible.

There is not the slightest reason to suppose that this progress will stop. Nor have machine-made goods driven the craftsman or handmade goods from the market. To the contrary, especially in the United States, there is a steady progress in that respect as well. There are an increasing number of craftsmen and their products for those rich enough and sufficiently educated to require them. We have, therefore, in material ways, the excellencies of the past plus the mass of the population for the most part well-clothed, well-bathed and well-fed. Granted the undeniable truth that the mass of any population has always been standardized and will be more or less for generations to come, is it logical to suppose that the well-clothed, well-bathed and well-fed, already fairly released mass of the American nation has no chance for a general slow increase in spiritual distinction commensurate with its increase in material distinction? The latter is a much slower process than the former, but it has generally been believed by students of the subject that inevitably it follows upon the former. At all events, the first process has never before been tried and so we can form no conclusions for many years to come.

Dukes and Democrats

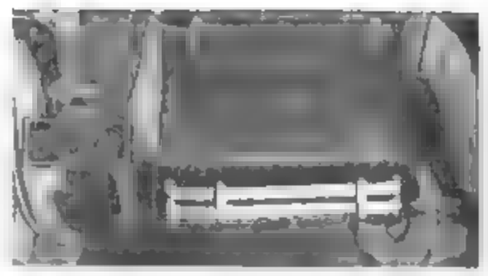
But this is a general, not yet proved, to begin with, at least, low form of distinction, not convincing to those searchers for distinction whose philosophies are based on slave conditions, whether those conditions mean the actual slavery of the golden period of the Greeks or the practical slavery that has existed all over the world until the last fifty years or so. It is much easier for an individual to be dramatically distinguished if he has 99 per cent of the rest of his nation in social, economic and spiritual bondage. Until recently an English duke was distinguished merely by being a duke. It has always been twice as difficult for a democrat to achieve obvious distinction. One might add, therefore, and fairly logically, that a distinguished democrat is twice as distinguished as a distinguished Tory. At all events, it does not seem to me that the United States has ever lacked distinction, either as a nation or in the number at any one time of its distinguished individuals—individuals distinguished in every walk of life and according to any standard.

And in speaking of real distinction, we must remember again that real distinction, whether national or individual, is one of the rarest qualities imaginable. Of all the nations in the world today there are not more than ten really distinguished nations; of all the individuals alive in the world today the really distinguished ones do not number many thousands.

Nationally—as a nation—the United States can hardly be called undistinguished; at least, by any standards known to mankind. Nor can its history by any process of reasoning be considered standardized or mediocre. It has been blazingly dramatic and exceptional. You cannot make wheat out of stones. Had the population of the United States been, in the mass, undistinguished, the history of the United States could not have been, in the mass, distinguished. Furthermore, the United States as a nation has been spiritually inventive; so much so that its unconsciously discovered new philosophy of life is now conquering the world. We are accustomed to hear that the United States has contributed nothing to thought. It has contributed the most important and pervasive addition to thought that has been made in the last century with the exception of Darwin's Theory of Evolution and Einstein's Theory of Relativity. This contribution might be called the theory of preventive social medicine. It is based on the belief that one plague spot makes the whole world plague-ridden; that the speed of a battle fleet is conditioned by the speed of the slowest ship; and that

(Continued on Page 62)

You'd never make the mistake of buying too small a bumper. Correct battery size is even more important.



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On the new Willard Chart, in plain figures, beside the name of your car, is the "size" of the battery that automobile engineers recommend for satisfactory operation. Not only is the "size" given in inches, and number of plates . . . but an *electrical size* that stands for active electricity producing material is also shown.

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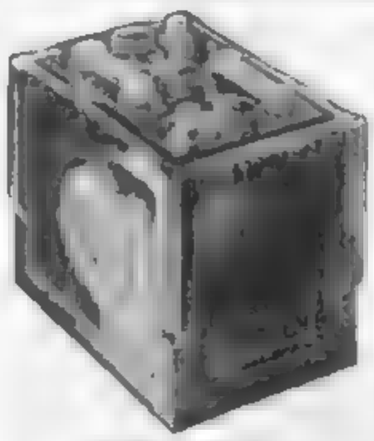


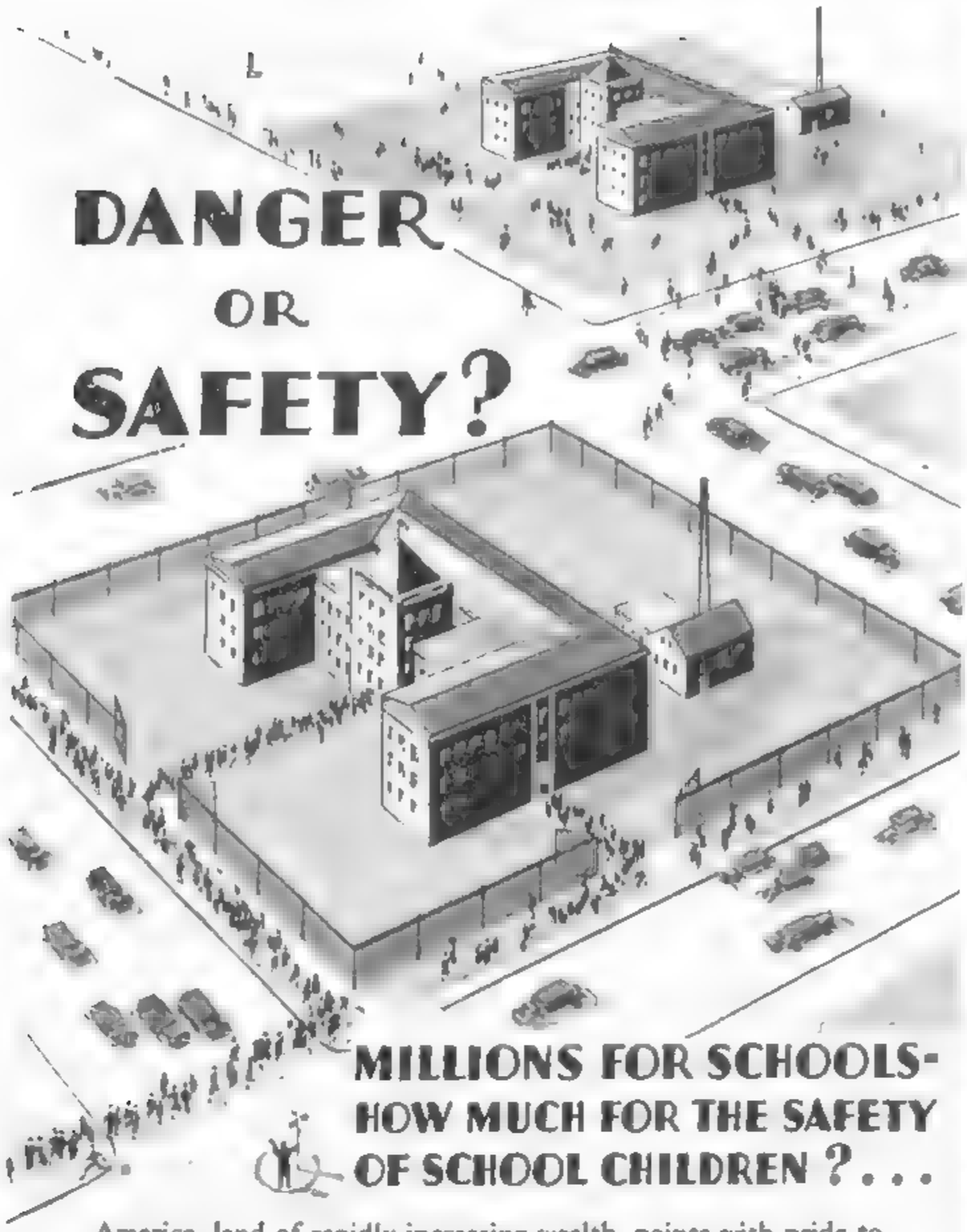
The Willard Thread-Rubber Battery

For every normal condition of driving, you will receive satisfactory service and big value for your money with the Wood-Insulated type of Willard Battery.

On the other hand, if your driving program calls for high mileages or constant operation of your car for a good part of each day, it will pay you to consider the Thread-Rubber type which Willard builds to meet specific conditions of heavy duty and abnormal mileage.

STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard



MILLIONS FOR SCHOOLS—
HOW MUCH FOR THE SAFETY
OF SCHOOL CHILDREN ? . . .

America, land of rapidly increasing wealth, points with pride to her growing number of beautiful new schools. What a blow to this pride are the statistics showing that nearly a million children of school age were killed or injured by automobiles in the past eight years. And year by year, the number is increasing—America's most colossal tragedy!

If you have any doubt about the seriousness of the traffic menace, consider this fact: Today there are more motor vehicles registered in the United States than children enrolled in all the graded schools.

What can be done about this situation? Many school officials are protecting children from traffic dangers by enclosing school playgrounds with Cyclone Fence. Every school should provide this positive protection.

Cyclone Fence keeps children from running into the street. It also protects them when entering and leaving the schoolground—gateways can be located at points of least danger. Parents: Talk to the school officials in your community. You share with them the responsibility of making playgrounds safe for your children.

Cyclone Fence is made in a variety of styles, in wire and iron, for schools, playgrounds, residences, estates, factories, property of all kinds. Cyclone Chain Link Fence is made of Copper-Bearing Steel and erected with H-Column Posts of tremendous strength and durability. Write for complete information.

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(Continued from Page 60)

the happiness and prosperity of nations are conditioned by general prosperity, not exceptional prosperity. This was, until recently, an unconscious philosophy, as I have said. But then, all philosophies, to begin with, are unconscious. They follow and do not precede a fact.

Whether you like this contribution to thought or not is another matter. Nor can the proverbial criticism that, due to its natural advantages, the United States could not help itself, destroy this distinction. Other nations starting at the same time and with even greater natural advantages have had far different histories.

But all this does not yet answer the question of whether, despite its increasing distinction in the mass, a distinguished national history, the civilization of the United States does not increasingly tend to lower the level of the top and prevent that small but infinitely important flowering in every direction which, after all, is a nation's proudest achievement. And, as a most practical corollary to this, whether or not the United States is sympathetic to this flowering when it occurs, and if it is a pleasant place to live for those of its citizens who are more released or more artistic-minded. There are a great many foreigners and a number of fairly intelligent Americans who believe to the contrary.

It does not do a nation much good to decrease the dehumanization and brutal standardization of the mass of its population, if in so doing it increases the dehumanization and standardization of that small class, the attainment of whose position and methods of thought is, consciously or unconsciously, the object of every intelligent man and woman. The greatest good of the greatest number is a fallacy if it means a continual lopping off of the blossom to feed the woody trunk alone.

The Cause of Discontent

The first question is a subtle and difficult one, to be properly answered only at length. Since the space is not here, it can be answered roughly, I think, merely by pointing to the increasing individual distinction which Americans are achieving in every walk of life. It does not make any difference what you think, or how much, as a foreigner, you may hate them, or, as a native, you may despise them—this is so. Merely, with as little prejudice as possible, study the question for a while. Trees, bushes and short grass do not grow from a hostile soil. Evidently, then, the soil of the United States is not hostile to individual distinction. It is not only not hostile to native distinction but in many instances it is more friendly to foreign distinction than foreign soil. Nor is there the slightest reason why a person of any kind of temperament, any point of view or any method of life, cannot live here happily. As has often been said, you can find in the United States anything you want. But it is a large country and in order to find what you want you must search more diligently than in a small and concentrated country. That stands to reason. Australia is a large country. A man who lives in the bush or the desert should not reasonably complain because he lacks the amenities of Sydney. And living in the bush or the desert, he should not assume that Sydney lacks amenities.

The cause of three-quarters of the discontent and unhappiness in the world is inertia—laziness. It particularly afflicts those who are just a little above the necessity of working hard for a living. To have the time to think is a privilege not granted the vast majority of mankind. It is depressing to observe how many of the favored few abuse or take no advantage of the privilege.

About America there are many hideous things, most of its citizens are crude, blatant, youthful and inartistic, but about all countries are hideous things, and the majority of the citizens of all countries are, in their especial ways, crude, blatant, youthful and inartistic. That, however, is a universal criticism, not a national one.

Actual, practical examples are the most forcible. In conclusion let me exhibit one. Let me state baldly what I see about me, and to some extent how I live. And remember that I am one of those Americans who have wandered all over the world looking for a happy place to live.

Very well. In the winter I live near a small North Carolina town. I have a large and comfortable home, and it costs me comparatively little to run it. I have good service—native, black—and my relationship with these people so far could not have been pleasanter. Back of them is an inexhaustible fund of similar and eager service. If a chambermaid falls ill, the next morning a cousin turns up. You may never learn her last name, but she stays until the original chambermaid is well. I have every known opportunity for every known kind of sport. Within five miles of me are six eighteen-hole golf courses, two polo fields, innumerable tennis courts, swimming pools, natural and artificial, and eight stables where I can hire horses. There is bird shooting, trap shooting and archery. In the spring, summer and autumn there is fishing.

My next-door neighbor is a famous novelist who is also M. F. H. of one of the finest packs of foxhounds in the country. That in itself is hardly standardized. I may be mistaken, but I know of no other first-class novelist in the history of literature who was also an M. F. H. Anthony Trollope hunted regularly, but he was not an M. F. H. During the winter—if I care to, but I don't have to, as the country is a singularly pleasant and casual one—I can see every possible type of human being. Fox hunters, steeplechasers, writers, painters, musicians, millionaires, retired army and navy men, and just plain ordinary nice people. Also a great many Englishmen. Everyone comes here sooner or later. During the spring and the autumn I see my neighbors, who either live on large peach plantations or, retired or engaged in other pursuits than farming, live about the countryside.

Some of these people are rich, some of them aren't, but they all live in large, gracious and simple houses, and lead a charming, spacious and simple life. I have found nowhere in the world more charming people, more charming houses or a more charming life. No English county surpasses my county in these respects.

Above Standardization

There is none of that disconsolate disconnection with the soil and the lives of the other citizens of the community characteristic of suburbs, American, English or French, and characteristic of too many other places, American, English and French—that disconsolate disconnection which is one of the most puzzling and dangerous features of modern life and which brings so much discontent to the well-to-do, whether they are aware of it or not. Everyone knows everyone else and is interested in everyone else. The local editor, the local tradesman, the fox hunter, the peach grower and the stray artist all sit on various committees, run the same projects and go to chamber-of-commerce dinners.

Down in the "standardized" town there are all manner of individualistic, pleasant and even odd persons. Oddity shows no sign of dying out, and I have yet to see anyone persecuted for his opinions, no matter what they were. Among these individualistic citizens there is, for example, one of the best cabinetmakers in existence, a man with a craftsman's love of his work. In his leisure hours he is a lay preacher and the leader of an orchestra of ten pieces. The town also boasts an expert violin maker. He is famous among those who know, and violins are sent him from everywhere. The local bookseller is a sage and philosopher and just what a bookseller ought to be. There is a house painter who is an untaught genius at interior decoration. We make arrows—we have a bow-and-arrow factory.

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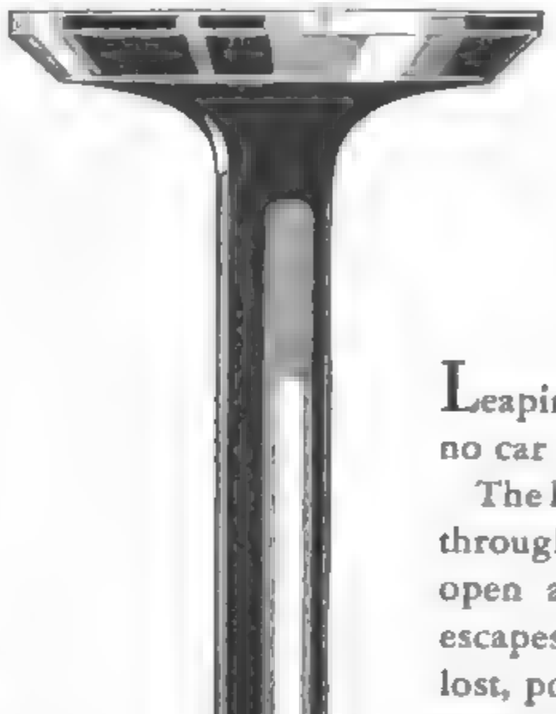
OFF WITH A L-E-A-P . . OR JUST A JUMP?



Leaping into full stride from a standing start is a feat that no car can perform without *sound valves.*

The high compression so vital to quick pick-up fizzles right through leaky valves. Pitting, warping, burning and wear open a thousand alleys through which the fuel charge escapes its work of driving the pistons. With compression lost, power is lost. Anti-knock, high test fuels waste their effort. Your car jumps and balks at the start—slows up on the hills.

Regrinding your old worn valves may *temporarily* correct the trouble. But you soon grind down past the point where it pays. Your repairman will confirm this. When once the original sealing of the valves is lost, nothing can restore it but a new set, both intake and exhaust.

Replacing with Thompson Valves restores the original sealing, builds up compression, brings back power. Scientific forging gives them greater strength to withstand the trip-hammer pound and pressure of your high-speed engine. A "mirror finish" keeps them cleaner and freer from crusty, power-stealing carbon. Ingenious heat treatment gives them greater resistance against the blast-furnace heat of the combustion chamber. All of which results in higher-power, higher-mileage performance at lower cost than other valves can give. That is why today's fastest cars and finest airplanes use Thompson Valves as standard equipment.

Ask your repairman to put the "leap" back in your motor by repairing the leaky "jump-start" valves with a full set of Thompson Valves.

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FOR YOUR PROTECTION

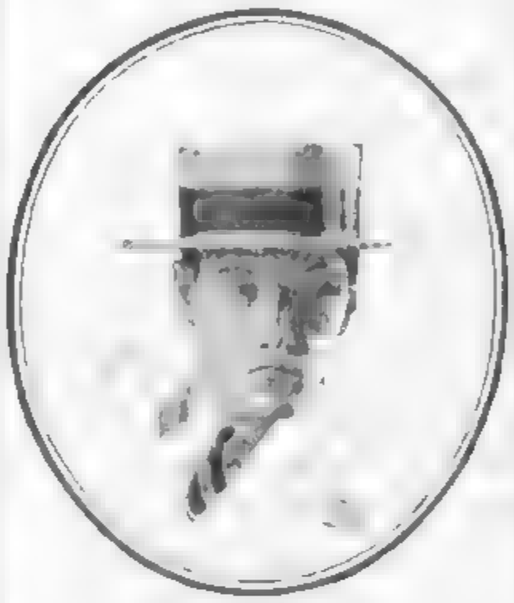
This sign identifies a repair man who will give your valves a square deal . . . . If regrinding is what they need, he'll take care of them . . . But if replacement would be more economical in the long run, he will tell you so—and will install genuine THOMPSON VALVES.

Thompson Valves

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

THE first hat for Summer wear should be a Sennit straw. And if it is the Knapp-Felt handmade *Hurdlow* it has the natural bloom which Nature gave it.

The New Knapp-Felt for the Month is the
HURDLOW



It will be shown everywhere Friday, May 10th

It is little short of vandalism to destroy the soft glow of the straw braid by crushing it through machine methods of manufacture. A reverent regard for beauty is characteristic of the Knapp-Felt sennits.

Knapp-Felt hats for Summer include the best selection of Panamas and Leghorns in accepted shapes. A thought should be given, also, to the luxurious soft felt for occasional wear.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH - President
620 Fifth Avenue - New York City

(Continued from Page 62)

If you go into it you are translated back to the time of Robin Hood. The craftsmen who work there talk a medieval language difficult to understand. Scattered through the county are as many lean, slow-speaking, sharply individualistic North Carolinians as ever. Native pottery is made—beautiful stuff. There are seven or eight potteries. The potters are descendants of Staffordshire potters who came over from England two centuries ago. Nowadays the two principal potteries are run, the first and original one of its kind by a North Carolina artist and his wife, who lived abroad, lived in New York, and then came home; and the second by an ex-tobacco salesman and his wife. Out in the sticks—the pine forests—hook rugs are made, hand-made hickory and willow furniture, a dozen other native and indigenous articles. Advancing civilization has only helped the production of these and spread the wares outward.

All these poor standardized Americans!

My summers for the most part are spent in a high, narrow Far-Western valley. I have no time to describe it here; it is a famous valley anyway. But if any observer thinks such valleys standardized, unindividualistic or drab, I pity his or her powers of observation.

I realize that I am describing fairly exceptional places and that I am blest in the fact that I can live where I want, but these places are not so exceptional as not to be duplicated many times throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and just now I am talking about people who more or less can live where they want. As for the others—well, I am sorry, but as I have already said, the vast majority of the world everywhere has to live under standardized conditions by no means ideal. In America these conditions do not vary much from other countries, and when they do, vary for the better.

Sometimes I go to New York. There are many things about New York I find terrific, just as I find many things terrific about London and Paris. To a certain extent all great cities must be standardized. Otherwise they couldn't run. But I have never found New York overstandardized, unindividualistic or drab. It is a great, gay, roaring city, with any number of pools of temporary leisure, quiet talk and deep thinking. Mrs. Spears could find many "cups of tea" and many "drowsy firesides" if she knew how to look for them and was not possessed by the preconception that they did not exist. As for much of an actual leisure class? No. On this one point it is a pleasure to agree with her. I trust that in this country there will never be one, and the present attitude of the youth of Europe shows that an actual leisure class—one not even interested in sport—is likely to be a thing of the past. You can't play very well—spiritually, I mean—unless you work well.

Despite Mrs. Spears, of all dull gatherings, those of the surviving leisure class, where "the art of conversation" is still practiced, are likely to be the dullest.

But, you say, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Certainly. There is some. Throughout history one of the dangers of every civilization has been a tendency toward standardization of one sort or another. There is some fire, but on the other hand, I call your attention to the fact that the greater the smoke the smaller the flame. Real fire burns fiercely. One of the most hopeful signs today in the United States is the enormous outcry against standardization.

Four decades ago the same outcry was raised against our uncouth individualism. When, anywhere in the world, enough people protest against standardization, it is a proof that thousands of individualistic individuals are still alive and that their number is not decreasing.

ROLLING STONES DON'T LIKE MOSS, ANYHOW

(Continued from Page 15)

"Little girl, I wish you'd stop blowing that mouth organ in my ears."

Bunny took it out of her mouth sullenly.

"There's the car," said Mrs. Allen. "Petey—he's fourteen—is working on it. He just won't give up. Did the g'rageman tell you what was the matter with it?"

"He didn't go into details," said Mrs. Slater. "He just said you needed help, so our Aid Society came right out."

"That's real kind of you. We won't burden you very long if you'll just fix up our car so we can be on our way. I thought maybe you'd give that g'rageman an order to go ahead. It don't need much."

"I wouldn't think of such a thing, Mrs. Allen. Just look at that car, girls. Why, you could buy a good car for what it would cost to fix it up."

"Well, that would be all right with us," said Mrs. Allen affably.

The ladies looked at her.

"We're not going to fix up your car and we're not going to buy you a new one, either," said Mrs. Slater sharply.

"Then what's going to become of us?" demanded Mrs. Allen dramatically. "We can't camp out here all winter. We'll freeze. It may snow any day."

"Don't you think we'd better let them eat first and talk things over afterward?" asked Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. Slater clapped her hands sharply. "Those children have got into the lunch basket while our backs were turned. Little boy, put that doughnut right back where you got it."

"Put it back, Buster. These kind ladies brought it and ——"

"I'm the one that brought it," said Mrs. Slater sharply. "Now, you children will just have to wait till we set the table."

She got down on her knees beside the basket and took out a red tablecloth. "Here, Miss Hibberd, find a smooth place and spread this out. Get out your dishes, Mrs. Allen."

From a box on the running board of the car Mrs. Allen selected an assortment of dishes ranging from a paper plate to a beer glass. The kind ladies portioned it out, pausing frequently to wipe their fingers on their handkerchiefs.

"Where's the silver?"

"Silver?" asked Mrs. Allen. "Oh, you mean knives and forks. We're pretty low on them. Seems like they get lost faster'n you can shake a stick when you're moving and packing all the time like we are."

"We use our fingers unless it's something we can drink," said Bunny.

"Why, Bunny Allen, you know perfectly well we had spoons and forks for that chipped beef this morning. Where are they at?"

"I left them soaking," said Bunny. "They'll wash easy now."

She came back shaking the water from the cutlery, and the waiting Allens fell to.

Again Mrs. Slater clapped her hands sharply.

"Aren't you going to wait for grace?" she demanded.

"Where's she at?" asked Pete resignedly.

Mrs. Allen set down the meat loaf and looked up at the kind ladies apologetically. "Excuse me! I thought you'd all et before you came out. Which one's Grace?"

"None of us. Haven't you ever heard of saying grace before a meal?"

"Oh, you mean praying, I'll bet," hazarded Mrs. Allen. "When I was a girl I used to work for a family that did that."

"Shut your eyes, all of you," directed Mrs. Slater. She asked a blessing in a mandatory tone.

"Keep your eyes shut," said Mrs. Allen at the amen. "P. S.: Get our car fixed up so we can get out to California."

Thereupon the Allens conversed no more, but ate with enthusiasm. The kind ladies stood back and watched them severely.

"Talk about heathen!" said Miss Hibberd. "You don't need to go to China to find them."

"Our missionary society's got its work cut out for it right here this winter," said Mrs. Slater. "It's a mercy they're stuck here in Granby, with somebody like us to stand right over them and make them settle down. From now on I'm going to make it my business to see that that shiftless woman works and sends her children to school regularly."

The last crumb of food having disappeared, Pete went back to his work on the car, and Mrs. Allen reclined like a Roman matron after a banquet.

"Those children ought to be in school," said Mrs. Slater.

"I always try to send them when we're in one place long enough, but they don't seem to care much for it."

"We'll see that they get there," said Mrs. Slater firmly.

Pete withdrew his head from under the hood of the car and looked at her fixedly, then returned to his work with new vim.

"It ain't hardly worth while to put them in for the two or three days we'll be here," parried Mrs. Allen. "I'll start them in when we get to California."

"How are you going to get there?" asked Miss Hibberd pointedly.

"Why, drive through."

"Mrs. Allen," said Mrs. Slater firmly, "I've told you we're not going to fix that car up for you."

"You just said it would cost as much as getting another one, and I thought you meant ——"

"You thought wrong. It isn't any kindness to encourage you in this tramping. You're no better than a gypsy. As soon as you get to California you'll want to turn around and go some place else."

"We stayed two years when we was there before, but Mr. Allen couldn't get any work at his trade, and he didn't like any other line."

"What was his trade?"

"Working in a livery stable."

Miss Hibberd laughed aloud. "And I suppose yours was making brush braid for long skirts."

The other members of the Ladies' Aid looked at her severely, but Mrs. Allen grinned at her.

"You're a hard kidder, lady."

"This is a serious matter," said Mrs. Bates.

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Allen reassuringly. "I've been stuck before, and things always get fixed up somehow. Like when Mr. Allen got killed and the Caribous paid over his insurance."

"What have you done with it?" asked Mrs. Slater.

"Oh, easy come, easy go. You know how it is. The car's had to have something done to it most every town we come to, and Bunny and I both got permanents. I thought it might help get her into the movies, but it's growing out awful fast."

"Permanents," said Mrs. Slater bitterly, "and every one of us except Mrs. Lake still using curling irons. That settles it!"

Mrs. Allen recognized finality in her tone.

"But, ladies, what am I going to do?" she asked, rising and facing them with her hands on her hips. "I can't camp out here in winter, and I haven't any money to pay rent."

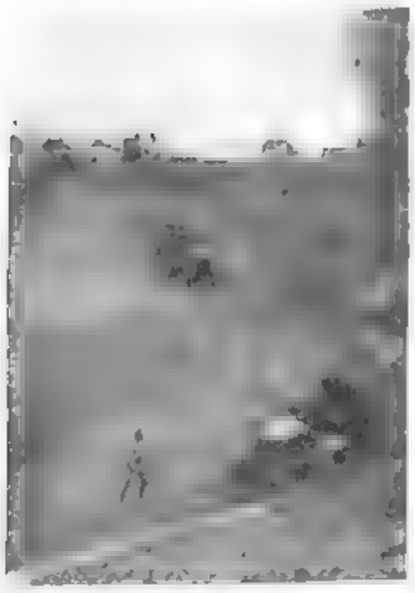
"We've found a good, comfortable place for you to stay, upstairs over Mr. Schneller's garage. He had it fixed up for his mother-in-law before his wife died; then she moved into the house to take care of him, and it's empty," said Mrs. Slater.

"How are we going to live?"

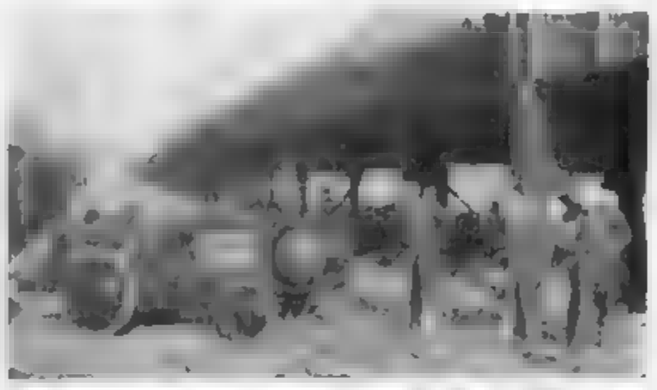
"This town's suffering for a good washwoman. You'll have all you can do."

(Continued on Page 66)

International Harvester
Keeps Them on the Job



Fleet of McCormick-Deering tractors and sheep wagons on Minnesota Trunk Highway No. 20. The superintendent of the job writes: "I never thought it possible to move dirt so cheaply and quickly."



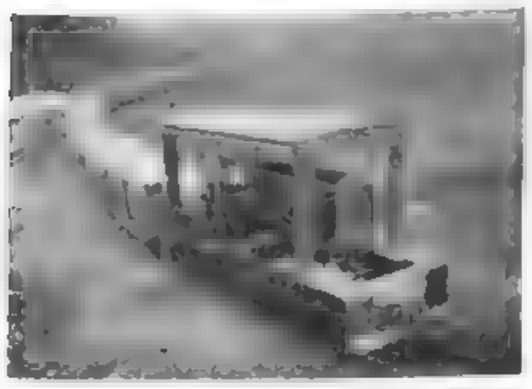
A 12-cubic-yard scraper outfit powered by a McCormick-Deering tractor used by a Philadelphia contractor.

McCormick-Deering-powered hoist placing White Way light poles in St. Louis; 35 to 5 minutes from center line post to curb. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans, and hundreds of other cities own McCormick-Deerings.

Tractor-powered shovel, one of a fleet of units used in construction of Dodge Brothers' factory at Newport Ave. Industrial Track Chicago Ordnance District to the shovel cutting the operation

Backfilling sewer trenches in Milwaukee. This crawler-mounted McCormick-Deering puts back a great volume of dirt with ease and efficiency.

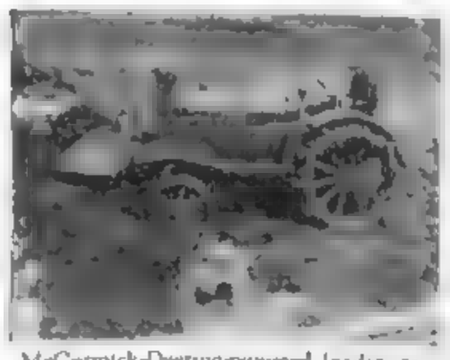
Showing a steel-wheeled McCormick-Deering. With a universal drawbar pull it is especially adapted for road, dike, and levee construction, and general dirt moving.



Plenty of concentrated power in a modern locomotive for materials handling in construction work, inter-plant hauling, etc. Hauls trains of surprising length and weight, with speed and economy.

Write for the booklet "Tractor Power in Industry." You are bound to be interested in the variety of the application of McCormick-Deering industrial power . . . and in the Service that goes with it.

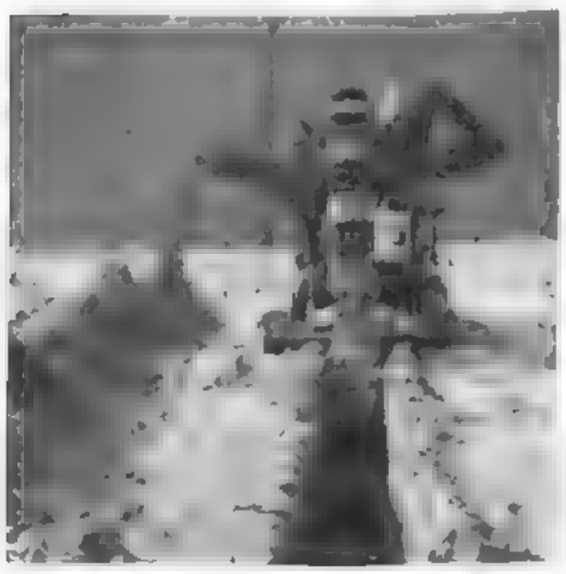
New economies in excavating. This compact crawler handles 500 yards in 10 hours, is easily and quickly moved from quarters to quarters and operates with remarkably low fuel consumption.



McCormick-Deering-powered loader, replacing 2 teams, slip scrapers, and 5 men. This particular tractor saved over $400 grading around a church at Des Moines.

Thousands of McCormick-Deering-powered units are building and maintaining roads. Highway commissions in practically every state own McCormick-Deering fleets.

Placing sewer tile in a Chicago city project. This type of crane finds many uses on public works, railroad, industrial, municipal and general construction work.



Ditching in up-to-date style by McCormick-Deering. This outfit is excavating from clay at the rate of 150 linear feet per hour, excavating a trench 4 ft. wide by 4 ft. deep.

ANY *fine mechanical product is finer still when it has dependable Service close at hand.* That fact is a strong factor in the success of the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor.

Behind every McCormick-Deering stands a service policy of lasting cash value to every owner. Company-owned branches are now maintained at 172 points in the United States and Canada, supplemented by special distributors in all large cities and an army of McCormick-Deering tractor dealers the country over. An unrivaled network of Service is always and instantly available to users of this International Harvester product.

The illustrations on this page show a few of the tractors on the job. These adaptations of McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor power have all been selected from the general contracting field. The McCormick-Deering is working in scores of other fields, delivering its liberal power through drawbar, belt, and power take-off, in combination with an endless variety of equipment. In businesses such as *yours*, like as not, it is hauling and hoisting, pulling and pushing, working with an all-around utility and economy that cuts costs to the bone.

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The Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Company
Toledo, Ohio

LIBBEY-OWENS
FLAT DRAWN CLEAR
SHEET GLASS

(Continued from Page 64)

Mrs. Allen pressed her hand against her plump side and her face grew long. "Just because I've got good color is no sign of health," she said plaintively. "I'm not as strong as I look. I've got an awful weak back."

Miss Hibberd looked significantly at the car, with the stuffing coming out of the cushions.

"If you can ride in that thing day after day I guess your back's all right."

Mrs. Slater picked up her lunch basket. "Get your things packed up early tomorrow morning, Mrs. Allen. We'll move you into Mr. Schneller's garage before noon. Come on, girls."

Mrs. Allen followed them desperately. "But, ladies, I don't want to stay here. I can't. I'm scattering Mr. Allen's ashes in every state we cross. I've set my heart on it."

Mrs. Slater set down the lunch basket. "Wh-a-at?"

"He was cremated. We take turns scattering him along the road. I couldn't imagine him staying in one spot even if he was dead; and anyhow, they wanted too much to bury him."

"I never heard of anything so horrible," said Mrs. Bates weakly.

Mrs. Lake, who was younger and softer than the rest of the delegation, wiped her eyes on a blue georgette handkerchief.

"How pathetic!" she murmured.

"I think it's rather suitable myself," said Miss Hibberd, "as long as they couldn't pour him back in the bottle."

Mrs. Allen called back to Bunny, who had taken out her harmonica as soon as the ladies' backs were turned.

"Bunny, run over to the car and get pop's ashes. They're under the back seat."

Bunny held up a fruit jar with a screw top.

"Is this them?"

"No, that's sugar. Look on the other side. There's a red rose pasted on the side of it. There, that's it. Hurry up."

Bunny brought her the jar, and she stood with it in her hands, looking reproachfully after the Ladies' Aid, which was retreating in disorder through heaps of dry leaves. Then she turned and went back to the car.

"Pete," she said dejectedly, "work on that car like you never worked before. If you don't, we're sunk."

III

IT WAS Sunday afternoon in mid-April. Around Mr. Schneller's barn, which had housed the Allen family through the winter, the trees were greening timidly, a leaf at a time, testing the air like early swimmers who put one shivering foot into the swimming hole to see how warm it is. Little fragrant flurries of wind rippled the mud puddles beside the highway and shifted the shadows on the new green grass. Between the barn and the house lay Mr. Schneller's garden, where spring announced its grand opening with patches of potatoes and radishes that lay on the moist earth like bright green handbills. True, most of the color came from the weeds which the Allen children were supposed to pull and seldom did. Luckily, Mr. Schneller had been too preoccupied to notice them when he had come out to the barn after dinner to take Mrs. Allen for a ride. He was wearing a red necktie and a straw hat as yellow as a daffodil from many cleanings—more dressed up than they had ever seen him. And as they drove off, Mrs. Allen was holding her hat on with her left hand to show off the very small diamond ring which he had given her two days before.

Bunny, sitting on her Sunday-school paper with her back against a tree, was vainly trying to play an ode to spring on her harmonica. Not that she would have put it that way. She would have said that she was playing The Prisoner's Song. Buster, not far off, was reading his Sunday-school paper with an effort all out of proportion to his interest in its contents. Never had children changed so in appearance in five months. They were clean, their hair was combed, their clothes whole. They looked thoroughly miserable.

"Lookee, Buster," said Bunny, pointing to a wedge of wild geese that cleft the blue high above them.

Buster threw down his paper and turned over on his back to watch them.

"Gosh!" he said simply. "Don't it make you want to get going?"

"I'll say!"

"Where's Pete?"

"Working on the car, like he always is."

"Ain't no use. Ma won't go now, even if he did get it to run. What's she going to marry that ole crab for, Bunny?"

"I d'know. Probably she wants to live in a house for once."

"Huh! What's a house?"

Bunny went into the barn to look for Pete. He looked up at her and grinned.

"She's going to be a better car than she ever was when I get through with her this time."

"That's what you always say."

"But I got the works this time." He gestured with a pair of pliers toward an abandoned stall. "Take a look in there."

A grimy assortment of wreckage lay on the straw.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Down at the tracks last night. Paid five bucks for it. It's the guts of a flivver. Man left it standing with the brakes off and it rolled down onto the tracks just as a through freight came along. Maddest guy you ever seen."

"Wasn't there any seats left we could use? Ours are awful hard."

"Seats? Say, kid, this was a real wreck, I'm telling you. I carried that engine home a piece at a time. . . . Hand me that gasket beside your foot."

"How long will it take you to fix our car up?"

Pete scratched his head. "Mebbe a week. Mebbe more. I'll have to work nights. That truant officer will be after me if I stay out of school, and old Schneller keeps me working like a dog as soon as I get home."

"No use fixing up the car now ma's made up her mind to get married."

"We can go without her, can't we?"

"I'll say!"

"Who's that coming?" asked Pete, lifting his head.

Bunny peeked around the barn door. Mrs. Slater and Miss Hibberd were coming across the yard, talking earnestly. Buster, seeing them in the distance, had simply melted from the scene.

"Sh-h-h," whispered Bunny. "They're having a fight. Let's listen."

"I can't forget, Mrs. Slater," Miss Hibberd was saying, "that you were the one that brought them here, and you knew very well he was paying attention to me."

"Well, how did I know it was going to turn out this way?"

"I felt it in my bones all the time," said Miss Hibberd grimly. "There was a look in her eyes ——"

"But a man his age, and his wife not dead a year yet."

"What could you expect when you put her here where he'd see her every day, and I lived clear across town?"

"I blame Mrs. Lake for it. She gave her that hat with the cherries on it."

"Well, if he'd rather have a woman like that, with an I. Q. away below freezing point, instead of me, he's welcome to her," said Miss Hibberd. "I wouldn't take him if he was the last man on earth."

"She'll have to do something with Mr. Allen's ashes, I should think, before she gets married again. Seems like bigamy to have them setting around if she's getting a second husband."

The ladies had got to the barn door by this time.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Miss Hibberd. "His car's gone. I knew I saw them out riding."

Bunny started to run away, but she was not quick enough.

"Is your mother home?" asked Mrs. Slater.

(Continued on Page 68)

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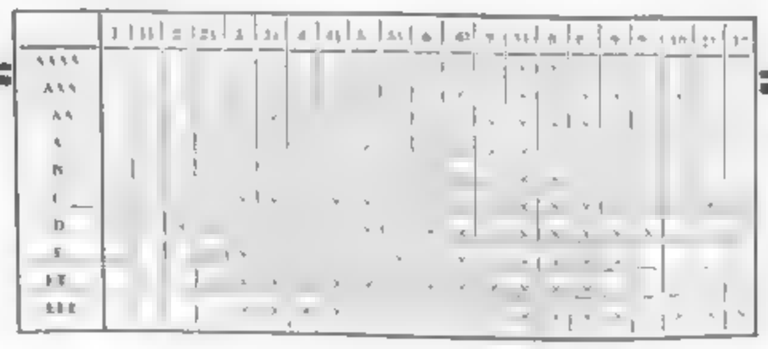

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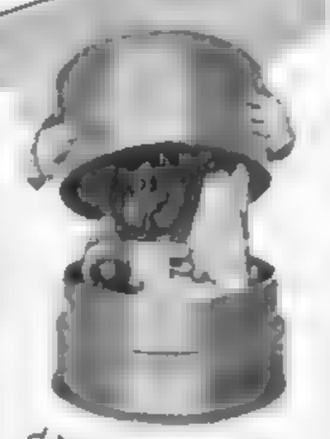

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(Continued from Page 66)

"No, ma'am."

"Do you know where she is?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was she walking?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was Mr. Schneller with her?"

"I d'know."

"Didn't you see her go?"

"No, ma'am."

"It's no use trying to get anything out of her," said Miss Hibberd. "She's the dumbest child I ever saw."

"I'll ask Peter. Is Peter home?"

"No, ma'am."

"Where is he?"

"I d'know."

"Where's Buster?"

"I d'know."

"I told you it wasn't any use to ask her, Mrs. Slater. She just stands there with that mouth organ and looks blank. Anyway, I saw them with my own eyes riding down Main Street. She had on that hat with the cherries that Mrs. Lake gave her."

The two ladies crossed the back yard and disappeared around the house.

"They've gone, Pete," called Bunny.

"You stand there and watch for ole Schneller. He'll make me throw this stuff out if he sees it. He says as soon as the mud's dry out in the gully he's going to drag our car out to the dump. We'll fool the ole cheese."

IV

IT WAS almost the end of April. The sun was beginning to get warm and yellow. A freshening breeze blew across the prairie and bent the fledgling grain toward the west. Fat white clouds moved across the sky like grazing sheep. And, following the pointing fingers of the grain, all day long cars clumsy with camping outfits had rolled or bumped by in a great hurry to get—they didn't know where. Pete Allen, tinkering at his car out behind Mr. Schneller's barn, looked up now and then to wave and call out to them.

He squinted out at the setting sun and decided that his mother, who had been washing at Mrs. Lake's, would be ready to come home. He cranked up his car with a flourish, leaped to the wheel, and rattled into the highway.

Mrs. Allen was coming down Main Street, limping heavily in the effort to accommodate her 5D foot to a pair of 6A satin slippers which Mrs. Lake had just given her. Pete drove up behind her and tooted his horn sharply. She stopped and stared; then joy crowded incredulity off her ruddy face.

"Pete Allen, you could knock me over with a feather! How'd you get it to go?"

"Built her over out of that wreck I bought. I'm sure glad that guy left his brakes off."

"What do you know!"

"Get in."

She sat down beside him on the cushionless front seat and kicked off the satin pumps. Pete pushed in his clutch like a dull can opener, slowly and firmly, and they started off.

"Listen at that engine, ma. Don't it sing like a canary?"

"Never sounded so good before, Petey."

"She'll do pretty near thirty-five now. I tried her out for an hour this afternoon."

"Le's ride a little while, Pete. I don't want to go home yet. All winter I been wondering what lays over that little ridge."

They passed through the town and out into the open country. Mrs. Allen took off her hat and shut her eyes.

"Gosh, don't it feel good to be moving!" she sighed.

"Sure does."

"Don't the sunset make a pretty light on that mud puddle. And them tin cans over there shine like solid gold."

"Pretty, all right. You don't ever see sunsets when you're shut up in a house."

"Humph! Wouldn't have time to look at them anyhow, working like a dog all the time." Her hair blew over her face, and she pushed it back. "What's that smells so good?"

Pete sniffed. "Just plowed dirt and green things."

"Spring's came, all righty. It wouldn't be a bit cold sleeping out tonight."

They came to the edge of the ridge and stopped.

"Seem's like that long straight road ahead's a rope hitched to us, pulling us along," sighed Mrs. Allen, "but I guess we might as well turn back. Mr. Schneller'll be coming over tonight."

"He's there all the time."

"Well, Petey, we got to get used to him. It's going to be a good thing for all of us. We'll all have a roof over our heads, and good clothes, and you kids will go to school regular."

"Don't want to go to school."

"The first thing I do will be to give a swell party and leave out that gang of women that's been bossing us all winter," said Mrs. Allen dreamily.

Pete backed the car around and they drove in silence toward the lights of the village.

"Many a wet night we'll wake up and feel sorry for folks camping out in the rain," said Mrs. Allen after a while.

"But we'll be in California before it rains again, and I'll have a job in the lion farm."

"What's eating you, Pete? We're not auto tramps no more. We've settled down."

"Oh, mom, you'll never see nothing if you don't go while we got the chance. I'll bet the old man's never been as far as Omaha."

"Yes, he went there once to a fair."

"I'll bet he's never been out of the state."

"No. He says he don't want to."

The car zigzagged through the dusk while the boy talked earnestly to his mother.

"Mom, le's pull out of here. I've worked and worked to get the car fixed before you got married."

"I'd be crazy to miss a chance like him, Pete. He's got money in the bank, besides this place."

"We got along without him before, didn't we?"

"I guess so."

"Wasn't we happier before than we been here?"

"You bet!" said Mrs. Allen with fervor.

"Then le's go. Look, the moon's full and I can drive pretty near all night while the kids sleep in the back seat."

"You might go to sleep. I'll drive half the time."

"It won't take more'n a coupla hours to pack up," said Pete. He stepped on the accelerator. "I got gas and oil this afternoon."

"I don't like to tell Mr. Schneller," said Mrs. Allen half-heartedly.

"You don't need to. Tomorrow we'll be gone, that's all."

Mrs. Allen laughed aloud. "Old lady Slater has her house all tore up waiting for me to do her spring housecleaning tomorrow. Windows to wash and floors to scrub and rugs to beat. I'm going to leave her flat."

"We got plenty of good blankets to take with us this time," said Pete.

His mother gave a rueful exclamation. "My land, how are we going to travel without money? I've only got seven dollars in the world."

"You got that ring, haven't you?"

She looked down at the half-carat diamond on her engagement finger.

"Oh, sure. I forgot about that. He gave it to me. It's mine."

V

AT SIX o'clock the next morning a car, scabby with ancient mud, pulled off the highway somewhere in Wyoming. Pete got out, followed stiffly by his mother. They clapped their hands together for warmth and blinked sleepily in the face of the rising sun.

"How far do you spose we've came?" asked Mrs. Allen, yawning.

"About two hundred miles. Golly, it's cold. Le's build a fire."

They looked about for fence rails, but saw only barbed wire.

"Wait. I see a gate," said Pete.

They took what they wanted from the gate, heedless of the cattle it fenced in, and built a fire. They spread a rusty grill over it, sniffing the acrid smoke with relish. Mrs. Allen brought coffee and bacon and sugar from the box on the running board. She set the sugar down with a sudden exclamation.

"What's the matter?" asked Pete, pouring water into the coffeepot.

"If we ain't come off and left pop's ashes It's just too bad, that's all."

"Sure is. There was enough of him for three more states, easy."

"Mr. Schneller will know them by the red rose pasted on the jar," said Mrs. Allen. . . . "You're going to burn that bacon, Pete."

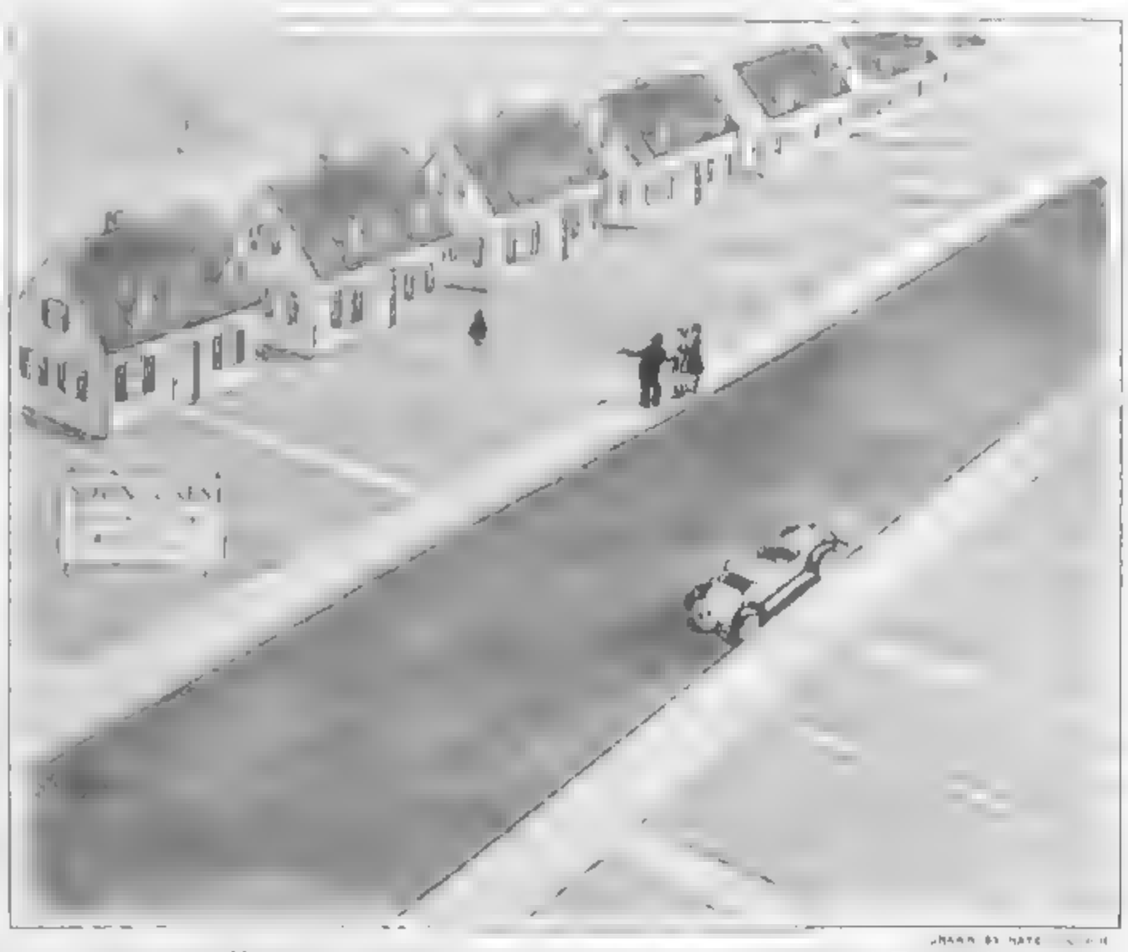
"You better wake up the kids, mom."

"We're awake," said Bunny, climbing over the door. "I smelled the coffee."

She spread a blanket on the ground close to the fire and brought out her harmonica.

"Play something," said Mrs. Allen, stretching out beside Bunny. The heat from the fire was warm on her back, the smell of frying bacon was sweet to her nose.

"This is the life, I'm telling you."



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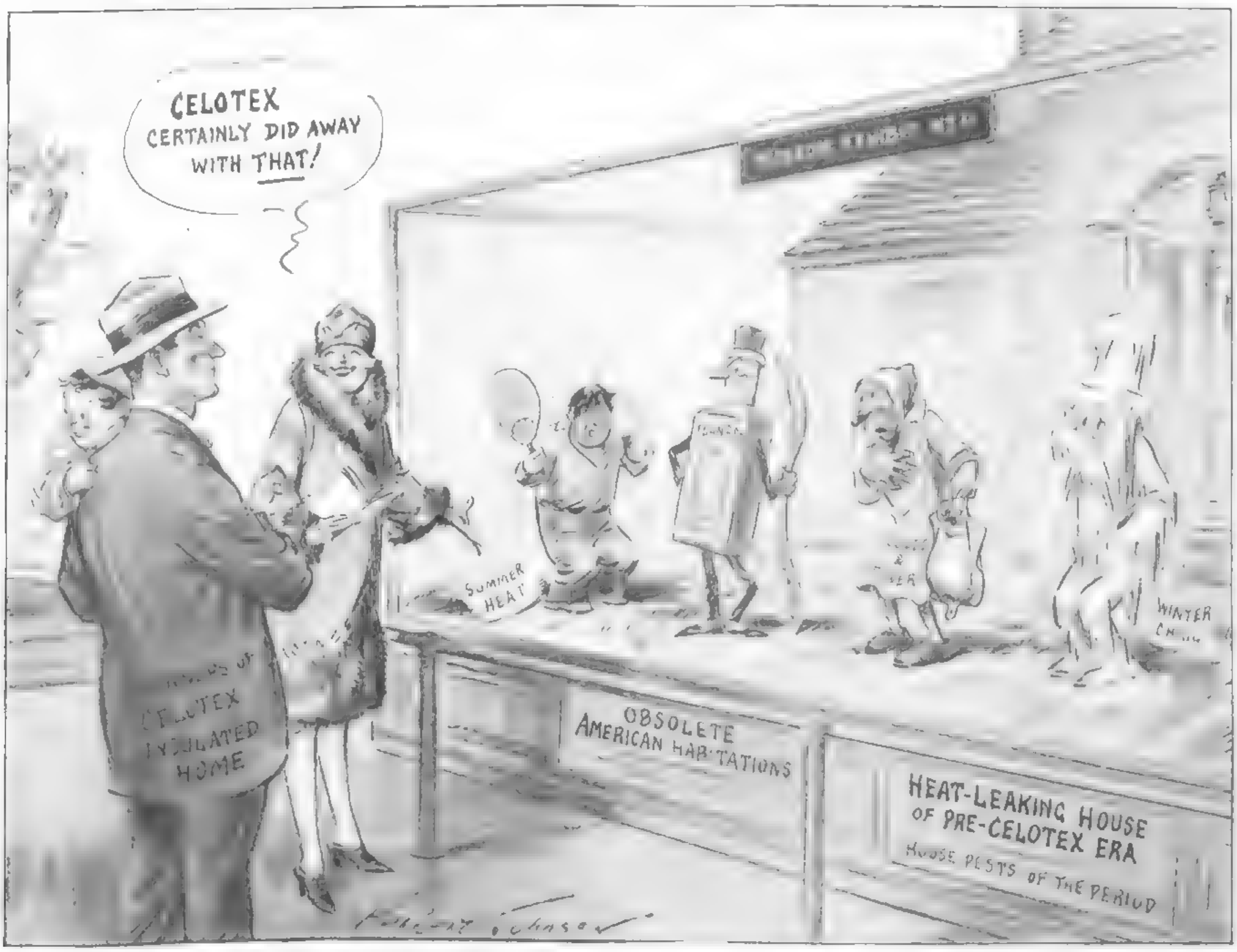

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MINES AFT

(Continued from Page 13

to spend four hours in a room that looked like a rats' nest, groaning among the books and bureau drawers with which the deck was littered. As for Lieutenant Huchet, three years in the submarines of his own navy had begun to break his nerve. He had had enough. While the surface fleet had waited without for the Austrians, it had been his pleasant duty to go into their holes after them. He had been in the nets twice, and had once been caught under the sinking wreck of a destroyer that his own boat had torpedoed.

"Furthermore," resumed the admiral, for the consternation on those three faces under the glare of the lights was not lost on him, "we haven't the personnel available to man this thing."

"Why, admiral, we've been training these men for three weeks," began Conklin earnestly. "Lieutenant Huchet was detailed especially to help us. I was three months with the British ——"

The admiral swung suddenly upon a sailor at his elbow.

"What's all this gear?" he barked, indicating with his chin an arrangement of wheels and gauges like the front of a pipe organ.

"Those control the diving tanks, sir," coughed the sailor, looking sideways at the floor, like a child at school reciting a lesson. "Each valve controls a tank of either the forward, after or midships group. This valve is for the compensating tank, to admit water to compensate the weight of mines discharged. All tanks can be opened at once, or blown, by this here valve here. This here valve ——"

"Quartermaster!" snapped the admiral, whirling about and addressing another sailor, the back of whose head went directly down to his neck like a weasel's. "What kind of a compass is this?"

"A gyrocompass, sir."

"Well, I know, but what make?"

"It's an Anschütz, sir"

"Sure it's not a Sperry?"

"Yes, sir; the Sperry's got more gadgets on it. And anyway, Lieutenant Huchet said it was an Anschütz."

"Do you know which is the better of the two systems?"

"Yes, sir, the Sperry."

"Ah! And why?"

"Because it's American."

The admiral turned the beam of his cold eye on Commander Conklin.

"This man has been well instructed!" said he. "I'll have a look into the engine room!"

They went aft in awful silence and met Lieutenant Craig, the engineer officer. Conklin ventured to suggest that, even if the boat were not used to lay mines, these fine big Diesel engines could be used very advantageously for purposes of instruction, and he having whispered hurriedly to Craig that the admiral was for turning back the submarine to the Allies, the engineer officer quickly began to extol the virtues of the electrical equipment, and hurried the admiral aft to the mine compartment to show him the very ingenious method by which the mines were put overboard.

"You mean to say you've still got the mines aboard?"

"Yes, sir. They couldn't very well get rid of them by laying them, and though there must be some system for getting them out of their racks again, nobody was familiar with it, and we didn't care to experiment."

"No, I should think not!"

"She was taken, sir, at the beginning of a cruise. Her tanks are practically full of oil, her mines all in, and two hundred rounds of ammunition under the control-room floor."

"We could take her to sea in five minutes, sir," smiled Lieutenant Craig, slapping the flank of a Diesel engine affectionately.

"I've heard these boats were unstable," said the admiral thoughtfully. "Didn't the Germans have to unship the after gun to increase stability?"

"Why, she's as steady as a rock, sir," protested Conklin. His eye gleamed suddenly. "Would the admiral like to take a turn around the harbor in her?"

The other officers started. The boat had never been away from the quay since they had taken her over. Full of mines, would it be wise to take her wandering around the harbor? Suppose the steering gear ——

"Aren't there some regulations about doing that?" asked the admiral.

"No, sir. We notify the harbor master by telephone and cast off. The harbor is mostly empty, anyway. They've all gone banging off to Lissa since this morning because they heard the Austrians had come out."

The admiral made no reply, but went forward again and mounted the ladder to the control room. Here he paused, instead of going up the second ladder, and thoughtfully rapped the periscope shaft with his knuckles.

"I don't mind," said he finally, "if you gentlemen want to take her out. If there's any question you may use my name. I believe, with the others gone, that I'm senior officer of the station."

A quarter of an hour later they were under way. The admiral, with Lieutenant Commander Conklin and Ensign Tupper, stood on the conning-tower platform behind the weather cloth and watched the shore line and the fishermen's houses and the church fading through the rain.

"The wireless masts," Conklin was explaining, "are raised and lowered by compressed air. That first hatch after the net-protection gear is where they keep a small boat. Then next, you can see where the torpedo cranes are stowed. They've got another set of cranes aft to load the mines."

"The superstructure of this boat is too big," exclaimed the admiral. "Look at this young house we're standing on! What's the good of it? It must cut the underwater speed tremendously. How much can you get out of her submerged? Do you know?"

"Huchet said, sir, that they think these boats can only do about six knots. The little U-boats can do nine or ten."

"Slow, and difficult to handle, as I said before!" remarked the admiral.

Conklin bit his lip. The old boy was harder to please than he had expected.

In an effort to show that whatever her underwater deficiencies might be, her surface qualities were excellent, Conklin rang up the engine room for full speed. The boat's bow cut through the water deliciously, and as the distance from the shelter of the land increased she began to rise and to dip and curtsy, and send spray flying across the deck.

An on-coming subchaser waved them a greeting, and Tupper, grinning, hastily ran up the Allied recognition signal, for the commander of the subchaser was a comrade of his and both of them would enjoy the joke that night over a bottle of Chianti.

The admiral began to ask Conklin a great many questions about the interior discipline of the harbor—who controlled the anchorages, how often were recognition signals changed, were the channels swept daily, did the four fleets do as they pleased, or was there a central control?

Tupper kept below the weather cloth, but peeked over now and then to see how she was heading. He discovered suddenly, behind curtains of rain, a heaving, rolling ship, a mine sweeper, with a three-flag hoist that was barely visible through the glass.

"Patrol boat wants our number, sir, broad on the port beam."

"Well, make it!" replied Conklin irritably, and continued his conversation with the admiral.

Five minutes later the voice tube spoke.

"On deck!" said Huchet from the control room. "You know we'll be outside if we keep on this way much longer."

"Outside!" repeated Tupper.

"What's this—outside?" demanded Conklin. "Control room! Where do you think we are?"

"I figure we must have crossed the barrier several minutes ago," replied Huchet. "I'm not quite used to the recorder, though, and probably I've made an error."

"That must have been the picket boat we made our number to, sir!" said Tupper hurriedly.

"Have we come outside?" asked the admiral calmly. "Well, we'd better go back, then."

"No, but wouldn't you think they'd have warned us somehow! Tooted the siren or something! They must have known we wouldn't be going out!" cried Conklin.

"Oh, our Allies think all Americans are insane," replied the admiral. "They let us do things to humor us."

The boat's commander stepped forward to give the order to the quartermaster to change course, but a lookout peered over the weather cloth.

"Sir," said the lookout, "we have a destroyer flotilla two points on the starboard bow."

All looked with idle curiosity. Four boats, low, gray, rolling and wallowing in the seas.

"British," decided Conklin. "Two Admiralty R and a pair of Thornycrofts."

"Hey!" cried Tupper, the quartermaster and the lookout.

The four destroyers had swung, two directly for the submarine, the others so as to pass ahead and astern of her.

"Break out our number, quick!" said the admiral vehemently.

The destroyers flashed yellow sparks. Shrieks, then two columns of water leaped beyond the submarine. Another shriek, followed by a fourth, and two more sinister fountains.

"Below!" snapped the commander. "They'd ram us now before they could stop!"

He reached out for the emergency gong, and its thunder came up through hatch and voice pipe.

"On deck!" cried the voice tube. "You know, I wouldn't dive! We aren't overfamiliar ——"

The quartermaster, closing the voice-tube valve, shut off the rest. Then they landed, one after another, in a heap at the foot of the ladder.

"We're being shelled!" shouted Conklin.

The French officer wasted no time in questions. He looked quickly at a panel like that of a telephone switchboard. Lights glowed there, buzzers hummed. Air intake and exhaust manifolds were being closed, the electric motors were already turning over the propellers instead of the Diesels, the ventilating system was being shut against the sea by the turn of a wheel.

The two officers looked at a clock face where a huge hand ticked off the seconds. Fifteen before the last compartment reported water-tight! It would take them forty more to fill the ballasts; meanwhile the crazy British would be over them raining bombs!

"Down seventy-five!" yelled Conklin down the voice tube to the diving rudders, and rang up the engines to full speed ahead. With her diving rudders set for extreme depth, and the full twelve hundred horse power of her motors driving her, she should be ten meters down in less than half a minute. The depth gauge began to tick slowly down.

Crash! Darkness.

Conklin clambered hurriedly to his feet, tore a pocket lamp from his pocket and switched it on the depth gauge. The needle rested at twelve meters. He watched it for the space of several seconds. It did not move.

"All right, Huchet?" he asked.

"*Ça va!*" replied the other, raging in his own tongue as he tried to find the switch that controlled the emergency lighting circuit. It was in the lower control room, but as he and the commander jostled each other in the manhole the lights went on again.

In the room below people rose from all sorts of places, as in a moving-picture comedy, looking dazedly about and rubbing themselves. The two men at the diving rudders had been hurled against the bulkhead, the quartermaster had gone completely over the wheel and into the alley, and Tupper and two electricians formed a knot under the switch panel. The admiral held on to the periscope shaft and resettled his cap.

"Fine work, Conklin!" exclaimed the admiral, tentatively touching his nose as if he thought it might bleed. "What do you mean by dropping her on the bottom like that? And two hundred rounds of live ammunition under our feet, to say nothing of five ton of mines aft!"

"That was a bomb!"

"Bomb hell! D'yuh mean to say I can't tell when a ship takes ground? You hit a shoal!"

"Torpedo room!" shouted the commander hastily into a tube. "Are you making water forward?"

No answer.

"Skip forward, Tupper, and see how things are!"

Bong!

That was a bomb, no doubt of it. The boat shook. It seemed as though someone had struck it a mighty blow with a hammer. A shower of bombs followed, that sounded like a freight car with a flat wheel running along the deck.

"Fainter!" cried Huchet. "They didn't blow the lights!"

Bong! Fainter indeed.

The commander hurried across the control room and, opening the door into the engine room, shouted, "Below! Craig! All right?"

The level of the engine room was several feet below that of the control room, and the commander could see Craig going over the motors

"No water, sir!" called back Lieutenant Craig. "What else we did I don't know. Don't forget we've got thirty-two mines aft!"

Two more bombs, the clang of which was barely audible.

"We'd better run out to sea," said the commander hurriedly. "They've gone by overhead."

He looked at the indicator. It showed Full Ahead. The speed indicator registered zero.

"We trying to push over an island?" he muttered. He did not remember any island there!

They put the motors in reverse. No action. They put them full ahead again and swung the helm. The helm indicator showed hard right, but the compass did not move. For five minutes they tried different things, not one of which succeeded.

"The shock must have put her gauges out of action. You know, I think that was a bomb after all!" exclaimed the commander finally.

"Quartermaster," spoke Lieutenant Huchet to the voice pipe, "read me off what the bottom is here!"

"Soundings irregular, sir. Here's a run of them in meters: 31, 48, 65, 24, 29, 56."

"And the bottom?"

"Mud—all mud. Sand and shells much farther out."

Lieutenant Huchet looked solemnly at the admiral and the boat's commander.

"We're stuck in the mud!" he announced.

"Put on all power astern and blow her tanks," snapped the admiral. "That will jerk her out of it."

"Yes," exclaimed the commander and the French officer together, "but she'd break surface before we could stop her!"

(Continued on Page 74)

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Continued from Page 71

"Well, what of it? We'd have time to make our recognition signal now. They've gone by!"

A flurry of bombs, like a handful of pebbles thrown against a windowpane, seemed to refute this statement.

"They're a determined bunch!" grunted the admiral. "What makes 'em so savage?"

"What did those boats look like?" asked Lieutenant Huchet hurriedly.

"They were four British destroyers two Admiralty Modified R's and two Thornycrofts."

"Showing colors?"

"No."

"Were we?"

"Why, certainly! We even made our recognition signal just as we dived. The flatheads! You'd think they'd see it!"

"Well, now, I'll tell you my opinion," said Huchet earnestly, "and that's that those were German S boats. They have Thornycroft engines in them too. The S class have the same silhouette as the modified British R. Big forward funnel, right against the forecastle, smaller funnel aft! We've been jumped by a raiding flotilla!"

"And us aground!"

"Shut down the machines!" said Huchet, his English becoming thick in his excitement. "If they're listening for us, they'll think we've been destroyed!"

"All right forward, sir. She didn't hit head-on, anyway. We've been clearing the torpedo tubes. Thought they might be full of mud. All O. K. No battery gas. I inspected the cabins."

"Plug in on the listening post and ask him what he hears!" ordered the commander.

"Propellers, sir. There's a young fleet over us, he says."

"Well, let me have a report every half minute or so. Huchet, do you suppose we could lighten her with the pumps enough maybe to free her by gently wiggling one propeller?"

"We could," said Huchet grimly, "but they'd hear the beat of the pumps!"

The admiral meanwhile had opened a folding seat and sat himself down. He had nothing to do with the command of the boat, an admiral being considered a passenger on any ship. He had, moreover, expected all his life to die at sea, and if a bomb should set off one of those mines aft, there would be no sensation of drowning. Mr. Tupper, the ensign, stood beside him, bearing something under his arm that looked like a picture.

"What's that?" asked the admiral idly, possibly to show how calm he was.

"Oh, that, sir?" Tupper started and stared at what he had in his hand, as though he had forgotten he carried it. "Oh, sir, it's the poem—the rest of the German poem. A mess table carried away and knocked it off the bulkhead. I—I didn't realize I'd picked it up!"

He set it hastily down, right where the man at the forward diving rudder would step on it if he moved, but the admiral, smiling, leaned over and picked up the frame.

"Propellers seem to be closing in on us, sir!" reported the man at the telephone.

They all started and looked at one another's faces that gleamed so whitely under the glare of the lights and the white paint. Tracked down like an animal in its hole, and they helpless in the mud! But how did the enemy know the submarine was there? Commander Conklin's hand rested upon the Anschütz compass. The compass! It contained a gyroscope that, driven by a powerful motor, was turning at a speed of twenty thousand revolutions a minute. His eye met Huchet's.

"By God, they can hear the compass!" he cried. "Shut it off!"

"Right and right!" choked the French officer. "I never thought!"

The quartermaster reached out to the compass panel and shut off the motor.

"We're blind for sure now," muttered Huchet. "It will take two or three hours for that thing to get up speed enough to be useful again."

"It's better than having your light doused for good!" replied Conklin.

"Here," said the admiral, poking Tupper's leg with the frame in which the poem was inclosed; "what's this about 'bugs' here?"

"Sir?" gasped the ensign. He rolled a haggard eye at the poem, that he wished in the lake of fire and brimstone ere he had seen it. "Oh—er—that! It means—h'm ——

"Bedecke die Meerflut mit Bug bei Bug,
Du rechnetest klug, doch nicht klug genug.

"It means, 'You have bound up the sea from harbor to harbor, but you aren't smart enough to keep us in.'"

"They seem to think England is the only enemy worth bothering about!" grunted the admiral.

"Yes, sir, that's the burden of the poem."

"Well, how do they get that way?"

No one replied. Huchet was busy with his own thoughts, and the commander's eye was fixed on the instruments. Of all the gauges and dials with which the control room was studded, depth, speed, inclination, amount of air in main and auxiliary tanks, ballast pressure, and so forth and so forth, there were three that moved. One was the dial that measured time that is to say, the clock; the second was the gauge that measured the amount of energy remaining in the batteries—which dropped slowly; and the third was the tube that showed the interior air pressure. This mounted. They could not stay submerged indefinitely. Their hope lay in the arrival of darkness, but darkness was many hours off. In the dark they could blow their tanks and get way to somewhere where they could make surface. And help? But the fleet was away to the north before Lissa.

"Propellers fainter and intermittent, sir."

"Having a harder time to locate us now," observed Conklin. "They've had to shut down their engines."

"They have a listening system like our Walser," said Huchet. "That works with the propellers running. But they may have shut down just the same. Maybe they're buckling right down to find us, using the Walser and Tube C or whatever else they've got together. They've no oil or wreckage; they know we must be here!"

There was a long silence, while each one thought of the destroyers above, with eager men at the listening posts, straining their ears for the soft suck of mud on a sunken hull or the lap, lap of water against something there below where there should be nothing.

"I tell you those boats are British," said the commander vehemently. "They're so infernally thorough!"

"You know a man has a considerable crust to write a poem like that," said the admiral to Mr. Tupper. "England the only one they need worry about! What's the idea in gratuitously insulting a lot of unoffending powers? But by the way, I've been thinking this thing over in my mind. I'm not familiar with submarines except in a general way, but it seems to me I remember someone showing me a compensation tank that was filled to compensate for the weight of mines that were discharged. Now, if the mines were discharged and the tank not filled, wouldn't that lighten the boat?"

Five seconds of silence, while all thought on the possibility.

"How about it, Huchet?" asked the commander.

"Well, it is rather a desperate means. We can't get rid of more than two or three, because we have no way on. They'd pile up under the stern. I wouldn't want to be aground on a pile of mines."

"Our situation is rather desperate," observed Conklin. "Let's see: Those mines weigh three hundred pounds apiece. Those tubes take three apiece; and two tubes, six mines—that's nearly a ton. You know that would lighten her some!"

"Yes, but you have six mines knocking around under your stern! And then the maritime authorities—well, that's not important. They could be swept up again!"

"Sir," spoke up Mr. Tupper, "those mines haven't got their detonators set. Don't you remember that Italian officer saying that one of the advantages of this type of boat was that the mines could be visited in the racks? That they didn't set the detonators until the mines were put into the tube?"

"The way to determine that is to go and look. Come on, Huchet. If those detonators aren't set we'll dump the whole cargo over."

The two officers immediately went aft. Those in the control room waited silently; then, after a long time, they saw the gauge flicker as the current was turned on. The motor that shoved the mines outboard was running. It ran only a little while, and when it ceased, those who had been watching the dial exhaled their breath.

"The stern is up, sir," muttered the sailor at the diving rudder, pointing to the tube that showed the boat's horizontal inclination.

"The tide too. We've got an ebb tide that ought to wiggle us enough to get us loose!" said Tupper hastily.

Again the needle flickered. More mines were going out. The boat, that before had had no motion save a sullen jerk which occurred now and then, like a mule tugging at its tie rope, wabbled gently, like a loose tooth.

The two officers came forward again, inspected the gauges, asked for a report from the listening post, then blew two forward tanks. The big hand that marked the seconds ticked halfway around the dial, then the depth gauge suddenly dropped. Instantly the commander's hand spun the valves that filled the tanks again. The depth gauge rose once more, but now the boat rocked and bumped softly.

"We're loose!" cried the commander in triumph.

All smiled and exhaled their breath in grateful sighs.

"Well, that's over!" smiled Mr. Tupper to the sailor at the telephone. This one started to smile back; then the smile suddenly left his face.

"Propellers!" said he. "Loud! Coming nearer! Louder ——"

Wher-ram!

The boat shook, the filaments trembled, the gauges jumped. No one spoke, but each looked at his neighbor with wide eyes. There had been a ship over them, drifting, that had heard the mines go over, or had seen the patch of foam where the tanks had been blown, or had seen mud come boiling to the surface when the submarine came free!

Wher-ram!

Another bomb that set every tooth on edge.

"Listening apparatus out of order, sir!" reported the man at the telephone.

"Control room!" spoke a voice tube. "We're making water in the after engine room!"

"Let's start our motors," said Conklin hastily, "and get out of here!"

"Where to?" asked Huchet. "We've got no compass!"

Conklin gave a short bitter laugh and, reaching out, took Huchet's hand. They waited for the third bomb.

Blind, for they had no compass, deaf, for their listening apparatus had been destroyed, the men in the submarine watched the huge hand tick slowly around and around the blank face of the dial, one turn to the minute. The faintest movement of a needle showed them that they were moving, bumping, scraping along the ocean floor, carried by the tide, but making less than one knot. Meanwhile the ships overhead, having definitely located them, could destroy them at their leisure.

Four hours later the submarine still lived, and there had been, to the surprise of its crew, no more bombs.

(Continued on Page 76)

PACKARD

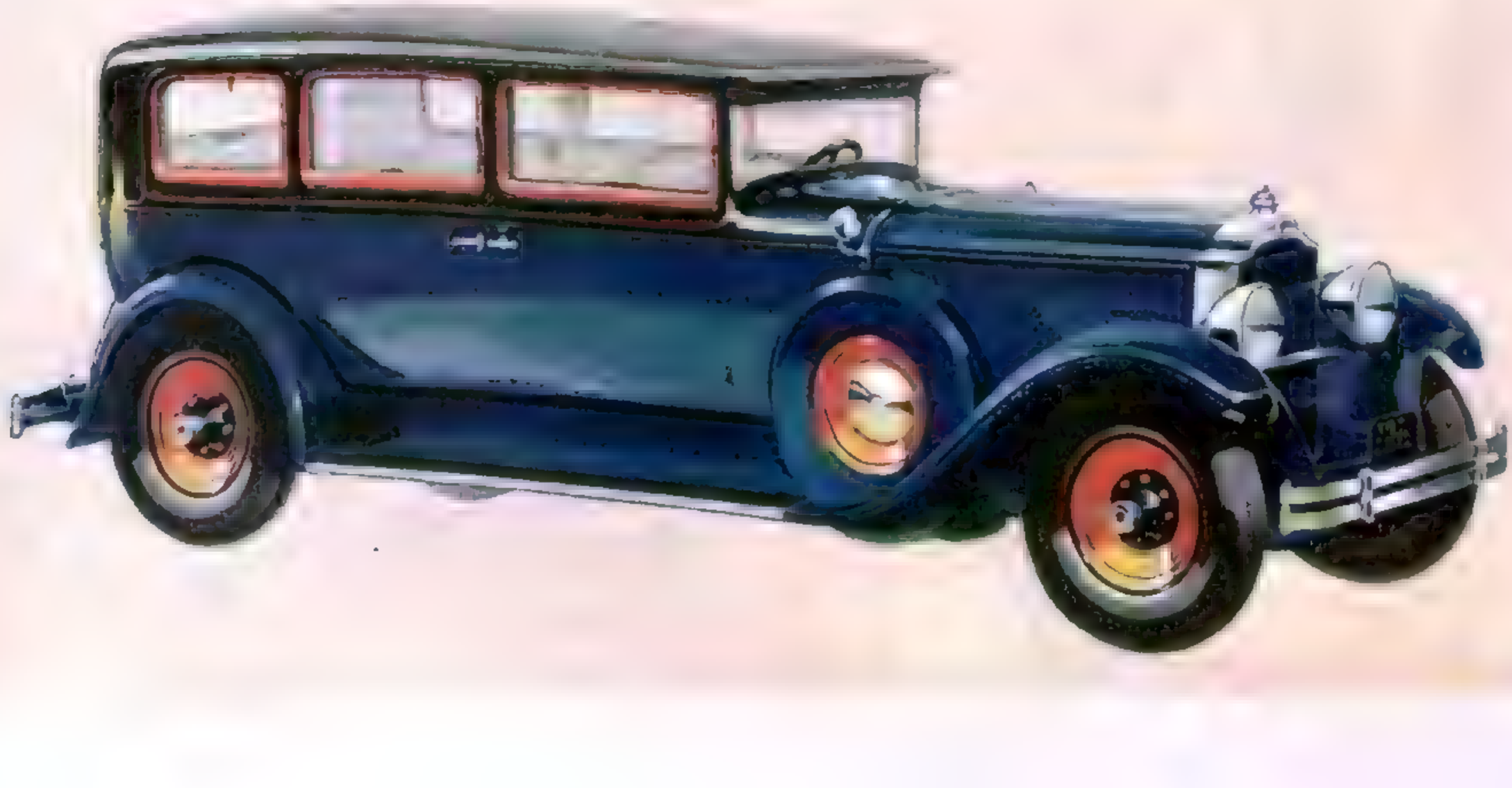
To the golden voice of Jenny Lind a cultured American public paid immediate and merited homage

The discriminating public is quick to acclaim supreme merit, in song, in architecture or in the building of a motor car—eager to take true genius unto itself, prompt to reward unique achievement.

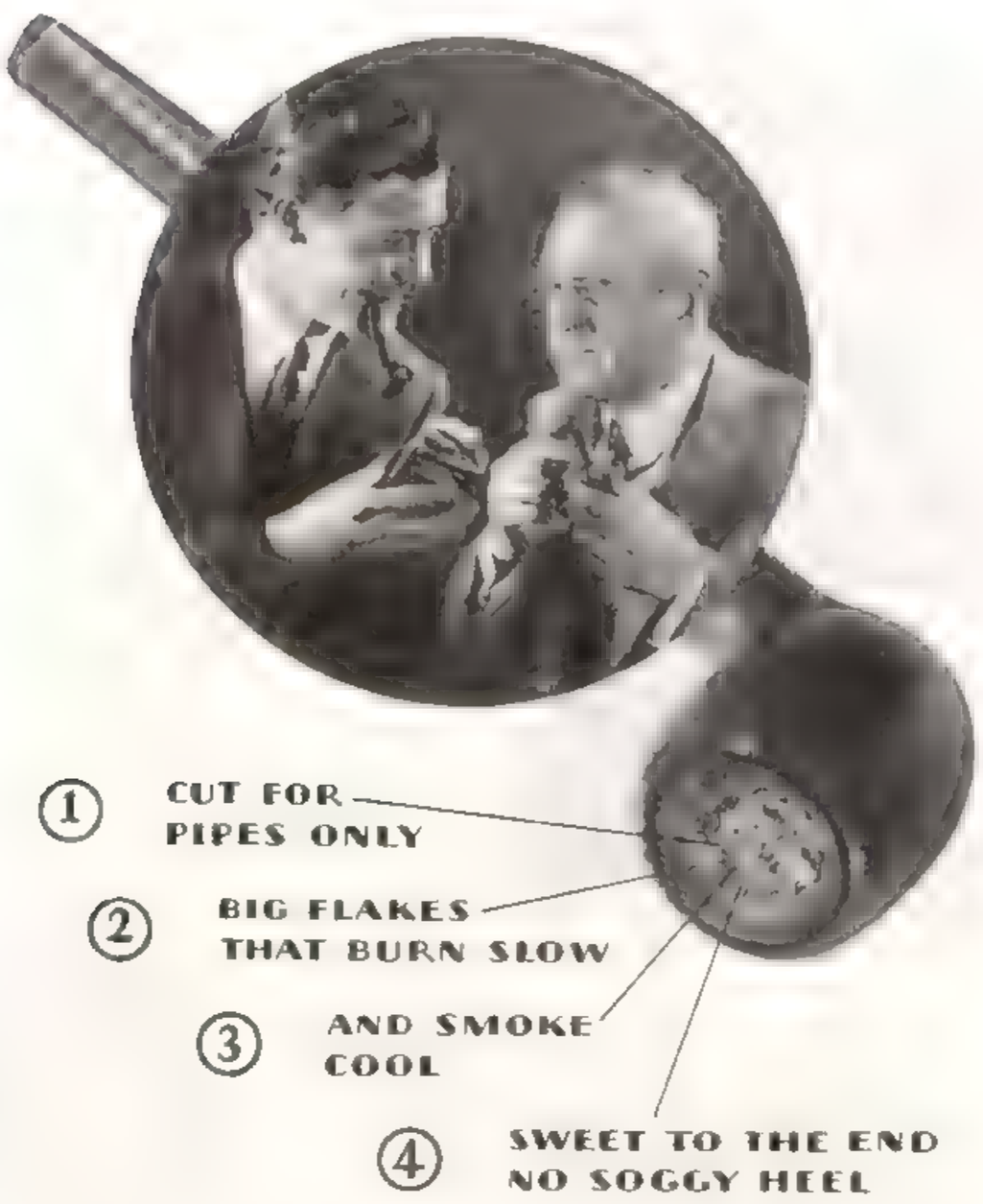
Thirty years ago Packard cars won an immediate acceptance among those of taste and discernment. Throughout the years this appreciation has steadily grown. For Packard, proud of its quality reputation, has sought through the continual refinement and improvement of Packard cars to maintain its world-acknowledged position.

Packard cars today are finer than any of the famous Packards of the past. Ownership is more desirable than at any time in Packard's long and successful history. So it is that Packard is now enjoying its greatest and its most gratifying patronage.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



...a cooler smoke in a drier pipe!



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GRANGER "acts right" in a pipe... smokes slower and cooler, thanks to the shaggy "rough cut". But what keeps winning smokers to Granger is the mild, full-bodied flavor given by the Wellman Method... a mellowing secret over fifty years old. Packed in foil instead of tin, hence ten cents.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Granger
ROUGH CUT

in more pipes every day

(Continued from Page 74)

"It's dark," said Conklin finally, "and with the weather we had coming out, a cat couldn't see a fathom! I'm for going up!"

They made surface in a sea of foam where the compressed air had emptied the tanks. It was black, rain fell in sheets, but the sea had only a chop to it that did not affect the submarine.

The four officers stood on the conning tower peering into the murk, but could see nothing. Between whiles they inhaled great lungfuls of air and let the rain dash against their faces. How pleasant it was to feel the wind and have the clean rain run down their necks!

"If this isn't the damnedest in all my years at sea!" said the admiral. "Where has all that fleet gone? There was a time I thought they had us!"

"We may be in the middle of them now," remarked Huchet.

"I doubt it," said the commander. "I don't feel ships around. You know, I think some of ours came out and scared them off. We'll soon find out. Tupper, have the wireless set up and start the gyrocompass again. We may have to dive sometime within the next three hours! Lord knows where we are, but if we lay course to the westward we're bound to strike Italy somewhere!"

They repaired the leak in the engine room, raised the wireless masts, started the gyrocompass and began cautiously to send their code number into the night.

"On deck!" came up Tupper's excited voice. "Could you ask Lieutenant Huchet to come down and help me decode? There's all kind of business going on, and most of it's in French!"

"Never mind!" snapped Conklin. "Get in touch with the base and let them know we're out here!"

"Listen to this, sir," cried Tupper up the voice tube five minutes later. "'Raiding squadron composed of four light cruisers and four destroyers sighted off Brindisi at 16:10. Patrol fleet alert. Deuxième Groupe d'Éclairage immediately tries to get in touch. 16:20, aviso Maurice Troubert reports enemy destroyers in sight, but maneuvering. Visibility poor.' Well, never mind all the reports back and forth, and the first cruiser squadron's jerking its bed plates loose to get down here, but listen to this: 17:10, aviso Maurice Troubert to shore: 'Explosion audible to southeast. Approached. Four-funnel cruiser, Saida class, sinking. Remain observation. 17:30, cruiser disappears. Destroyers picking up survivors. 18:00, enemy squadron disappears to northeast. Followed as long as visibility lasted. Wreckage of cruiser clearly visible. Second patch of wreckage half mile farther north. 18:32, picked up Austrian sailor in life belt. He says the raiders were from Cattaro, and that they lost one cruiser and one destroyer by submarine.'"

"Let's go below!" said the admiral. "I want to get this at first hand! Lost one cruiser by submarine! What submarine? Why should the shore —— And who's this repeating the history of their life for all and sundry?"

The admiral and the commander went down the ladder, and so to the tiny wireless room, where an eager group that filled the alleyway made way for them.

"We reported to the shore, sir," cried Tupper eagerly, "and they fell on our necks. They knew the submarine must be us. They knew we were the only ones out, because the others are all at Ancona or San Giovanni. They've been waiting for news of us since the picket boat reported us going out!"

"Yes, but what's this about the cruiser being torpedoed? Who did that if there weren't any others about?"

"We did it!"

"We?" demanded the commander and the admiral together.

"I think we did!" smiled Huchet. "They must have heard us roll out the mines, and the destroyer started for us. Remember, we inspected all the mines but those at the very end? Well, I'll bet they had their detonators set!"

"I'm glad I didn't know it when we were muzzling them with our propellers!" shuddered the commander.

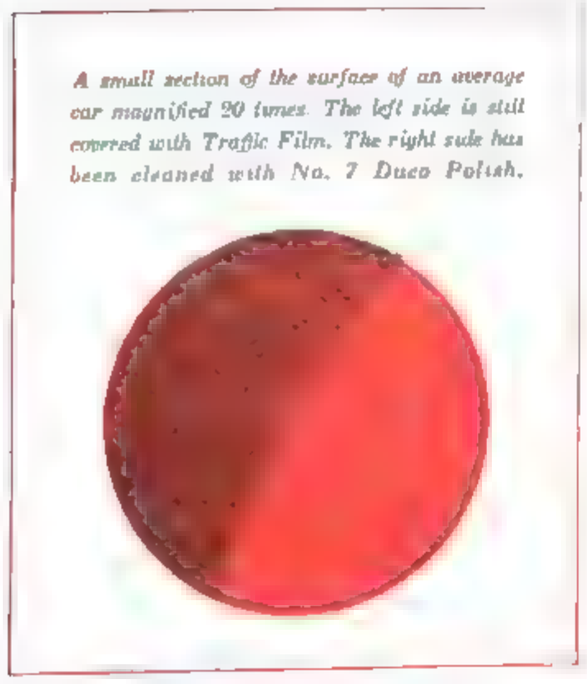
"Well, that's the only explanation," went on the French officer. "The first set of mines we dropped out were alive, and when the destroyer came boiling after us it hit one. Then either the cruiser went to its assistance and hit one, too, or just hit one by luck. And then the rest of them turned tail and made for Cattaro as fast as they could go!"

"I think," said the admiral, rubbing his hands gleefully, "that these are very fine boats after all. We must keep this one for a souvenir, if for nothing else. You didn't find the address of that poet anywhere, did you, Mr. Tupper, on any of the numerous examples of his work?"

"Sir?" gasped the ensign.

"Because if you did," went on the admiral, "you might write him and let him know about today's work. He might feel inspired to write another poem that will give the Americans a little more credit!"

The Old Guard Along the Barr Trail to Pike's Peak, Colorado



A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

Remove unsightly TRAFFIC FILM *..your car will look like new*

THE original beauty of the finish on your car — the color and lustre—the gleaming body and fenders—are still there, hidden beneath a coating of Traffic Film. Get rid of this Traffic Film and your car will look like new.

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Minute particles of oily, sticky dirt are constantly settling on your car, in the city streets, on the country roads, and even in your own garage. These particles collect dust, and are baked together by the sun and the heat into a hard, dull film which soap and water cannot remove. This Traffic Film hides the beauty of the finish and dulls its lustre.

How to Remove Traffic Film

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No. 7 Duco Polish contains no acids or harmful abrasives. It is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers, many of whom put sample cans in all their new cars. Look for the sample can in your auto tool kit.

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Buy a can of No. 7 Duco Polish, and rub a little on the finish of your car. Note how quickly the Traffic Film disappears, and the original color and lustre of the finish come shining through. Or, if you have your car polished by the garage man, ask him to use No. 7 Duco Polish. It will not only protect the finish against Traffic Film, but will keep it bright and gleaming season after season.

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No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH will water-proof the top and restore its original lustre. It is also an excellent dressing for spare tires and tire covers.

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August 29, 1928

Polk Miller Products Corp.,
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Gentlemen:

After a careful study, we have chosen Sergeant's Dog Food and Sergeant's Dog Medicines as the best safeguard for the men to rely upon, as the strength of our Dog Teams upon which so much of a success of our Expedition will depend. Sergeant's Dog Food and Sergeant's Dog Medicines will be taken exclusively by us.

We found that Sergeant's Dog Biscuits contained the necessary food elements to sustain our dogs under hard working conditions, and a product upon which we could depend. We further found Sergeant's Dog Medicines to be safe and reliable, and that we would need depend on them to keep our dogs in good condition.

We further appreciate the valuable services of your Medical Director, Dr. J. E. Buckingham, whose advice have been of inestimable value to us in this matter, and due to his help we are sure that our Dog Team transportation will carry on with the minimum troubles.

Very sincerely yours

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Richard E. Byrd,
Business Manager.

REB:s

YOUR dog may never undergo the hardships of the Antarctic, but disease, that might leave a "Husky" unscathed, may take a death grip upon your faithful pet.

The above letter proves beyond doubt the efficacy of Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food. The same Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food chosen for the Byrd Expedition are on sale at your dealer's. *But don't wait until your dog is sick.* Then it may be too late to find out what to do. Be prepared.

Famous Dog Book *Free*

We urge you to get your free copy of Polk Miller's famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of more than fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of all dog diseases and the best treatments for each. This book has been the guide for millions of dog owners. *It is free.*

Expert Advice *Free*

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"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents
FRED J. WHITLOW & Co., *Toronto*

THE MILLION-POUND DEPOSIT

(Continued from Page 27)

Dutley counted out the notes. "Now tell me the names of the other five," he enjoined. "You can trust me for the sixteen hundred. They're yours any time after the bank opens tomorrow."

Huneybell looked at him critically.

"Yes, I expect I can trust you," he decided. "I'll tell you the names. Sir Matthew Parkinson, the chairman of the directors of Boothroyd's, is one of them."

Notwithstanding the revelations of the past few weeks, the actual disclosure of the truth was a shock to Dutley.

"Sir Matthew!" he repeated. "But why? It was his own business. He had a big holding in it. Why should he rob himself?"

"Why did I make such a fool of myself?" Huneybell demanded bitterly. "I was making a certain five hundred a year honestly. Sir Matthew came into it, I think, because he was mixed up with a young man to whom he owed money, and who forced him to. He wasn't there at the burglary. What he did was to make sure that the formula was in that particular safe, and to make it easy for them to get impressions of the keys for opening up the offices."

"Thank God he wasn't in the burglary," Dutley muttered. "What was the name of the young man?"

"De Brest. He's a Dutchman, I believe."

Dutley smiled happily. "That's good news."

"Then Doctor Hisedale is another, and an American, Hartley Wright."

"And who shot poor Rentoul?"

"You needn't ask, I should think," Huneybell shivered. "Thomas Ryde did. Shot the watchman too. Now, I've come to the end of it. I've nothing more to tell you. Where can I have my sixteen hundred pounds? In the West End?"

"At one o'clock tomorrow afternoon," Dutley told him, scribbling the address on Curley Street on the back of a card. "And you'll bring with you your scrap of the receipt."

"You'd scarcely be likely to part with the money if I didn't, would you? Yes, I'll bring it all right. Whom do I ask for at this address?"

"Mr. Burdett," Dutley told him. "He'll be there waiting for you."

Huneybell rose to his feet. He drew the curtain a couple of inches apart and looked across at the dark outline of The Towers. There was white terror in his face, an uncanny more than bodily terror in his staring eyes.

"Finished with Highgate anyhow," he muttered. "Thank God!"

XIX

THE moment had come—the moment for which Huneybell had been praying all the morning. He pushed back the swing door of the warehouse, and with his bag in his hand, made his way into the office. Mr. Ryde was seated there with a ledger before him. He looked up at his traveler's entrance.

"Come in," he invited, leaning back in his chair. "A slack morning here. Any luck with you?"

"I'm afraid not," was the regretful reply. "Grayson was out. I thought he might have bought those two last cases from the mills. Nobody else seemed in a buying humor."

"What about my special offer to Ames Brothers?"

"They wouldn't look at it, sir. They bought more than a thousand pounds' worth of wastes from the Continent last week."

Thomas Ryde leaned back in his chair.

"Bad luck," he said softly. "We need a few sales, Huneybell. I had a telephone message from Leeds this morning. They say there's a lot of stuff coming in. That reminds me. They want a report about those two cases that arrived yesterday afternoon. Where are they?"

"In the warehouse, sir."

Thomas Ryde rose to his feet.

"There is no time like the present," he decided. "We will examine the cases together, Huneybell. Let me see; it was this afternoon I think you said you wished to visit your dentist. You asked for the afternoon off, I believe."

Huneybell glanced desperately at the clock. His account of his morning calls had been entirely fictitious. He had spent the last two hours in the saloon bar of a public house not a quarter of a mile away, trying to gain courage for these few moments.

He had a sudden illuminating vision of his folly. Why had he come back at all? It would have been as easy to slip off and wait somewhere in the West End. It was just routine which had brought him, the bondage of habit.

"I wonder, sir," he proposed, as Mr. Thomas Ryde, always methodical, took off his neat black coat and arrayed himself in a warehouse duster, "whether tomorrow morning would do for these cases. I don't think they are open yet. I thought I'd like to have a little luncheon before I went to the dentist."

"It will take us barely five minutes," his employer pointed out, "to glance at what they have sent us. I will not keep you longer. If you find yourself behind time, on this occasion I will permit you to charge a taxicab to the petty cash."

Huneybell set down his bag, threw his overcoat and hat upon a counter, crossed the first warehouse side by side with his companion, and entered the second. Here he stopped short.

"I don't see the cases, sir," he said, looking around.

"Neither do I," Mr. Thomas Ryde agreed. "That is very annoying."

"I had better ask William where he put them," Huneybell suggested, edging a little away.

"Ah, that reminds me! I had quite forgotten. Before he went to his dinner—he went to his dinner just as you came in, by the bye—he told me that the cases were in the cellar. Come along."

The shadows of apprehension must have been creeping up from the recesses of Huneybell's mind. He made no movement.

"The office, sir," he suggested, "and the front part of the warehouse—if William is out, ought we to leave them?"

"Our business will not take us more than five minutes," Mr. Thomas Ryde replied. "There is nothing much to steal, and we shall hear the bell if the door opens. I must have your judgment upon the contents of these cases before you go for the afternoon."

Huneybell glanced wistfully at the arched entrance through which they had passed. There was daylight up there, and safety, but between it and him stood Mr. Thomas Ryde with the invoice in his fingers. Suddenly he felt the latter's hand upon his shoulder, gently propelling him forward. He heard that voice, with its eternal sameness, its everlasting lack of vibration or feeling, in his ears.

"Huneybell," it said, "I do not like to accuse you of this, but I fear very much that you are taking to drink. It is an unpleasant thing to mention, but I notice it when you come into the office after your morning rounds. I notice it now. It is a foolish habit. Remember that presently you will be a very rich man. Do you want your happiness interfered with by ruined health? It would be absurd. Drink in moderation assists the digestion. Drink in excess destroys it. Ah, there are the cases! The lids are off, I am glad to see. There will be nothing to do but examine their contents. You go first, Huneybell. The steps are slippery. One might easily have a very nasty fall."

All the time, relentless as the hand of fate, the fingers of Mr. Thomas Ryde had gently propelled his companion to the very extremity of that square black hole, the trap door already fastened back—the hole which opened down into the cellars. At their feet was a straight, almost perpendicular staircase of wrought iron, and at the bottom a stone floor.

"Mr. Ryde!" Huneybell gasped. "You're right. I've been drinking. I'm giddy. I can't go down there. I'm ill. Come back to the office. I—I have something to tell you."

Thomas Ryde's eyes glittered for a moment behind his spectacles. Huneybell felt a grasp like an iron hook upon his collar, a hand like the hand of fate pressing into his ribs.

"You see, Huneybell," Thomas Ryde pointed out, and even then he neither raised nor lowered his voice, nor was there in it any trace of animosity, "the squealer, the traitor always meets with his deserts."

There was little sign of effort on Thomas Ryde's part; only one muffled, despairing cry from his victim. Down into the black chaos below, clutching vainly at the air, head foremost, Andrew Huneybell went crashing and tumbling into space. There was a dull thud. Thomas Ryde peered downward. Upon the floor was a dark, quivering mass. He drew away and listened. Upstairs all was silent.

"Huneybell!" he cried out.

There was no response, not even a groan audible at that distance, not even the sob of a flickering breath. Thomas Ryde listened once more. There was no sound upstairs. Very carefully, for the iron steps were indeed slippery, he descended into the cellar, and turned on the electric light. An ordinary man would have shrunk with horror from what he saw.

Not so, Mr. Thomas Ryde. He felt the pulse of the prostrate figure, turned it over slightly and felt the heart. The creeping, deadly pallor for which he had hoped was apparent, but there was still life. He looked around searchingly, and lifted a slat from the lid of one of the cases. Then he stooped down once more and felt carefully round the back of the neck of the limp figure. He found the exact spot, balanced the slat in his hand, and struck. Not a groan. Just one little outlet of breath, scarcely a sob. Mr. Thomas Ryde stood up with the air of one who has accomplished a good task.

Even then, he left nothing to chance. He turned the head a little, leaving the slat of wood exactly in its original position. Then he thrust his hand into the pocket of the dead man, took out a small leather case and slipped it up his own sleeve. With a final glance around, he ascended the stairs and made his deliberate way through the second warehouse into the first. It was obvious that no one had entered and, as soon as he was assured of the fact, he went to a desk in a rough office which Huneybell had used for booking up his orders. He pushed open the lid, drew out a bottle of whisky which he had placed there an hour or so previously, poured some upon the floor, emptied some in the desk, and, taking a glass from a deal toilet stand, first filled it with liquor, and then dashed it upon the floor. From there, he made his way to his own office. There were still no signs of disturbance of any sort. He carefully washed his hands, and afterward went through his cautiously staged program. He replaced his duster upon the peg, brushed his black coat and put it on. Then he went out into the warehouse.

"Huneybell!" he summoned. There was no reply. "Huneybell!" he called, a little louder.

Still no reply. Thomas Ryde permitted himself a slight frown. Then he walked from the first to the second warehouse and peered down into the cellar.

(Continued on Page 82)

If you live In a CEMENT *or* STUCCO *house*

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FIRST: The remarkable material of which your home is built has one drawback: *a porous surface.*

SECOND: Unprotected, that surface absorbs moisture—and dirt. Structural damage on the one hand, loss of your home's fresh beauty on the other.

THIRD: There is one paint in America that actually *beautifies* concrete surfaces as definitely as it *protects* them. It is called Bay State Brick and Cement Coating.

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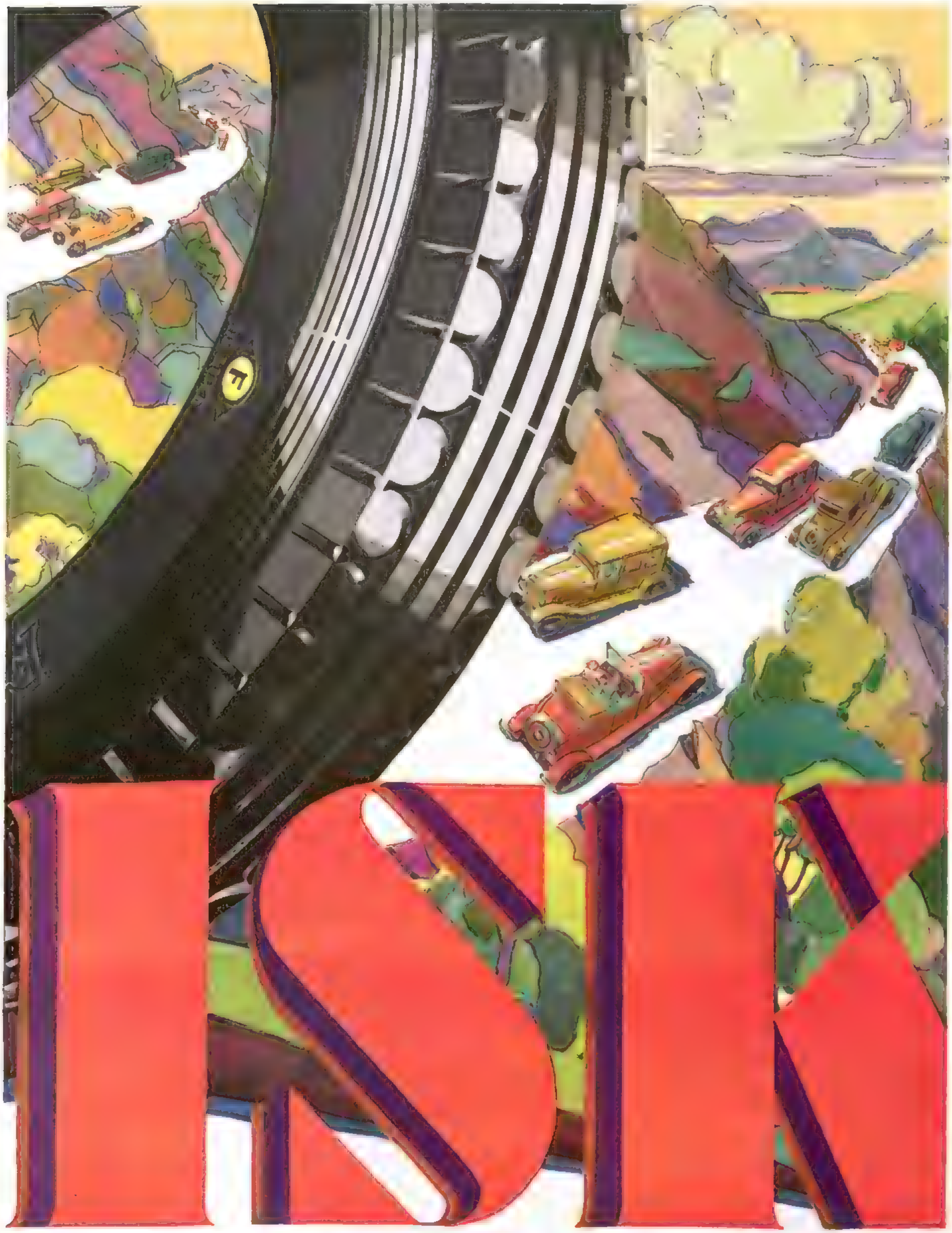

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(Continued from Page 78)

"Are you there, Huneybell?"

Still the same cold silence, which, so far as Huneybell was concerned, would last through all eternity. Thomas Ryde descended a few steps of the ladder and turned on the electric light, which he had switched off on leaving the cellar. The body of Huneybell lay there in distorted and grotesque fashion—a hideous, nerve-shattering sight. He turned his back upon it and hurried to his office.

"Dear, dear me!" he repeated to himself twice. "Terrible! Terrible!"

He sat down at the telephone and demanded the nearest police station. A gruff voice answered him almost immediately.

"Constable," he recounted, "this is No. , Thugwell Row, speaking, the office of Simon & Co., importers of yarn. I fear that a very bad accident has happened here. My town traveler has fallen into the cellar, and I am afraid he's dead. Will you send a police doctor and an ambulance, and come yourself at once?"

"I'll be round directly."

Thomas Ryde reflected as he hung up the receiver. No, there was nothing else he could think of. He slipped down from his sleeve the letter case and gazed with very bright eyes from behind his spectacles at its compromising contents. Then he did what seemed, for a man of careful habits, a strange thing. An ordinary scrap of torn paper he transferred methodically to his own pocketbook. The case itself he took out to the rude little desk and placed under the lid. The three hundred and eighty pounds in bank notes, without even a sigh of regret, he deposited in the middle of the fire which was burning in his office grate.

With sixteen hundred pounds neatly packed in an envelope by his side, Dutley calmly waited in his study from one o'clock until a quarter to two. He had luncheon in seclusion and still waited. There was no sign whatever of Mr. Huneybell. It was a feeling of very definite uneasiness which made him at last ring for an early edition of the evening papers. Almost the first paragraph he saw told him the truth:

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN A CITY WAREHOUSE

A town traveler, named Andrew Huneybell, employed by the firm of Simon & Co., Yarn Importers, of Thugwell Row, was today discovered lying dead in the cellar of the establishment. He appears to have slipped from the top of a flight of iron stairs and broken his neck in the fall. The body has been removed to the mortuary, and an inquest will be held tomorrow or Friday. The deceased leaves a widow.

Dutley threw down the paper. A queer feeling of remorse completely obliterated all sense of his own disappointment. Then he suddenly remembered. It was Huneybell himself who had taken the fatal plunge. He had been a doomed man from the moment when, of his own accord, he had rapped at the panels of the little house in Greenwall Avenue. Dutley rang the bell.

"Burdett," he announced, as the man appeared, "we stay here tonight. Back to Greenwall Avenue tomorrow. Let Wolf know."

"Very good, My Lord."

"What have you got on your salver?"

"A note from Miss Bessiter, My Lord."

Dutley took the letter and tore open the envelope. He read the few lines with a curious mixture of feelings:

My dear Charles: It's no good. You've been away too long. You're rather a dear, but I've lost hold, and of course you know that I don't approve of you at all. Let's call it off. I have an idea that you won't mind very much.

Affectionately, LUCILLE.

"The boy says that there was no answer required, My Lord," Burdett ventured, on the threshold.

"There is no answer," Dutley repeated.

XX

THERE were all sorts of emotions in Grace's face as she sprang to her feet to receive her unexpected visitor. Her pleasure was obvious. It amounted almost to delight. With it was blended, however, a sort of tender disapproval. She might have been the little mother welcoming back the truant child, full of relief, yet a trifle hurt.

"You amazing person!" she exclaimed as he took both her hands. "Why do you behave in this mysterious fashion? Have you been for your expedition and got back again? Fancy disappearing altogether for nearly a fortnight, and then walking in as though nothing had happened!"

"I've been jolly busy, I can assure you," he protested, sinking onto the sofa by her side. "I've been to the other end of the world. What about your father?"

"He turned up the day after I saw you last," Grace confided. "The reason he didn't go to his regular hotel was simple enough after all. He was so tormented with messages and callers the last time he was up that he decided to go somewhere else where he wasn't known."

"Don't blame him," Dutley observed. "That was one reason I cleared out. They couldn't even leave me alone."

"Poor Charles! Not that I really pity you in the least."

"And where is this elusive parent of yours now?"

"He came up from Leeds this afternoon to meet Mr. Watherspoon and Mr. Stephenson. They're going to have a meeting of the directors and draw up some sort of statement for the public. You mustn't go away again till you've signed it, Charles."

"I'm afraid my signature won't carry much weight anywhere," he sighed.

She shook her head sadly.

"I hate hearing you say that, Charles. This is really a terrible crisis in your affairs—in all our affairs. I do think you ought to take it a little more seriously."

"My dear," Dutley asked, "do I look as though I were meant to be a serious person?"

"That's all very well," she protested, "but you must have some sort of brains or courage or something, or you couldn't organize and carry out these expeditions so successfully. The Thorolds asked me to dinner last night, and Sir Edward was talking quite a great deal about you. He was really very impressive. He told me that on two occasions when there had been trouble with some of the tribes out in West Africa, the government had given you special powers, and you had succeeded in settling matters up where the ordinary officials had failed. If you could do that sort of thing and never open your mouth about it, why can't you devote a little more of your time and thought to helping yourself and all of us over here?"

Dutley looked pensively into her softly appealing eyes and his hand rested for a moment upon hers. Grace drew it quickly away.

"This isn't a petting party, Charles," she reproved him. "Have you been to see Lucille since you came back this time?"

"Lucille?" he repeated. "Why, didn't I tell you? Didn't you know that Lucille had chucked me?"

"Lucille had what?"

"Chucked me. Isn't going to marry me. Orange blossoms and St. George's all off! She's afraid she'll have to support me. Quite right of her, too, especially as she's got a young millionaire in tow, or thinks she has. Didn't you gather that I'd come round here for consolation, and not for a scolding?"

"You'll find consolation easily enough," she assured him, "and I think you're telling me about Lucille just now to get away from what I wanted to say to you."

"Well, come along, and let's have it out," he challenged. "What do you suggest that I should do? You know, or ought to know, just about what sort of aptitude I have for business. What could I do that your father couldn't do better?"

"Father's too old for adventures. You might at any rate make an attempt to find the stolen formula."

He tapped a cigarette upon the table and looked at it thoughtfully.

"That's an idea," he acknowledged. "What shall I do about it? Put an advertisement in the morning papers and offer a reward?"

"Don't be silly, Charles," she begged. "You know perfectly well that wouldn't be any good. You'd have to be far more subtle."

"I suppose I should," he mused. "I'll send out for a whole library of detective stories and see if I can acquire the sleuth instinct."

"Well, even that would be better than another expedition," she declared. "It's this absolutely doing nothing which seems to me so terrible. After all, you have some responsibility, you know. It's practically your business that's going to ruin. They are your workpeople who are being discharged every day. Even the newspapers are beginning to hint that it's time they heard from you. These adventures in strange countries and the shooting of wild animals are all very well in their way, but the greatest adventure which could ever come to you in life would be if you could find the formula and set the business on its legs again. What a hero you would be in Marlingthorpe!"

Dutley rose to his feet, walked to the window and returned. He was in a restless frame of mind. The vague look had come back into his blue eyes.

Grace sighed as she watched him. He had seemed somehow different on his first appearance. Already hope was slipping from her.

"Grace," he reminded her, "this dingy hole in which you are living is, after all, a hotel, and from what I remember of the service, a touch upon the bell there will produce the prompt attendance of an excellent waiter. May I?"

"Sorry, Charles," she apologized as he leaned over and pushed the button. "I'm afraid I'm very inhospitable, but then you don't often take anything till just before dinner, do you?"

"This evening," he explained, "is an exception to all rules. You have put an idea into my head. I feel that I could deal adequately with a Martini cocktail."

A waiter entered and she gave the order.

"Have you seen your father since he came up today?"

She shook her head. "He just telephoned. He's down in the City attending a company meeting with the Baron de Breat. How I hate that young man!"

"Your hatred can be nothing to my loathing," Dutley groaned. "He is my supplanter. Lucille actually believes that she is going to marry him and his millions."

"Well," Grace remarked, "I suppose he has brains."

"Don't keep harping upon brains," Dutley begged, for him a little irritably. "I believe you think I'm a perfect idiot. I may astonish you sometime, young lady."

"When you find the formula, yes," she laughed. "Here's father. I should know his tread in the corridor anywhere."

Sir Matthew entered the room. He greeted Dutley with an exclamation of satisfied surprise.

"I was beginning to think you'd sneaked off the map," he declared. "I rang you up repeatedly at your house, and got the usual reply: 'Away, and left no address.'"

"Well, why should I be bothered to death by people I can't do anything for?" Dutley expostulated. "They drove me crazy the few days I was in Curley Street."

"The public have a right to hear from us," Sir Matthew said. "The only thing is, of course, that you are the wrong person to go to for information. The time has arrived, though, when we must face the thing. That's why I've come up to meet Watherspoon and Stephenson. We shall have to issue a statement. Lucky you're here to sign it, my lad. It will save a lot of back chat."

"What sort of a statement can we issue?" Dutley asked. "Are we going to tell the whole world we can't make the stuff any longer?"

(Continued on Page 84)

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG.

Cars That Stay Young

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	×	×	×		×
Cadillac	All	×	×		×	×
Chrysler	De Soto	×	×	×		×
	Plymouth	×	×	×		×
	65 & 75	×	×	×	..	×
	Imperial	×				×
Cunningham	All	×	×	×		×
Dodge	All	×	×	...	...	×
Durant	40, 60, 66	×	×	×	...	×
	20	×	×	×	...	×
Flear	75	×	×	×	...	×
	95 96, 120	×	×			×
Ford	All	×		×	×	×
Franklin	All	×	×	×	×	×
Gardner	All	×	×	×		×
Graham Page	612	×	×	×	×	×
	615	×	×	...	...	×
	621 827 837	×	×	...	×	×
Hudson and Essex	All	×	×	×	...	×
Hupmobile	Century 6	×	×	×	×	×
	Century 8	×	×	×	×	×
Jordan	All	×	×	×		×
Kissel	75 & 95	×	×	×		×
	126	×	×	×	×	×

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Kleiber		×	×	×		×
LaSalle	All					×
Lincoln	All	×	×	×	×	×
Locomobile	86 & 88	×	×			×
Marmon	68	×				×
	78		×			×
	Roosevelt	×	×	×		×
McFarlan	All	×	×	×	...	×
Moon	All	×	×	×	...	×
Nash	Std 6	×	×	×	...	×
———	All	×				×
Peerless	All	×	×	×		×
Pierce Arrow	All	×	×		×	×
Rco Flying Cloud	The Master	×	×		×	×
	The Mate	×	×	..	..	×
Roamer		×	×	×	...	×
Stearns-Knight	6-80	×	...	..	×	×
	8-90	×	×	×	×	×
Studebaker and Erskine	All	×	×	×	×	×
Stutz	All	×	×	×		×
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	×	×	×	×	×

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☐ Riverside ☐ Ventura

Name_____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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"We certainly shan't go so far as that," Sir Matthew declared—"not if I have anything to say to it."

A waiter appeared with the cocktails and the evening paper, which Dutley promptly unfolded.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Things are looking brighter. 'Rally in Boothroyd's.' Sir Matthew, we're up two points. Closed at fifty-four yesterday and fifty-six today."

Sir Matthew, who was at the sideboard, mixing himself a whisky and soda, turned around with an exclamation of surprise. He looked over Dutley's shoulder.

"Rallied two points on persistent buying," he repeated. "Now, who the devil can be buying Boothroyd's, and what do they know about it?"

"A sporting effort anyway," Dutley remarked.

Sir Matthew stared at the paper, frowning. "I'm hanged if I can understand it," he muttered.

"A stock-exchange rig, eh?" Dutley suggested.

Sir Matthew shook his head.

"Who in the name of common sense," he demanded, "can be buying Boothroyd's when they've dropped every day for many weeks. There's something queer behind this. How many have you sold of yours, Charles?" he asked, turning toward him abruptly.

"Not a share," was the prompt reply. "I told you I shouldn't."

Grace smiled approvingly across at him. "I think that's fine of you, Charles," she murmured.

Sir Matthew grunted. "It will do us good with the public, at any rate," he observed. "All the same, holding your shares may have steadied the market, but it couldn't account for a rise."

Dutley drank half his Martini and toyed with the glass.

"How large a buying order would affect the market to any extent?" he asked.

"Oh, five or ten thousand pounds," Sir Matthew replied. "But who on earth would be likely to give a buying order for Boothroyd's today, and what information could they be doing it on?"

"Your friend Baron de Brest, perhaps," Dutley suggested. "They say that he goes in for some quaint deals."

Sir Matthew dropped the paper. The hand which held his tumbler was shaking so that a portion of his whisky and soda was spilled. He set the glass down. His face was very grim.

"What do you know about De Brest?" he demanded.

"Quite as much as I want to," Dutley rejoined, "and that's very little."

"But why should you think that he, of all people in the world, should be buying Boothroyd's just now?" Sir Matthew persisted.

"Because I'm a congenital idiot for one thing, I suppose," Dutley confessed. "By the bye, we haven't told you the news yet. Grace has been talking to me seriously, been preaching a sort of holy war. We're going out together to look for the formula."

Sir Matthew finished his whisky and soda. After all, it was Dutley talking!

"And what makes you think," he asked sarcastically, "that you can succeed where everyone else has failed?"

"Confidence," Dutley affirmed. "That's the way I blunder through my expeditions. Don't believe in danger and don't be afraid to use your imagination. Everyone else is still hunting for clews. Grace and I don't believe in clews. We're going to pick out certain people and we're going for them. I may get my head broken, of course, and Grace may end in a prison reformatory, but we shall have made our little effort. In the meantime, if you can spare Grace, I should like to take her out to dinner—some quiet place where we can discuss our plans."

Sir Matthew strolled over to the hearthrug and lit a pipe in leisurely fashion.

"Take her along certainly," he assented, "but you'd much better go to a theater afterward, and not go looking about for trouble. The gang who've got hold of our formula, and who have managed to keep Scotland Yard at bay so far, aren't likely to stand any nonsense from a couple of children like you."

"We're not afraid of danger," Grace announced loftily.

"We shall, in fact, court it," Dutley added.

There was a low growl of anger from Sir Matthew, who had picked up the paper again.

"What is it, father?" Grace asked.

Sir Matthew read aloud, and there was an indescribable bitterness in his tone:

"Glenalton shares were a firm market, advancing one and a half to two points on the continued rumors of the company's acquisition of large premises near Manchester for the manufacture of artificial silk.

"Boothroyd's rallied two points, but no contradiction has yet been received of the very definite statements which are freely made as to the company's heavy losses during the last few months. Sir Matthew Parkinson, the managing director of the company, who is in London, declines to be interviewed, but announces that a statement will shortly be issued by the directors. Lord Dutley, the chairman and nominal head of the firm, is reported to have started for a big-game expedition within the last fortnight."

Sir Matthew threw down the paper and picked up his hat. The expression on his face, as he left the room after a brief farewell to Grace and Dutley, might have suggested that he, too, was about to embark upon some sort of expedition of a punitive nature.

XXI

DUTLEY sighed as he glanced toward the entrance of the club restaurant.

"Our luck's out, Grace," he remarked. "Having chosen Ciro's, in preference to any other place, so that we might have a quiet talk, look what's happened to us."

Grace laid down the menu which she had been studying, and glanced across toward the threshold of the dining room.

"My dear Charles, I'm so sorry," she exclaimed. "I'm afraid this means more trouble for you. I ought not to have let you bring me here alone."

He scrutinized the three figures standing in the doorway—Lucille, very beautiful in a plain black dress of characteristic elegance, little color on her face, but brilliantly red lips, her hair smooth and glossy, her eyes languorous, but alert enough at that moment; Ronnie Bessiter, good-looking and well-groomed; De Brest, as immaculate as the tailor's art and his valet's aid could make him, a foreign ribbon in his buttonhole, his tie the latest model affected by the young bloods of the moment. They were a good-looking trio, and they were ushered to their selected table with much éclat.

"What does it matter, old dear?" Dutley asked. "I told you this afternoon that it was all over between Lucille and me."

"Yes, but that might only have been a quarrel," Grace protested. "You might have made it up in no time. I do hope this won't make it more difficult."

Dutley became convincing. "Grace," he said, "I have been very fond of Lucille—I am still very fond of her—but she isn't the same girl that she was this time last year, and I regret very much to say that I don't feel the same way about her."

"Charles, are you sure?"

"Honest Injun! I am a commonplace young man, and there are some things which don't appeal to me. By this time in the evening Lucille has smoked so many cigarettes and drunk so many cocktails that indigestion with her has become a habit. You will see for yourself, if you watch, that she will take up that menu with a shiver. The thought of honest food will revolt her. She will complain that there is nothing there fit to eat, and finally order some highly seasoned mess while the others go on their own. As to wine, she will probably declare that the first bottle of champagne is corked and the second too sweet.

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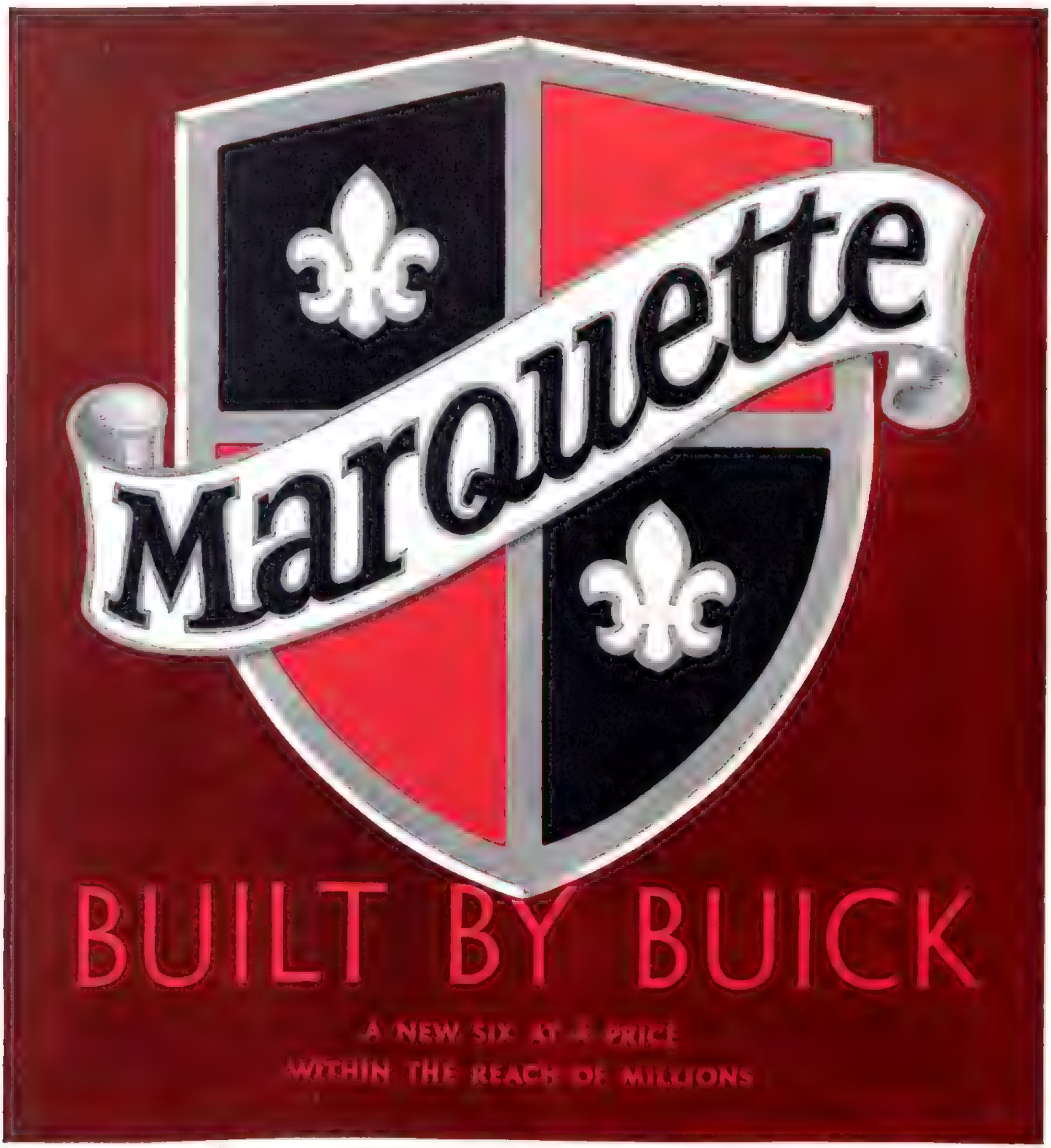

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(Continued from Page 84)

She will send for a cocktail to take the taste out of her mouth, and then perhaps not touch her champagne till dinner is nearly over. It's a pity about Lucille, but she's a difficult companion. Now you, on the contrary—we had one cocktail at home and one here. You never smoke till after dinner. You ate every mouthful of your grilled sole and you made that poor little partridge look ridiculous. What you're going to do to this salad I don't yet know, but I hope for the best."

Grace, once more at her ease, laughed happily.

Dutley, looking into her eyes—which were really very beautiful eyes indeed - was amazed at her attractiveness. She, too, was wearing black and, although her figure had not the svelte elegance of Lucille's, there were indications that she owed less to the dressmaker's art.

"What a dear you are, Charles!" she exclaimed. "You have made me feel quite contented again. When are we going to begin discussing our plans?"

"I rather thought that it was the person with brains who took the initiative," he suggested.

"Not at all; it is the partner with enterprise," she insisted. "My brain will fashion a plan out of your enterprise."

Dutley toyed with his salad thoughtfully. If only he dared! Then he caught her eyes watching him, and the position seemed to become more and more difficult. Half confidences would be useless. Supposing he told her everything! She would have the choice then of believing in him or her father. He knew her loyalty, and the risk seemed to him to be too great.

"Before we get going," he begged, "can I make one stipulation? Anything that we may discover, any inspiration that may occur to you, any confidence which I may make, is our joint concern, and ours only. Not one single exception to that. Do you follow me?"

"You're being awfully mysterious," she said. "You know I'm not a chatterbox though. You don't include father in that, I suppose?"

"I do, indeed," Dutley insisted. "I include everybody. I include your father, for one reason, because he is friendly with the young man whom I dislike and distrust."

She reflected for a moment. "Very well. I agree."

"Capital! Now we can get to work. In this business of ours I propose that we commence by being intensely modern. You know the new method of crime detection, of course?"

"I know nothing."

"You work backward," he pointed out. "You speculate, and you arrive at a hypothetical conclusion. You treat that as being a real conclusion, and you work backward from it. If it's all right, you're home. If it's wrong, you go back to the beginning and start again on another tack, provided you haven't had your head broken or aren't in prison."

"My dear," she cried, "this is beyond me! I resign my pretensions to equality. I must be your humble follower. I haven't any gifts of initiation like this."

"Don't be silly," he admonished her. "You haven't tried. You'll find it quite interesting. We'll take our own case. Either five or six men are in possession of a document of priceless value, but upon which, mark you, they cannot realize at a moment's notice. I don't suppose they trust one another any more than thieves generally do. What would they do with the document?"

Grace considered the question carefully. "Hide it," she suggested.

"Not good," he disapproved. "They would all have to know where it was hidden, and they would be none the better off. Try again."

"Put it in a place which they all knew about, but which they could only get at together," she ventured, after a somewhat prolonged pause.

He smiled benevolently. "You're getting very warm indeed," he assured her. "Now, what sort of a place would that be?"

"I wonder," she mused.

There was a brief silence.

"What about a safe-deposit establishment?"

She patted his hand. "Clever Charles!"

"Well, I don't know," he said modestly. "It comes to you, if you think long enough. Having guessed thus far, the question arises which safe-deposit company? There's the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, but, on the other hand, there's this marvelous new American concern, where every safe is insured for a large sum against either burglary or fire. Chambers of steel, they say; absolutely impenetrable."

"I've read about it," Grace admitted a little doubtfully, "but after all, of course, this is simply guesswork, isn't it? They may just have deposited the formula in the vaults of a bank."

"They may," Dutley acknowledged, "but in this case I don't think they have. I took a risk on the new place—I'll be honest—simply because I had seen an old employe of the works in the same street. I hiked over a lot of fusty deeds that were hanging about in Curley Street, took a safe there, and made friends with the manager—charming fellow, with the aristocratic name of Hogg. I got chatty with him, and I asked him what he would do if five or six people wanted to deposit jointly an enormously valuable deed or casket of jewelry in one of his safes. You know, Grace, they say 'fools for luck,' don't they? I suppose that's where I come in. I got a bull's-eye first time. 'Queer thing you should ask that,' he said. 'I had five gentlemen in all together the other day. They wanted to deposit a very valuable document, and they wanted to do it so that not one of them could get it without the others.' . . .

"Do you know what their idea was? They carried it out too."

"Do tell it to me," she begged.

Dutley glanced around. Their table was in a retired corner and there was no chance of his being overheard.

"They had the ordinary stamped and numbered receipt," he confided, "made out in all their names. It was then cut into six pieces. Each took a section, and one over for a man who wasn't there. When the contents of the safe are claimed, each fragment must be produced. Gummed together, you see, the receipt will then be in order."

"What a fantastic idea!" she exclaimed. "Who on earth thought of it?"

He paused while some newcomers passed their table.

"I will tell you who thought of it," he replied as soon as they were safely out of earshot—"the brains of the burglars who stole the formula from the safe at Marlingthorpe. That's where the formula is, or was—deposited in Queen Victoria Street—and all we need to get it are six scraps of paper."

She drew back and looked at him in astonishment.

"But, Charles," she exclaimed, "you've been working at this by yourself!"

"Of course I have. I'm a bit of a slacker, I know, but I never had any idea of going abroad. My expedition took me just as far as Highgate."

Her face was all aglow, her eyes shining with happiness.

"You dear, dear Charles!" she cried. "You can't think how happy this makes me. But listen," she went on, clutching his arm eagerly, "knowing as much as you do, why can't you go straight to Scotland Yard?"

"That's just where we fall down," he confided. "Don't you see the point? The formula is worth millions to us. It represents our very existence. To the police it means nothing. What they want are the men. The possession of the formula is the strongest proof of their guilt. Don't you see that they'd destroy it if necessary, the moment they had the slightest suspicion of the police moving? And they're watching—watching all the time—as I found out the other night. I've been to Scotland Yard. I've talked to the inspector who had the case in hand. We understand each other perfectly, but he's too honest a fellow not to admit that it's the men they'd go for all the time, and if I were to help them with a hint, our formula would go phut."

A slow, drawling voice, lazy but melodious, startled them. They looked up. Lucille was standing by Dutley's chair. He rose at once to his feet.

"What on earth are you two talking about?" she asked curiously. "I have never seen such interest in my life. I call it positively indecent of you, Charles, to be dining out at all in public. You ought to be mourning in sackcloth and ashes at home. May I sit down for a moment? It may be good for your figure, but it looks so uncomfortable, Charles, to see you standing."

She sank into the chair which a waiter had brought.

"Confess," she continued. "You're trying to rob me of my young man, aren't you, Grace?"

"Is he your young man any longer?"

Lucille shrugged her shoulders. "He has been sentenced," she admitted, "but he still has the right of appeal. However, I didn't come over here to vent my jealousy upon either of you. I have come upon a business mission."

"A pleasant one, I hope."

"A stockbroker's daughter ought to think so. It certainly sounds like a good deal. Boothroyd's today, Ronnie tells me, are fifty-six."

"I'm afraid that's somewhere about the figure," Dutley acquiesced. "They went up two points today, and they'll probably go up another two tomorrow."

"I don't know anything about that," Lucille admitted. "All that I do know is that the baron wants to buy some from you. He wants them for one of the foreign markets, so you can just hand over the shares and take the check. He wants five thousand, and instead of fifty-six, which is today's price, he is willing to give you sixty for them."

"What a philanthropist!" Dutley exclaimed.

"I suppose he's what they call 'short,'" Lucille murmured. "Seems odd to think of his getting caught, though. Everyone says that he's such a brilliant speculator."

"I take off my hat to him as an opportunist anyway," Dutley remarked bitterly. "He hasn't lost time in making use of you."

"Oh, I like it," she replied, with a flash of anger in her dark eyes. "What about it, Charles? It seems to me it ought to be a good thing for you."

"Unfortunately," he regretted, "I have promised that I would not sell any of my Boothroyd shares."

"Promised whom?"

"Myself."

She nodded. "So Ronnie told me. What a Quixote! You could have sold half your holding at seventy, or something like that, and here you are landed with all of them at fifty-six, and likely to go lower, I understand."

"Well, we all have our funny little ways," Dutley remarked. "My compliments to De Brest, and my reply is: 'Nothing doing.'"

Lucille looked at him earnestly: "You won't even sell five thousand?"

"No."

"Not even if I ask you to?"

Her long, exquisitely manicured fingers rested upon his hand.

"Do you think that this is in the best of taste, Lucille?" he asked with mock peevishness. "You mustn't try to vamp me in front of Grace. We are spending a very pleasant evening and getting on together very well."

"Don't be silly," she interrupted. "Grace doesn't mind. I am asking you a favor, Charles."

"You are not," he rejoined. "That fellow De Brest is asking a favor through you. Now, it's very bad luck, but I dislike De Brest. Sooner than sell him any of my nice shares, I would bequeath them to a home for stray cats or anything. Besides, it would be an utterly illogical action. I would rather buy Boothroyd's than sell them."

Lucille rose to her feet. "Charles," she declared, "I never had any idea that you could be so obstinate."

There was the faintest possible twinkle of humor in his eyes as he looked across at her.

"Sometimes I think," he said, "that you have never really properly understood me, or you couldn't have preferred that fellow De Brest. May I take you back?"

She waved him away and crossed the room alone, holding her wrap around her, a slim fragment of perfection, the last word in feminine modernity. Men watched her admiringly; women with the light of a greater compliment in their eyes—the light of envy.

"Why are you so obstinate about selling any of your shares, Charles?" Grace asked.

He lit a cigarette and leaned toward her.

"Well, it's rather like this, Grace," he explained: "I've got a bob or two outside the business, you know, and, although I haven't got the commercial mind, it does seem to me that it's rather a rotten show to scuttle out in front of the shareholders just because you know what's coming. If this breaks us, it breaks us, and I'll take what's left. Then, there's another reason," he went on. "I haven't much of a head for this sort of thing, but as far as I can see, you can speculate on the stock exchange in two ways: You can buy shares you don't mean to pay for, and when settling day comes you pay your broker the difference if the shares are down, and he pays you the difference if they're up. Then there's another way: You can sell shares you haven't got, and the same thing goes on. The catch this way is that the johnnies you sell them to might demand the shares in place of the difference, and then you'd be up a tree. Of course, as a rule, the jobbers see to it that they don't accept a deal unless they're pretty certain of being able to lay their hands on the shares, so there isn't much risk of trouble in England, but this fellow De Brest, I gather, besides being, as he calls himself, a banker, is mixed up with a lot of stockbroking and stockjobbing houses on the Continent, where the game isn't played quite the same way, and I've an idea that he's sold more of my shares than he can deliver. If so, the position might be made exceedingly awkward for him, and somehow or other heaven doesn't seem to point out to me that I'm the johnny to help him out of his scrape."

Grace leaned back in her chair and laughed. She laughed whole-heartedly and unrestrainedly, showing her flawless white teeth, the dimples on each side of her mouth deepening in curiously attractive fashion.

"Charles," she exclaimed delightedly, "as the family fool, I think you're a fraud! Aren't you just a little ill-natured, though?"

"Not a bit," he rejoined. "It's simply this: De Brest is a young man, brilliant perhaps, wealthy he may be, whom I thoroughly and heartily dislike and mistrust. I'd do anything to queer his pitch with a pal. If Lucille marries him, I know she'll be miserable. There's no dog-in-the-manger spirit about it, I can assure you. If De Brest vanished into thin air tomorrow, and Lucille came back to me, there'd be nothing doing, but —— Dash it all! Here comes Ronnie now."

The young man approached their table a little diffidently. He shook hands with Grace and turned to Dutley.

"I say, old man," he expostulated, "aren't you being a bit rough on Siggie de Brest?"

"It hadn't occurred to me. Take a chair, won't you? You'll be tired before you finish, if you've come on the same errand as Lucille."

"Oh, I'm not going to argue with you," Ronnie assured him. "You fellows who are

(Continued on Page 91)

An 80% Cut *in* Motor Car REPAIR Bills

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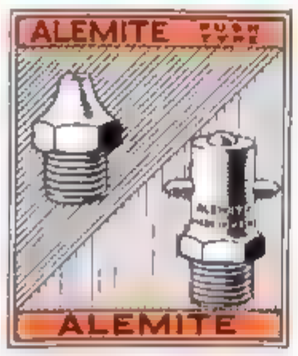

Over 95% of the cars selling today —including the new Ford— are equipped with either the Alemite or Alemite Push Type System. Both are equally efficient. In buying Alemite fittings be sure that the word "Alemite" is stamped on the body as shown above

Go to them for service. Ask to have your car Alemited. You will find, as thousands of motorists everywhere have found, that MOST REPAIR BILLS are avoidable. Find, too, squeakless riding, longer car life and far greater pleasure from your car.

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COME on, boys and girls—and you grown-ups too—let's follow the summer sun-track to mountain or beach, campfire or tennis court.

This summer let's fill each step with cool comfort. Let's get the most from each outdoor hour by cushioning our feet against the bumps and blisters of the games we'll play. Let's get the surest footing when trails are tough and beaches beckon. Let's get real high-speed shoes for high-speed sports.

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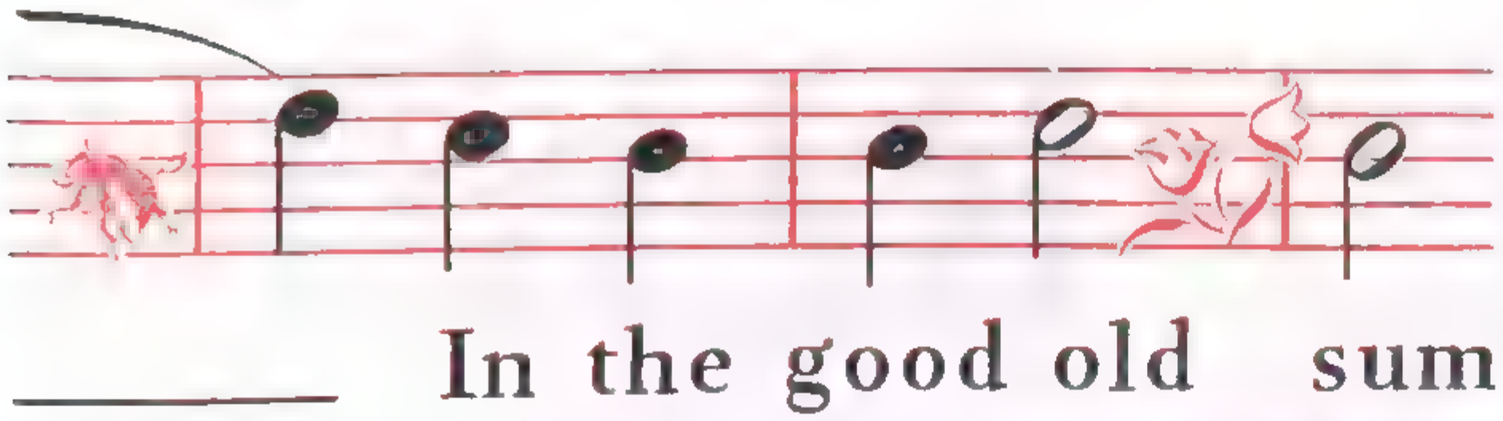
In the good old sum

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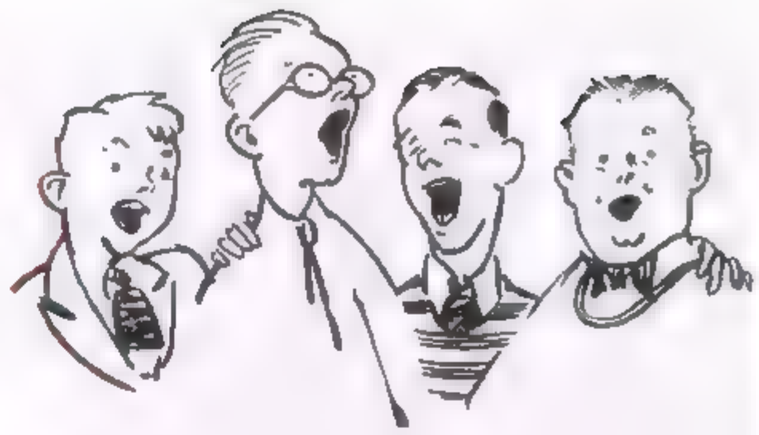

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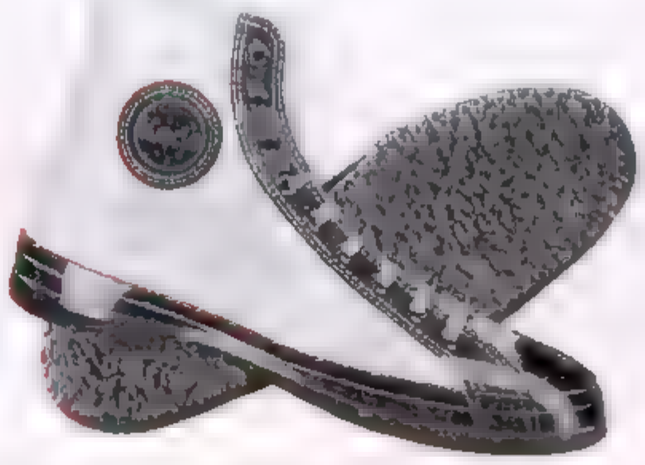

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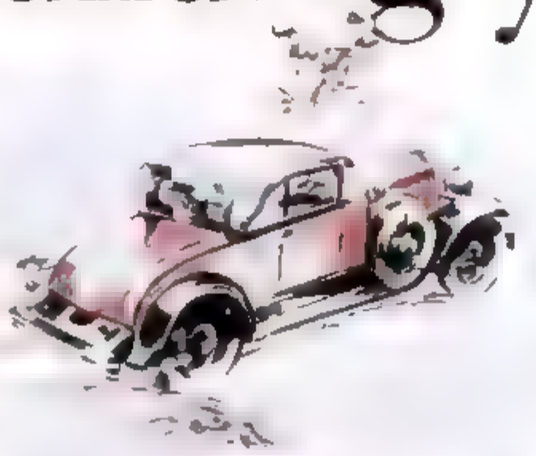

of these units. Ignition distributors and ignition coils are but two of the many automotive products Delco-Remy builds. They typify the high standards of manufacture which have made the name Delco-Remy on automotive equipment an assurance of quality, dependability, and long life.

DELCO-REMY CORPORATION, ANDERSON, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 86)

not very good at business are always so plaguy obstinate."

"How do you know Charles isn't good at business?" Grace interposed indignantly. "I used to think that, but I'm changing my mind."

"Oh, well, I've had plenty of opportunity of finding out," the young man confided. "Business isn't Dutley's line of country, and I'm sure I don't blame him. . . . Look here, Charles," he went on, leaning a little closer and producing a piece of folded paper from his waistcoat pocket, "Boothroyd's today are fifty-six, and would be a great deal lower, but the market's temporarily blocked in them. Some fool's put in a buying order which has set the jobbers squealing. Listen, though. The highest they touched this year was eighty. Here's a check for the amount. You've always been a pal of the family's, Charles. Fork out five thousand of your shares for Siggie, there's a good fellow."

Dutley took the check into his hands and looked at it. Then he tore it deliberately into pieces and filled the young man's hands with them.

"Ronnie," he begged, "let this be the end of it, please. I refused Lucille, and that hurt a bit."

The young man looked disconsolately at the pieces of paper in his hand. They seemed pretty effectually to put an end to all argument.

"It isn't like you to refuse to help a fellow in difficulties," Ronnie remonstrated.

"There are fellows—and the Baron Sigismund de Brest," Dutley rejoined, with a little farewell nod.

Grace leaned across the table, a curious light in her eyes.

"I don't often see you in this mood, Charles," she wondered. "I only knew you really obstinate once before—when you were captaining the Yorkshire Gentlemen and wouldn't put Phil Saunders on to bowl because you doubted his action."

"The fellow threw," Dutley insisted. "There was no doubt about that. Every second or third ball you could see his wrist go almost out of sight behind his back. We wanted to win, but we didn't want to cheat."

"You did win after all, too," Grace remarked.

"And we're going to win again," he promised her.

Dinner drew toward a close. Dutley glanced at his watch.

"Care to dance?" he asked. "I'm suggesting it rather early because, as a matter of fact, I may have to clear out before very long."

"Love to, Charles," she answered, rising to her feet.

But there was to be no dance. A telephone boy, with a folded slip of paper, was already at the table.

Dutley glanced at the message and crumpled it up in his hand.

"I'm terribly sorry, Grace," he apologized. "I'll have to drop you at your hotel and get along to my expedition."

"As though it mattered," she murmured. "I feel so happy tonight that I don't think anything would matter."

He called for his bill. The orchestra was playing a most distracting waltz, but Grace, as she led the way from the restaurant, was deaf to its allure. The little party on the other side of the room watched them curiously.

"I never thought that Grace Parkinson was so pretty," Ronnie murmured admiringly.

Lucille stabbed out viciously upon a plate the cigarette which she had only half smoked, and lit another.

There was a queer, smoldering flame of anger in her beautiful eyes, but she remained silent.

As they waited for their car, the young lady from the telephone booth stretched out her hand and summoned the boy.

"For the Baron de Brest," she directed—"urgent."

XXII

AN HOUR later, Dutley, practically unrecognizable in his shabby clothes, his ill-cut overcoat and tweed cap, opened the front door of the house on Greenwall Avenue with a latchkey, turned on the electric light, pushed open a door, and stood in his shabbily furnished parlor, looking around him. There was no one there, no sound in the house. He lingered upon the threshold, listening for a moment. Then he made his way to the window and looked out through a chink in the curtain. There were no lights visible in The Towers, or any signs of life. He pressed the bell by the side of the fireplace. Almost at once there were footsteps in the passage. Dutley leaned forward.

"That you, Burdett?"

"Coming."

An utterly transformed Burdett presented himself. He was dressed in a soiled check suit; his flannel shirt, with collar attached, was not above suspicion; he did not in the least resemble the neatly attired gentleman's servant of Curley Street. Only his manner remained; its suave correctness in strange contrast to his appearance.

"What's wrong, Burdett?" Dutley asked calmly.

"Nothing that I know of. It's been a quiet day, on the whole."

Dutley drew a crumpled-up piece of paper from his pocket and straightened it out. He passed it across to Burdett.

"That your message?"

Burdett glanced at it and shook his head.

"I haven't telephoned you at all today. There's been no necessity."

Dutley's hand stole into his pocket. He took out his revolver, broke it, and examined the cartridges. Then he replaced it, listening all the time.

"Someone sent for me to come here, Burdett," he confided.

"If it's a trap, we shan't do so badly," was the sanguine reply. "Tim will be up presently, and one or two of the others. They wouldn't be reckoning on that."

Dutley pulled aside the curtains and looked steadily across the way. He opened the window softly. There was scarcely a sound except the roar of traffic from the main northern arteries.

"Well, there doesn't seem to be trouble about for the present," he remarked. "What's been doing?"

"Nothing much. Mr. Ryde spent the day at his office, came home by the usual bus, and was playing the gramophone over the fire the last time I heard of him. The baron slipped us for an hour in the City, but he was home to dress at the usual time. He called at Mr. Bessiter's house at eight o'clock, and he and the young lady and gentleman went on to Ciro's to dine. Mr. Hartley Wright was visiting film firms most of the day, but he called also on the Baron de Brest, and spent an hour with him before he dressed for dinner. Doctor Hisedale went straight from the Milan Court to his laboratory, and hasn't stirred. Tim's at Ciro's. He won't leave there till he's seen the baron back in his rooms."

Dutley became suddenly tense. His hearing, more acute than Burdett's, had informed him of those faint, hesitating footsteps in the back passage.

He listened to the creaking of the door. It opened inch by inch. With a little laugh, he replaced his revolver. It was Edward Wolf who made his tentative appearance. He glanced round the room anxiously.

"Nobody else here?" he asked hoarsely.

"Not a soul. How the devil did you get in?"

"Oh, I can always tickle that back-door key," Edward Wolf confided. "You want a bolt there, guv'nor. A baby could walk into this house."

"What are you up to here, anyway?" Dutley inquired, with a frown of annoyance. "Your job's in Curley Street."

"Nothing doing there tonight. There's a dance at the big house opposite, and there's a good score of bobbies hanging around, waiting for drinks and tips," Mr. Edward Wolf sneered. "There's nothing like a free blow out and a crowd of white-shirted johnnies to bring them into the air. They wouldn't hear a police whistle, however loudly you blew it, if an East End gang was at work, but they can always hear a kitchenmaid calling from the area."

"You don't seem to like policemen," Dutley observed.

"I 'ates them like poison, sir," Mr. Edward Wolf confessed, restraining himself at the last moment from spitting on the carpet. "They 'ates me too. I'm always so near being lagged, and I'm always a thought too clever for them."

"Well, what do you want up here?" Dutley asked. "Is there anything fresh?"

The little man jerked his head toward the window. "What do you know about him?"

"He's over there, spending a quiet evening with the gramophone."

Mr. Edward Wolf indulged in a faint and rather sickly grin.

"He ain't," he whispered, "or I shouldn't be here."

Dutley was instantly alert. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

There was a knock at the door. Burdett, who had temporarily disappeared, reëntered the room. He glanced at Wolf. Dutley nodded.

"All right, Burdett," he reassured him. "What is it?"

"Word from two of the lads separately," the man announced. "The messages came on the kitchen telephone so quick I hadn't time to get in here between. Doctor Hisedale left the laboratory half an hour ago. He sent off for a taxi, and the direction was St. Pancras. The baron, he had a telephone message at Ciro's, and he's left his party there. He dismissed his car and took a taxi. My lad says it cost him half a sovereign to get the address out of the commissionaire—No. —— Endale Street. That's near St. Pancras."

The tinkle of the telephone was heard again outside. Burdett hurried away. Mr. Edward Wolf nodded approvingly.

"Your lags ain't all stiff 'uns, mister," he declared. "He got that address right. Might have saved myself the trouble of coming."

Burdett made his hurried reappearance. "Mr. Hartley Wright has just left Bloomsbury, My Lord. He was going to bed when he was called on the telephone. He is going to No. —— Endale Street."

"What's this?" Edward Wolf suddenly cried, shrinking back.

The room seemed on fire—a red light everywhere. Dutley crept to the window.

"The red light!" he exclaimed. "That means safety. They're coming up here, then!"

Mr. Edward Wolf, from the recesses of the room, chuckled.

"I tell you what, guv'nor," he said, "I bet you a new hat—and I need one pretty badly—that that lamp's a bluff. Whoever lit it, it wasn't Thomas Ryde. I seed him with my own eyes step out of a taxi in Shaftesbury Avenue not an hour ago. If I'd been one of your bright lads I might have had the pluck to follow him—and got mine, perhaps, him being him and me being me. I hoofed it. You can judge for yourself whether I'm telling the truth, guv'nor. I wouldn't be within these four walls if Mr. Thomas Ryde was opposite. As soon as I knew it was safe up here, I nipped across to a telephone and sent you a message to come along."

"What do you want, now I'm here? What have you got to tell me?"

"Him you're after and the others, they're meeting at —— Endale Street at 11:30. Your lags have told you that, but there's something more. There's one of them ain't been told—on purpose. They don't want him. I couldn't get his name, but it was Matthew something."

"How did you find out all this?" Dutley asked curiously.

Mr. Edward Wolf chuckled. "There ain't anyone in this world, guv'nor," he said, "who gives away the secrets of their jobs. What's that?"

A limousine had stopped opposite. Dutley drew aside the curtains cautiously and peered out. From the light of a standard a little way up the street, he saw a familiar figure descend and ring the front-door bell of The Towers. He rang it once, twice, three times. At last someone appeared. There was a brief colloquy. The door was closed. Sir Matthew reëntered the limousine and drove away. Almost as he went, the red lamp shade disappeared. Dutley moved across the room, took up the telephone receiver and asked for the number of the hotel where Sir Matthew Parkinson was staying.

"Can you tell me if Sir Matthew Parkinson is in?" he asked. "Not at present? Please take down a message. Tell him that his friend would be glad to see him at —— Endale Street at 11:30 tonight. An important discussion. Got that? . . . Thank you."

Dutley rang off. He picked up his hat and overcoat.

"You sit right here, Burdett," he ordered. "I'm off to Endale Street."

"I'm not to come along, sir?" the man asked, a little wistfully.

Dutley shook his head. "If there's anything to do at all tonight," he said, "I fancy it's a one-man job."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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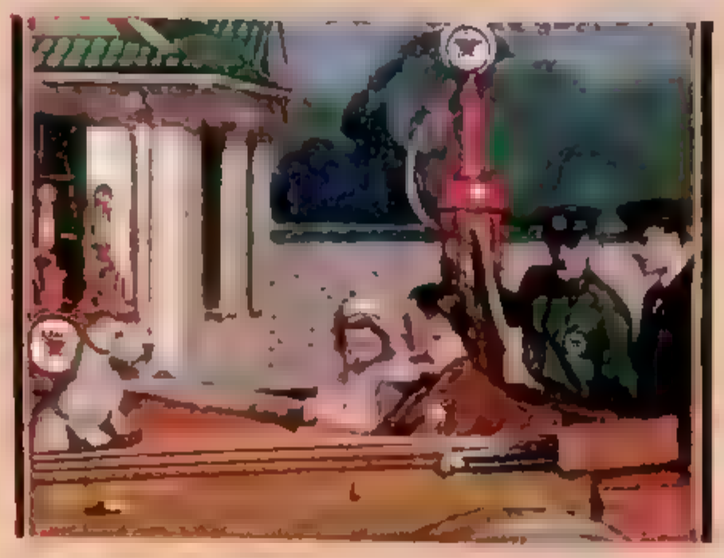

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CUNARD LINE

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THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

NOT THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS

(Continued from Page 21)

the way to a corner where there was a padded bench behind a table for two. They sat side by side. The girl produced a compact and a tiny mirror and a lipstick, and proceeded to repair her complexion. It gave the Duke a delicious feeling of intimacy to sit beside her and watch her. He had never sat beside a girl before while she rouged her lips. He had seen Norah do it. But Norah was an old, old friend, in whom he had no flirtatious interest.

The girl pulled her soft felt hat a little more over her left eye, put the mirror and the compact and the lipstick back in her bag, and got out a cigarette. The Duke lit her cigarette for her.

"There," she said, indicating her face with a gesture. "Is that better now?"

The Duke smiled happily back at her. He was charmed with her. "I thought it couldn't be improved," he said.

A slouchy waiter came toward them.

"I want gin and ginger ale," the girl said.

The Duke turned to the waiter. "One gin and ginger ale," he said, "and one plain ginger ale."

"What!" the girl cried. "You mean you aren't going to drink with me?"

"I hope you won't mind," the Duke said. "I never drink."

"Oh, but you must," she said. She turned to the waiter. "Make it two gins and ginger ales."

The Duke looked the waiter in the eye and shook his head firmly. The girl saw him. "Give him gin, too," she said.

The waiter now spoke. "We don't serve drinks here."

"Oh, yes, you do," the girl said.

"I never saw you before," the waiter protested.

"Then you haven't been here very long," the girl assured him. "Go and get Mamie and tell her I want to see her."

The waiter shambled off. "Mamie Taylor runs this place," the girl explained to the Duke. "You ought to know her. I'll introduce you. Then, whenever you want a drink in this neighborhood, you'll know where to get it."

"I'm awfully sorry," the Duke said, "but I really meant what I said. I don't drink."

The girl reached over and stroked the back of the Duke's hand. "But you're going to drink with me, aren't you? You wouldn't high-hat me, would you?"

The Duke was mercifully saved the necessity of answering this question by the approach of a large, red-headed woman with one of those loud, hoarse, metallic voices such as would inevitably set one's teeth on edge if they were not so friendly.

"Holloa, Kitty," the woman said.

"Holloa, Mamie," the girl replied. "What do you think of my boy friend? I don't know his name yet, but I like his looks. The only thing I've got against him is that he says he doesn't drink."

"No," Mamie said. And as she spoke she moved nearer to the girl, so that she could look at the Duke's face.

"I think he needs a drink," the girl continued.

The Duke looked up at Mamie. He wasn't quite sure whether she winked at him when she spoke.

She said, "One drink won't hurt you."

Mamie Taylor went back to the room into which the waiter had disappeared. The waiter came back almost immediately with two glasses containing a straw-colored liquid. He set one glass in front of the girl and the other in front of the Duke. The girl raised her glass. The Duke saw that it was up to him. They touched glasses. The girl drank and the Duke pretended to drink.

The girl set down her glass sharply. "You aren't drinking," she said

"Oh, but I am," the Duke replied, and drank half his glass. That first taste had revealed to him that the waiter had given him plain ginger ale.

"That's better," the girl said. "That's really sweet of you." She finished her drink. "Let's have another."

The Duke summoned the waiter and ordered two more of the same, and lit a cigarette to cover his embarrassment. He couldn't place the girl. She was wearing a quietly smart sport suit. She had an agreeable voice and pleasant, cultivated speech. He was sure she hadn't grown up in Ninth Avenue. But her familiarity with Mamie Taylor and her interest in drinking belied her youthfully innocent appearance.

"You're wondering who I am, aren't you?" she asked.

The Duke admitted that he was.

"Wouldn't it be more fun if we didn't tell each other who we are? Can't we meet like this and talk and part, and let it go at that?"

"Yes," the Duke said, "we can. But if you don't tell me who you are, I shan't see you again. I won't know where to look for you."

"You don't even know that you want to see me again."

"But I do know," the Duke said. "Don't you know that I want to see you again?"

"Yes," the girl said. "I believe you do. I believe you're awfully nice. You're so nice that I hate to ask you for another drink."

"Let's have some food instead," the Duke suggested. He glanced at the watch on his wrist. It was six o'clock. It was the moment when dinner was being served at the training camp. In another five minutes Jake would begin to rave. In ten minutes he would have the whole camp out looking for the Duke. But they wouldn't be likely to find him.

"Let's have one more drink first," the girl said.

They had a third drink, and then the Duke insisted on ordering dinner. He ordered oysters for her and all the other things he would have liked to eat. He religiously limited himself to lamb chops and spinach.

The girl toyed with her oysters while she drank a fourth drink. She took two bites of the chicken livers en brochette with luscious bits of bacon between them. She ignored her potatoes gaufrette and the artichoke with Hollandaise sauce while the Duke, who had eaten his two small lamb chops and his dish of spinach and was still hungry, looked on with wonder. How could anyone take such food so lightly? He was awfully tired of lamb chops. But he could have eaten a dozen of them just the same.

"Aren't you going to eat anything at all?" the Duke asked.

She shook her head. "No," she said. "I want a drink."

"But you've had four," the Duke protested.

"It isn't polite to count," the girl said. "It just isn't done."

The Duke signaled the waiter and ordered two more drinks.

When the waiter had gone he leaned toward her and said gravely, "Why do you do it?"

She didn't pretend she didn't know what he meant. "Because I'm unhappy," she said. "I'm so unhappy I could die. I drink to forget about it and be a little gay. I don't get any kick out of the first three or four. It takes about six."

The Duke saw that she was mistaken. Her four drinks had had their effect. Her mouth had lost its beautifully clear outline. Her eyes were losing their luster. He hated seeing her so. And yet he wasn't alienated. He wanted to help her.

"I wish you'd tell me why you are unhappy," he said.

"I almost believe I will," the girl said. "It's a silly thing to do. But I want to. I can't remember when I've really told anybody. Most of the people I know would laugh if I told them." She sipped her fifth drink thoughtfully. The Duke waited. She turned and faced him. "It's very simple," she said with a little rush; "it's just that I'm not respectable." She looked into his eyes. "Do you see?"

"But why not be respectable if you feel that way about it?" the Duke asked softly.

She looked at him a moment very steadily and then her eyes filled with tears. The next moment she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"It's t-t-too late," she sobbed.

The Duke was deeply moved. He did not know what to say to comfort her, so he sat there with his arm around her and held her close and said nothing. He was holding her so when Barney and Jake burst into the room.

Jake stood and stared at the Duke, and for once he was without many words. His face went gray, and for a moment the Duke thought Jake was going to cry too.

"Boy," Jake said—"boy, I wouldn't have never thought it of you." He looked at the glasses on the table. "How drunk are you? Tell me quick how many drinks you have had?"

"I haven't been drinking," the Duke said.

Mamie Taylor came rushing across the room. "He ain't drunk, Jake," she said. "He ain't had a thing but ginger ale."

"How much ginger ale?" Jake cried. "How many glasses of ginger ale has he had? Tell me quick before I begin cutting paper dolls! How many glasses ginger ale has that boy had?"

"Five or six," Mamie Taylor said.

"Six glasses!" Jake moaned. "Six glasses of ginger ale and he weighs in at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon! Six glasses when's supposed to be drying out!"

The girl got up, jerked her hat in place, picked up her gloves and her bag, as if for flight.

Jake turned on her furiously. "You better go!" he roared. He advanced on her and shook a heavy forefinger in her face. "You better go before I wring your neck! You better go before I call you what you are!"

The Duke jumped up and stood beside her. "That'll do, Jake. You can say anything you like to me, but you say another word to her and I'll crown you."

"You don't know her!" Jake shouted. "But I know her!" He turned on the girl again. "You go back and tell Harlem Tommy and that manager of his and the rest of them crooks that you ain't smart enough to frame my boy! You ain't good enough!"

"Jake," the Duke said furiously, "stop it! I won't have you talk that way to her!"

But the girl wasn't waiting to be defended. She was going. She ran for the door.

"C'mon, kid," Barney said. "Let's go."

Jake turned to Mamie Taylor. "I gotta thank you, Mamie, for calling me up and tipping me off where this boy was. Maybe some day I can do so much for you."

"That's all right, Jake," Mamie said. "You done a plenty for me in the old days. An' I don't think your boy is hurt a bit."

"He's full of ginger ale," Jake said. "He's full of ginger ale when he oughta be drying out. But as long as he ain't drunk we gotta count ourselves lucky."

"C'mon, Jake," Barney said. "Let's go."

Jake looked down at the table where the Duke and the girl had dined. "Boy," he said, "tell me quick what you had for supper. What did you eat?"

The Duke told him. "So," Jake said. "That is good. That is fine. It could 'a' been worse."

The three of them got into Jake's car and drove back to the camp in silence. Jake went into the room where the telephone was and shut the door. But he

(Continued on Page 99)

Quality Spreads the *Wings of Progress*

"The New Limiteds of the Air." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

—GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

In the great progress of transportation, by air and land, the quality of rubber plays an ever increasing part.

Quality is the silver chariot that progress rides in.

It is the basis for public confidence. A reputation for quality is a hard-earned asset. It must be proved and re-proved until people know its truth. The General Tire enjoys that acceptance because of its long association with top-quality in the public mind.

It is this, the feature of safety, which above all others has been responsible for General's outstanding preference among the millions who travel on rubber.

The Beacon Light of Top-Quality in rolling equipment becomes the unfailing guide to safety for the growing tens of thousands who travel by air. This feature of safety on the landing field is the final reminder of the security of modern transportation. The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The New **GENERAL** *Dual-Balloon* **8**

NEW IDEAS *at the* HOOSIER KITCHEN

Next week—May 11 to 18—begins a new era for women who desire a modern, colorful kitchen. Hoosier dealers everywhere are exhibiting in their stores modern kitchens and the newest and most up-to-date kitchen equipment.

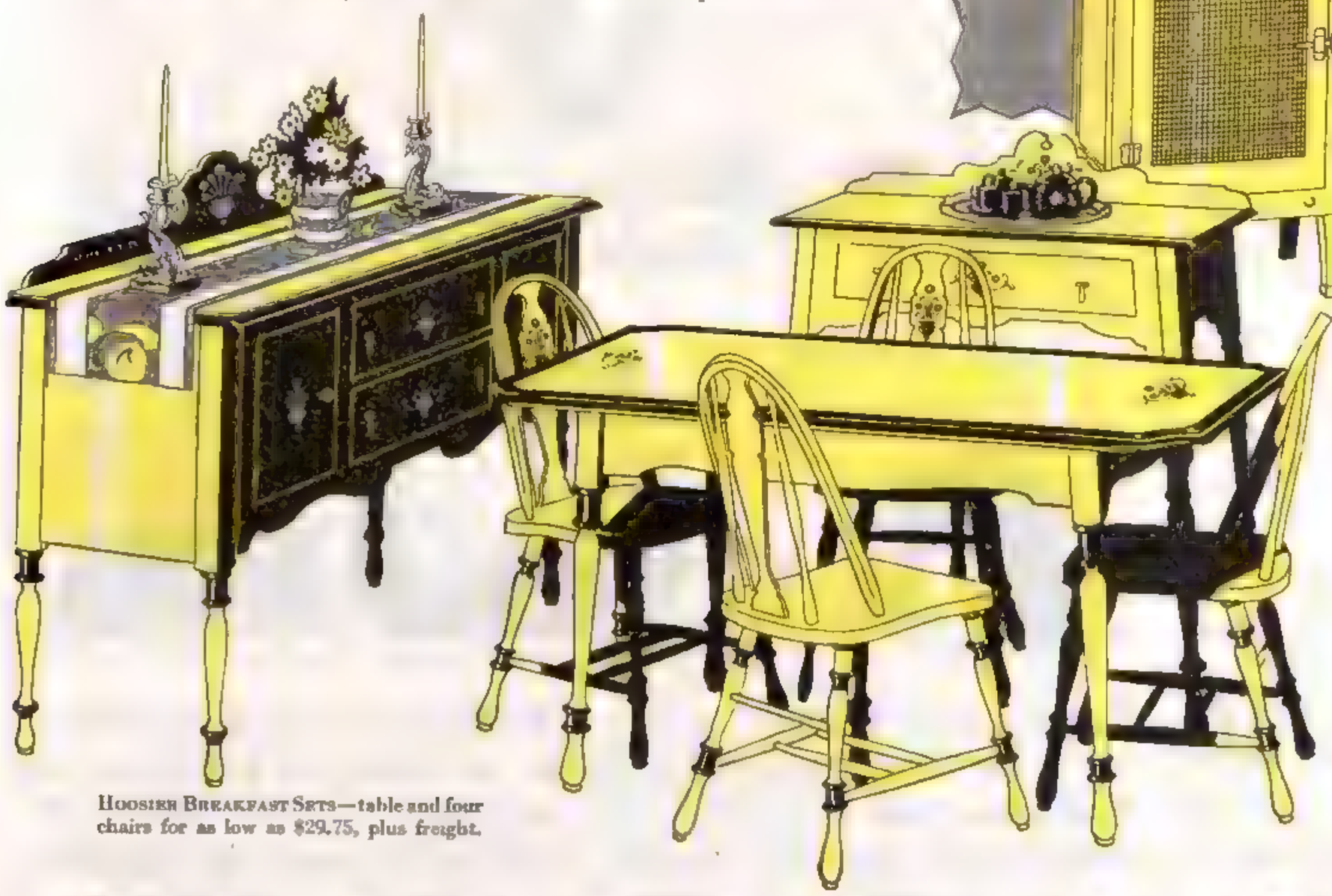
Watch for the announcement of this special event by your local Hoosier dealer. If you do not see it, write us for his name.

Price no longer stands in the way of the woman who wants a brand new kitchen without remodeling. Hoosier now makes it possible for every woman to completely modernize her kitchen and breakfast room at a cost surprisingly low.

By all means visit the Hoosier Kitchen Furniture Fair in your town. Go in, just to look and to learn. Without obligation, examine the new labor-saving conveniences. Find out how easy it will be to modernize your kitchen.

Above, THE HOOSIERETTE—a new style kitchen cabinet originated in the Hoosier factory and found only in the stores of Hoosier dealers. In the lower section are three vegetable bins—something long needed in every home; in the center, an enameled, metal-lined compartment for bread, cakes, pastries; above, a convenient drawer; and at the top, handy shelf space. At the right above is another new Hoosier Unit with vegetable bins below and storage space above.

At the left, the newly-designed HOOSIER DINETTE SET includes the new 830 extension table, which comfortably seats six persons. This set comes in finishes to fit almost any decorative scheme. The table may be purchased with the new Hoosier three-way electric outlet.



HOOSIER BREAKFAST SETS—table and four chairs for as low as $29.75, plus freight.

HOOSIER

for the up-to-date housewife

FURNITURE FAIR MAY 11 *to* 18

© 1929, H M Co

At the right, THE HOOSIER ELECTRIFIED PORCELAIN TABLE—a new kitchen convenience. The electric outlet makes it simple to connect as many as three electric appliances. No bother—no trouble, just snap on the percolator, toaster, and waffle iron, all at the same time. *Above*, THE HOOSIER STOOL—when turned upside down, it becomes a safe stepladder with four steps. It's durably built and beautifully finished in a variety of colors and decorations.

Hoosier Kitchen Tables are sturdily built and equipped with tops of *genuine porcelain*. You can have them electrified for only $3.00 additional.

HOOSIER CABINETS

as low as $39.75 PLUS FREIGHT

Above, the famous HOOSIER BEAUTY 2946—the greatest value ever made by Hoosier. Now you can have not only a wonderfully convenient kitchen, but a more beautiful one than ever before. Grouped with the Hoosier Beauty are the Hoosier Broom Unit and the Hoosier Utility Unit. *All Hoosier Units and Cabinets are built to fit together as one piece. You can buy Hoosier Kitchen conveniences one at a time, and they will fit in construction as well as in color and decoration.* By all means, see all the new Hoosier conveniences at the Hoosier dealer's store the week of May 11 to 18.

THIS PICTURE SAYS, CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES

THIS is what happens in time to the spark plugs in your engine. Plugs like this mean hard starting, slow pick-up, poor idling, loss of power.

All spark plugs deteriorate in use and need to be changed. After a season's driving or 10,000 miles, put in a new set of AC Spark Plugs.

The AC's of today are designed and built for today's engines. They alone have the patented one-piece gas-tight construction and the welded side electrode. They insure easy starting, fast pick-up, brilliant performance. Ask your dealer for AC Spark Plugs, proved, by every test, *standard of the world.*

AC-SPHINX Birmingham *ENGLAND*

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN Clichy (Seine) *FRANCE*

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AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

(Continued from Page 94)

couldn't help yelling into the telephone. The Duke and Barney heard him telling Doc Blodgett the whole lurid story.

Jake came out sweating. "The Doc wants to see you tonight," he said. "And considering he's going to talk to you, I ain't sayin' a word. I ain't got the heart to say anything. And besides, Doc Blodgett, he said nobody was to talk to you but him."

The Duke rode the forty-odd miles into New York without speaking. He sat in his corner of the big car and puzzled over the girl. He knew that Jake was right. She had tried to frame him. But he couldn't help liking her. He couldn't help believing she had told him the truth about why she was unhappy. She wasn't acting when she had sobbed on his shoulder. She was crying.

Doc Blodgett was propped up in bed with a pair of crutches beside him.

"Jake," he said, "I've taken the room next to mine for the boy. You go away and play pinochle."

"Shut the door," Doc Blodgett said grimly to the Duke when Jake had gone. The Duke shut the door. "Now sit down," Doc Blodgett said, "and tell me all about it."

The Duke told him the whole story.

Doc Blodgett nodded when he had finished.

"Yeah," he said, "yeah. It's about the luckiest break we ever got."

"I don't understand," the Duke said. "Do you mean it hasn't hurt me?"

"Didn't you tell me you were all strung up and worrying your head off when you met that girl?"

"I certainly was," the Duke said. "I was afraid I'd gone stale and I wondered why I ever thought I had a chance against Harlem Tommy, and I knew I couldn't sleep."

"And now you can," Doc Blodgett said. "Now you've been in a jam and you're all relaxed."

"It's true," the Duke said. "I hadn't thought about it, but it's true."

"You've been thinking about that girl," Doc Blodgett said. "You've been so interested in that girl for five or six hours that you've forgotten your fight, and that's what I call getting the break. I wouldn't care if you had taken a couple of drinks."

"Jake would," the Duke said.

"Jake is one of the best," Doc Blodgett said, "but Jake doesn't know everything. And there's another angle to this. Your camp went bad with worry. What do you think Harlem Tommy's camp has been like? Do you think they'd send a girl out to get you drunk if they were sitting pretty? They'd never take a chance like that if they weren't scared. They'd never even have found out you were taking a walk by yourself every afternoon if they hadn't been scouting you."

"It's hard for me to believe that girl was trying to frame me," the Duke said.

"It comes hard," Doc Blodgett said. "I know how hard it comes. She looks like such a sweet, innocent little thing. She came from the nicest sort of people. I don't know just how she got where she is."

"I wish she hadn't," the Duke said.

"Of course you do. You'll want to see her again and you'll have more sense. But it's hard."

The Duke looked at Doc Blodgett. It was good to be understood.

"And now," Doc Blodgett said, "it's near midnight. Go in there and sleep and forget your fight for another ten hours."

"I believe I can do that," the Duke said.

"Of course you can."

And the Duke did. He slept till ten o'clock in the morning and awoke with a kind of ache in his heart. But the tension was gone. He was no longer tuned up like a fiddlestring. He was himself again.

III

THE Duke was dressed and waiting for the last preliminary bout to be finished when they carried Doc Blodgett into his dressing room. Doc Blodgett propped himself in a chair beside the Duke and examined the tape on the Duke's hands.

"I can't be in the ring between the rounds tonight," Doc Blodgett said. "But I'll be down there in your corner and Barney will tell you what I've got to say. You listen to Barney."

The Duke grinned happily. That was all he wanted.

His legs trembled when he climbed into the ring five minutes later. He looked at the crowd. The old Garden was full to the rafters. His legs were still trembling when Barney put on his gloves. The referee called them to the center of the ring and recited his instructions.

"Now, boys," he said, "make it clean and hard."

The bell rang and the Duke smoothly turned his head to let Harlem Tommy's left go by and crossed his right to Harlem Tommy's nose. He was all over the ring that first round, and catching everything he couldn't duck on his shoulders or his elbows, and snapping Tommy's head back with his left. And all the time he was studying Harlem Tommy's style, concentrating his attention on finding the weakness in it. Harlem Tommy carried his chin well down behind his left shoulder and he gave no opening at all when he hooked his left.

The Duke sat on the stool after the first round and Jake waved the towel and Barney talked in his ear: "Doc says take it easy. Take it easy and hit him in the body when he misses his right."

The Duke went out for the second round and he knew that Doc Blodgett was right. He had no chance to hit Tommy's chin as long as he kept it down behind his shoulder. The Duke feinted Harlem Tommy into missing three rights, and each time the Duke stepped in and planted a short right over Tommy's heart. Harlem Tommy clinched automatically. But the rights over the heart didn't bother him a bit. He didn't even grunt.

Between the rounds Barney whispered hoarsely in his ear: "Doc says that's the way—give him the short right over the heart."

The Duke followed the same orders for ten rounds. For ten rounds he hammered Harlem Tommy over the heart every time he missed his right, and Harlem Tommy came on as strong as ever. The Duke wasn't hurt. Harlem Tommy had cut his cheek many times with that left hook of his. But so far he had failed to land it clean and solid. Harlem Tommy had a right also. But the Duke knew that as long as he was strong Harlem Tommy couldn't get him with a right. He couldn't land it where it would hurt. Not so long as you were strong. But Harlem Tommy would land it if you got tired. When you tired you lost a fraction of your speed. You lost just enough of your speed so you took a right in the body instead of on your elbow; you caught one on the chin instead of ducking. When you got tired you forgot to duck.

Between the rounds Barney relayed the same old instructions: "The short right to the heart; give him the short right to the heart."

The Duke wondered if Doc Blodgett knew that he was getting tired. He wondered if Doc Blodgett had seen how many times he had hit Harlem Tommy over the heart without the slightest effect. But he didn't have time to wonder much. One second he was taking in great lungfuls of air while the collodion stung his cheek, and the next second he was in there ducking punches and trying to put more speed behind his short rights. He had to get Harlem Tommy pretty soon or Harlem Tommy would get him. He was hitting Harlem Tommy. He was hitting that red spot over Tommy's heart four and five times every round. But Harlem Tommy kept boring in as strong as ever, trying to get in close where he could hook his left from above and behind the Duke's ear. And as he came in the Duke gave him the straight left and stopped him just enough so the left hook failed of the mark Harlem Tommy was aiming for.

In the eleventh round Harlem Tommy went to work to get the Duke in a corner. He rushed the Duke across the ring, swinging both hands and taking one straight left after another in order to get in close. And always, somehow, by the fraction of an inch, the Duke avoided taking the full force of Tommy's left hook.

He was startled, looking down at his body after the eleventh round, at how much blood there was. The blood was running down his face and dropping on his chest. He hadn't known he was cut that much. He only knew how good the air felt, rushing into his lungs as he leaned back against the ropes while Jake, with the sweat running down his fat face, madly flapped the towel. Barney sponged his face and neck. Barney dropped half a bucket of ice water down his spine.

Barney whispered hoarsely in his ear: "The body—give him the short right to the body."

The Duke was too tired to question Doc Blodgett's judgment. He was too tired to have any mind of his own.

In the thirteenth round Harlem Tommy staged another rush. The Duke used everything he knew and gave everything he had to keep away. He reeled as he ducked and blocked and stabbed with his left. He knew that the next second he was going to be too slow. He knew he couldn't last the round. He drove his tired legs as he had never driven them before. He drove and drove and drove. He knew his legs were going any moment now.

But there he was when the bell rang, on his feet and walking to his corner. Barney swore delighted oaths in his ear. Barney sponged, and as he sponged he crooned: "You got him, kid! You got him! Doc says you got him! Doc says you got him! Doc says drop him!"

The Duke knew that they were crazy. The Duke knew that they were crazy, or else they were kidding him. Well, they couldn't kid him much longer.

He went out for the fourteenth round all set to stop another rush. He was worried at how slowly Harlem Tommy came in. He wasn't going to rush this time. He had some other idea in his head. He was swinging both hands, but he wasn't hitting. He was just pawing. The Duke let go his straight left. It landed flush on Harlem Tommy's eye. The Duke knew, from the solid feel of it, that Tommy hadn't rolled with it. He had just taken it. He could take anything. The Duke drove his left again at Harlem Tommy's head. And again Harlem Tommy made no attempt to guard and no attempt to roll with the punch. The Duke knew that Harlem Tommy was waiting for something, but he couldn't imagine what.

Whatever Tommy was going to do, he was a fool to leave an opening to his chin. He was leaving his chin absolutely unprotected.

The Duke measured the distance and gathered himself for one last effort and shot his right for that jaw. The Duke stood there with his feet wide apart, because the ring floor was rocking and he had to be ready for Harlem Tommy's rush. Harlem Tommy was on the floor and the referee was counting.

The Duke watched intently for the moment when Harlem Tommy would get up. The Duke knew what he would do. He would get up at the nine count, and as he rose he would shoot his right. Somehow the Duke would have to duck that right. He would have to duck that right and give Tommy the short right over the heart.

And then he saw men climbing through the ropes and picking Harlem Tommy off the floor. The Duke felt Barney's arm around him. Barney and Jake were shoving him through the ropes and he was in a yelling, clutching mob of men who tore at his bathrobe and his gloves. Barney and Jake were shoving him down the aisle. Barney had his left arm around him and he was hitting heads with his right.

The Duke sat in a chair in his dressing room. Barney cut the gloves off his hands. Men grabbed at the gloves and tore the bloody leather and fought for the pieces. Four policemen came through the door and drove the crowd out and helped Doc Blodgett in. The Duke looked at Doc Blodgett. He knew Doc Blodgett would tell him the truth.

"What happened?" the Duke asked.

"You outboxed him every step of the way. You hit him until he couldn't take any more. And then you knocked him out. That's all."

The Duke lay on the rubbing table and tried to remember and gave up trying to remember. He was too tired to remember. Barney helped him into his clothes. Barney got him into a taxicab. The Duke slumped into the corner. He couldn't sit up. He couldn't possibly sit up. He was in bed between cool sheets. He was propped up in bed so he could eat. He could smell the delicious odor of the food they were bringing him.

Barney was putting something in his hand. His hand clutched it. He opened his hand to see what it was. He found a piece of cardboard torn from a menu. On it she had written in pencil:

> I shan't ever see you again, so I want to tell you that you are the only man who has been really nice to me in a long, long time. And that's why, for just a moment I was real, and that's why I'm glad I couldn't get you drunk.

The Duke tucked the crumpled bit of cardboard under his pillow. Jake strutted up and down the room.

"Boy," Jake said, "boy, how does it feel to be lightweight champion of the world?"

The Duke wondered what Jake would say if he told him the truth. He wondered what Jake would say if he said: "It feels pretty good to know that she was partly real."

Aloud he said, "It's all right, Jake. It's fine."

DOLE Announces

HOW YOU MAY KNOW AND SELECT HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE GROWN AND PACKED BY DOLE

DOLE stamped in the top of the can itself, just as you see it above—tells you we canned it.

For you, it means that fruit positively fresh and ripe went into that can. And it means maximum *flavor*, due to the most scientific known process of canning.

DOLE *stamped* in the top of the can *will never fail* to guide you to the best possible quality of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple for the price you pay.

NOTE: *How to identify the three grades of our pineapple, and choose the grade you wish, is fully explained on the opposite page.*

AROUND a can of pineapple bearing the DOLE stamp may be any one of many, many labels. That is because so many grocery firms are distributing DOLE pineapple under their own brand or label. You see we grow and can more Hawaiian Pineapple than anyone else. A great many grocery firms believe we can the very best Hawaiian Pineapple. So for years we have canned pineapple for them under *their* labels. This we have done gladly—though it means our pineapple is now going to the public under more than 1,000 labels—all of them different.

Perhaps you see the problem that has grown up. The owners of these labels have found it difficult to let you know that their pineapple came from us. And you may have found it hard to get our pineapple.

The problem now is solved—and you may be one we should thank for helping to solve it.

* *

SINCE we have been advertising, tens of thousands of American women have written for our story and recipe booklet, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden." A surprisingly large number have asked, "How can I get your pineapple?"

At the same time many of the fine grocery firms whom we supply have put the same question to us in your behalf and theirs. They, too, want you to know that their pineapple is canned by us.

So this is our answer for you and for them—DOLE *stamped* in the *top* of the can. A can-top stamped that way is proof positive that the pineapple in that can was *grown and packed by us.* And the label around the can means that the owner of the brand you favor offers you Canned Hawaiian Pineapple from *the best and most dependable source of supply* he knows.

* *

Why we selected the word DOLE

ON our Board of Directors are some of the most distinguished men of the Hawaiian Islands. One of them put it this way—"The Hawaiian Pineapple industry itself is Mr. Dole's monument. The Hawaiian Pineapple Company, largest grower and packer of Hawaiian Pineapple, is 'the lengthened shadow' of James D. Dole. No name in pineapple means so much."

So if you look for DOLE stamped in the top of the next can of Hawaiian Pineapple you buy, and find it, you will be getting the utmost value in fruit, freshness, ripeness, flavor, canning and cleanliness at the price you pay.

Read on the next page how you can now identify for the first time the various grades of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

Honolulu, HAWAII HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY *Sales Office:* 215 Market St., San Francisco

DOLE

also Announces

HOW YOU MAY KNOW AND SELECT THE THREE GRADES OF DOLE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

ALMOST every woman when buying canned foods has repeatedly asked, "How can I know what grade is inside of the can?" No woman need ever be troubled by this question when buying DOLE pineapple.

Orchards, vegetable gardens, berry patches and even pineapple plantations, yield different grades. It is the way of Nature with all that grows. Even within a single pineapple there are often subtle differences—yet sufficient to call for three specific grades.

This problem of Nature's is solved for you when buying DOLE pineapple. Simply look under the DOLE stamp in the top of the can for figures "1", or "2", or "3". They are grade-marks as reliable as the DOLE stamp itself. We have always graded our fruit carefully, but these figures are *new* and *for you*. All grades are sun-ripened fruit—pure, wholesome, delicious.

The exact meaning of DOLE grades follows:

1 Grade 1

Sliced. Contains slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. Both in appearance and flavor it is the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed. Contains the same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits are Grade 1 slices which have been cut into small, uniform sections—also packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 1 in its three forms is the very best pineapple to be had.

2 Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed, and Tidbits. Because it is slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—this fruit cannot be included in the rigid Grade 1 selection. Grade 2 is packed in pure pineapple juice and cane sugar syrup—but the syrup is less sweet than that of Grade 1. Costing you less, Grade 2 pineapple as packed by DOLE is still a fine, delicious product.

3 Grade 3

Contains broken slices, packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit itself is of good, wholesome quality.

In buying pineapple, therefore, buy according to your desire—and remember there are can sizes to meet every requirement.

You can thank "Jim" DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can know the grade you buy.

THREE huge printings of the popular booklet, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," haven't been enough to meet the great demand. So now we offer an *entirely new edition*—more complete, more fascinating, more useful than *ever*, with a host of recipes we've never published before—created just for this booklet by four great women's magazines. May we send you your copy?

A brand new booklet—

with a wealth of exclusive new Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes!

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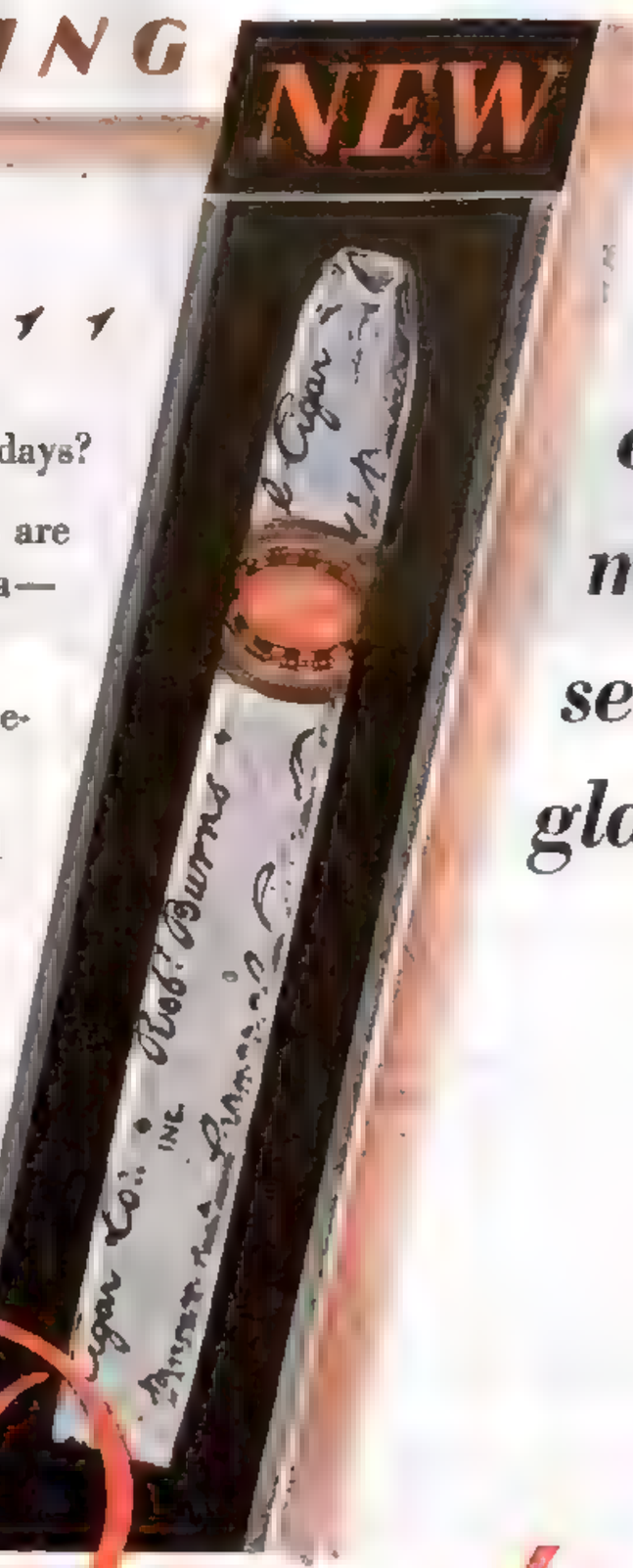

of what every man can see at a glance

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I GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED

(Continued from Page 34)

age and present in the voting booth. He had imported voters from alien counties and villages up to fifty miles away and gallantly stood ready to do so again. The only election law that had ever had him groggy, he once told me, was a regulation suddenly adopted by a committee of vigilantes after the polls opened, that men whose clothes were soaking wet couldn't vote. Mike had drained the southern part of the county of its manhood for that election and marched his cohorts into the city on foot; unfortunately it rained and they had had to ford a stream neck-deep. The resulting wetness of their clothing raised suspicion as to their place of domicile. The other side had brought its extra voters in on flat cars and had them nice and dry and ready for action in the packing company's cattle pens, when Mike equalized matters by turning in a fire alarm and giving them a shower bath that restored democracy by making all questionable voters look alike. After proving himself equal to that emergency he had never again doubted his powers.

At the end of ten days of jockeying and oratory it seemed highly probable that the legislature would bring forth such a patchwork of amendments that Mike would be able to drive a circus parade through it, but this alluring prospect was suddenly challenged one afternoon by a queer old senator from a rural county whose hobby had been election laws for more than twenty years. His name was Barlow and he was a grain buyer in a tiny village at the end of a spur line of railroad. I remember him as made up largely of whiskers, in which were embedded a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles that were always so dusty I used to wonder how he could see through them. I also remember his tight, shiny, black shoes that had no shoe strings and no opening of any kind in front. I couldn't understand how he had ever managed to get into them, until I discovered that the narrow strip of cloth running up and down each side was elastic. He introduced a bill providing for an entirely new election law and made a speech explaining its advantages. As a matter of fact, he had been doing this at every session for many years, but his voice didn't carry more than thirty feet and few of the members had ever given him their attention. After hammering away at this subject for the greater part of his mature years, he now got his first respectful hearing. Mike sent for a copy of his bill and we studied it together. Mayor Drake and the superintendent of streets and bridges also studied it. Then the four of us went into conference in Mike's funny little private office with the worn-out rose-colored carpet.

"Well?" Mike rumbled, looking at me.

"I think it's a stem-winding terror," I said. "It's got all of the provisions of the present law to keep our workers away from the polling places, prevent marked ballots, assure an honest count. In addition, there's a poll tax of two dollars. Our fellows can't pay two dollars for the privilege of voting. That's a whole day's wage for unskilled labor. What's more, they've got to register and pay the tax three months before election day; that means, before we've put them to work. If we don't beat that bill we're up to our eyes in grief."

Mike grunted. And to my astonishment it was a negative grunt. He didn't agree with me.

"Well?" he said, and this time addressed Mayor Drake.

"What the devil is a poll tax?" Drake exclaimed. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither have I," Mike answered. It was the first time any of us had heard of the poll tax, although several states were then collecting it.

"I don't believe it's constitutional," Drake said. Mike laughed. "What difference does that make?" he grumbled. "If it isn't constitutional we'll get another law before the next election, and that suits me fine. What I want to know now is how to get all of our fellows registered. And that's all I want to know." He turned to Ledbetter, the superintendent of streets and bridges, and repeated his "Well?"

"A lot of them would have to borrow the money," Ledbetter answered. "I don't see how we can lend it to them. Not that far ahead anyway."

Mike rose, fairly bristling. "You're a bunch of rummies!" he stormed. "What's the matter with your brains? This is the best law for us that I've seen in six years. All on earth I've been planning to do in the county campaign is elect three mangy little justices of the peace. You know that, all of you. But if we can get this Barlow bill passed I'll grab the whole courthouse. That's what I think of it. Now put your wits to work and figure out where our boys are going to get their two dollars in time to register. That's the only catch in the whole law. Two dollars isn't a national bank. If we can't figure out two dollars apiece for those lads, we'd better quit politics and go on home and churn the butter. That's all." The conference was over. Three of us slunk out, whipped and miserable.

On the way back to my office, however, the point of Mike's argument became clear to me. Barlow's theory of the tax was that it would be certain to eliminate the illiterate riffraff and gang voters, and he had therefore restored to the ballot the old system of party names and party symbols at the heads of columns. One could again vote a straight ticket if his bill should pass. Mike had wanted that more than anything else, because almost any voter could be told how to vote a straight ticket. The hardest election law he had ever faced was the one which provided for only one column on the ballot and the names of all candidates for each office grouped under the title of that office, with nothing to indicate which crowd any candidate belonged to. That sort of ballot made it necessary for the voter to remember as many names as there were offices to be filled. It is about the most difficult obstacle an illiterate or only partially literate voter can face.

Regardless of a man's literacy, however, he has to give some attention to the campaign to use that kind of ballot intelligently. In the greater part of the state it actually had eliminated the illiterate vote, but few champions rose to acclaim this success, because so many other voters had found themselves no less confused than the illiterates. They hadn't given sufficient attention, and when it came time to mark their ballots they couldn't remember which were friends and which enemies after the first two or three offices at the top. However, in spite of the importance of getting rid of this troublesome arrangement and restoring the grand old straight ticket that is such a help to machine politics, I was uneasy about the poll tax. Two dollars would be a lot of money for our crowd. Nearly all of the bosses and professional politicians were frightened stiff. Urgent appeals for the defeat of the Barlow bill were being sent to the capitol from many a back-room political headquarters, but when Mike was asked by a reporter for an expression of opinion, he boldly announced that the bill seemed to him more likely to protect the purity of the ballot than any other he had ever read. In his interview Mike announced that he would not presume to advise the legislators and that he had sent no communication of any kind on this subject to the capitol. He merely hoped that the special session would bring forth the best election law ever devised and wished to express his confidence in the wisdom and integrity of the men now at work on the task. That must have been very puzzling to Ball and his political associates, because they were quick to see the advantages of the Barlow bill and were supporting it vigorously.

In the legislature the enemies of the Barlow bill maneuvered themselves into a jam. They had begun by howling for a stricter and better law, and now they were confronted with one that every honest reformer supported. The only way to escape it was to amend the existing law, and all attempts in that direction led to disastrous compromises. It was impossible to stop with two or three good amendments, because in order to muster the necessary votes for their adoption their sponsors had to allow at least twenty-five more. Finally everyone had to turn to the Barlow bill in order to prevent the thirty-day session from ending in a failure which the public would interpret only too accurately. Despair, revenge and disgust animated about half of those who finally voted for the bill, but it carried overwhelmingly. Moreover, the emergency clause was attached and it went into effect thirty days after the governor signed it.

As soon as I read the news I telephoned Mike and suggested that we hold another conference.

"No!" he roared. "I've figured it out myself! Everything's fixed." Temporarily my standing with him was still ten degrees below zero; nevertheless, he arranged for my name to go on the ballot as a candidate for the lower house of the legislature. I wondered at the time whether he really meant that he was going to capture the county or whether he intended for me to get a thorough drubbing.

Immediately after the Barlow bill became a law, Mayor Drake called a meeting of the city council and introduced an ordinance prohibiting the employment by the city government of any man who was not a bona-fide resident. Since it was a matter of common knowledge that all of the city employes were bona-fide residents and always had been, this ordinance was regarded along Main Street as simply one more of Mayor Drake's amusing political gestures. Nothing but superficialities ever engaged his serious thought. The order of march for a parade would keep Drake awake all night, while a new sewer system would have seemed to him something kept in stock by the local plumbers. He was always introducing silly oratorical resolutions. This one brought the usual indulgent smiles, except in the outlying wards, where the little frame houses rented for ten dollars a month. There hundreds of sunburned, horny-handed citizens immediately wanted to know what "bona fide" meant. They felt reasonably sure that they were citizens, but were they bona fide? And if not, how would one go about correcting the error? There was street paving to be done pretty soon; they knew that because election day was only six months off. How about this bona fide, and where could it be obtained?

For deep questions of this sort the proper oracle was the precinct captain. It developed that he not only knew where and how one could become bona fide but he could also suggest an easy way to meet the payments. Bona fide was for sale in the county clerk's office under the name of poll tax. It would cost two dollars. And the way to get the two dollars, if you didn't have it on hand, was to approach your grocer, saying: "Very shortly the city will begin paving on a large scale. I will then have steady work. I will be a better customer. I will catch up with my bills. But in order to obtain this work I must become bona fide, and that costs two dollars. Please lend me the two dollars. Just add it to my bill and let me pay it back piecemeal." If anyone who made this plea failed to get the two dollars, I have yet to hear of it. Never before in the history of our city were so many day laborers qualified to vote. Everyone who entertained even a faint hope or fear that he might possibly draw pay from the city during the coming year paid the tax. As job insurance the two dollars became a reasonable premium.

The press could not fail to observe these men standing in line day after day in the county clerk's office. They were the first

(Continued on Page 106)

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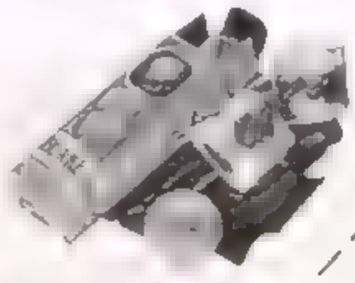

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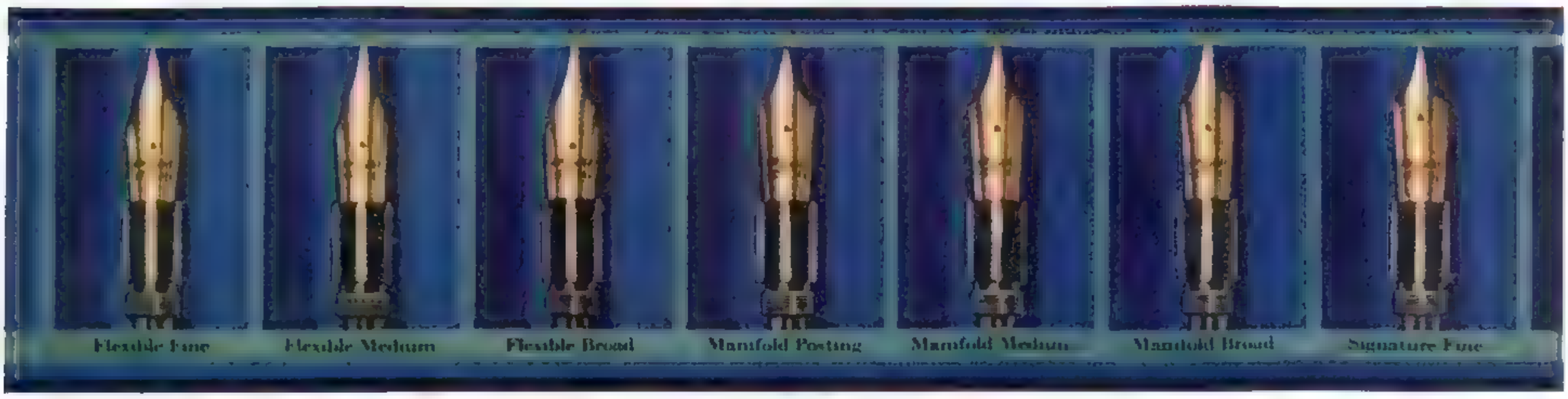

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Now—a fountain pen with point that writes exactly as you like it to, because you personally select the exact point you want, and see it instantly, permanently fitted into a holder of the size, style and color you prefer.

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Your writing angle, your writing pressure, the flexibility of point, the adjustment of ink flow—all determine whether or not a fountain pen pleases you.

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Wahl-Eversharp Personal-Point Pens are identified by the Gold Seal of quality, and are unconditionally guaranteed against defects.

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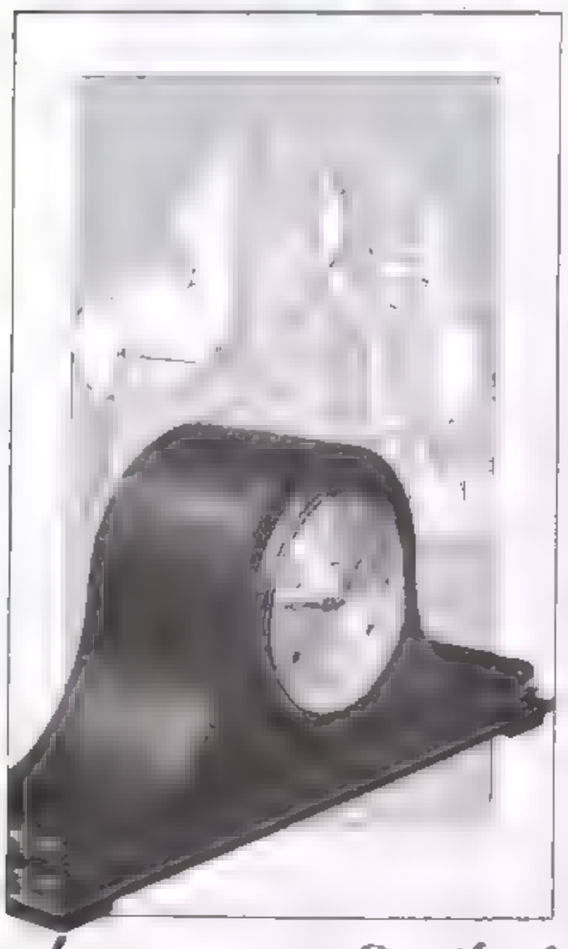

that cast a Spell of
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WRVA	Richmond, Va.	WKBO	Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
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SESSIONS CLOCKS
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

(Continued from Page 103)

to come, and during the first two weeks the only ones who came. Presently there was a great clamor and much spilling of printer's ink to arouse the rest of our citizenship. I think it dawned upon them then for the first time that they also would have to pay that two-dollar tax in order to become qualified voters. Up to that time the two dollars had always been referred to as a sum that undesirable voters would not pay; never as a sum that the others would pay. Suddenly each of those dollars became as big around as a harvest moon. Tax dollars always are. Men who made a moral issue of the Barlow bill while it was pending and classified politicians as honest or dishonest according to whether they were for or against it, now began to remark one to another that voting was a service to the state and not a special privilege for which they could be charged a fee. Elderly gentlemen of a stubborn turn of mind took pride in remarking that they stood ready to bear arms for their country, but they wouldn't pay tribute in order to exercise their inalienable right to vote. I heard at least five men solemnly declare that they had cast their last ballots. I often wonder if men ever live up to these solemn declarations. If so, there must be hundreds of men who quit voting after each of Bryan's various defeats and thousands who quit when woman suffrage was granted; I personally heard not less than twenty men say that so far as they were concerned the women could do all the voting thenceforth. I am inclined to doubt that these grouches are long-lived, but frankly I don't know.

Nearly everybody finds that going to register is a boresome task under any circumstances, but our citizens had never previously been asked to register long before the first campaign brass band had blared its call to duty. They broke down under the strain. To become qualified voters without knowing who the candidates would be, and, moreover, to have to pay two dollars for this pig in a poke, simply bogged them down in lack of interest. Briefly the poll-tax law worked out backward, which was exactly what Mike had thought it would do. Ten days before the registration books closed for the year the number of qualified voters was small enough to become a scandal. The press abandoned its preachments on the duties of citizenship and made the much more interesting statement that unless at least five thousand more citizens paid their poll taxes, no stranger would believe that ours was the largest city in the state. That appeal brought thirty-five hundred patriots to the barrel head with their two dollars. Then the books were closed. Only 35 per cent of our otherwise qualified voters would be able to cast ballots in the coming election.

Mike looked at these figures and said: "What did I tell you?"

Crops were good that year, and so was business. When the time came to begin our street work the foremen reported that the usual mobs of applicants had not appeared. No doubt this was excellent news in most quarters, but it certainly wasn't to me. I wanted to go to the legislature. We had been clever enough to make qualified voters out of all the teamsters and pick-and-shovel chauffeurs in town, but a lot of good that would do if they didn't need city jobs. For anyone who hates a humdrum existence I can certainly recommend practical politics. Nothing ever stands still in that game.

"What do you think of this?" I asked Mike one day when we were arranging speaking dates for our candidates.

"Pretty sweet, ain't it?" he said, beaming. "I don't think I ever had so much good luck. Do you know what's happened now?" I shook my head. "The frogs and switches for Ball's street-car track are delayed. He won't be fairly started until about two weeks before election."

"Well," I said, "that's soon enough, isn't it?"

"No, not this year," Callaghan answered. "By that time we'll have every loose bona fide in town and he'll have to import labor. That'll just about let him out."

I understood then why the street work was being pushed ahead as rapidly as possible two months before election day. We were getting all the voters while the getting was good.

Ball and his crowd elected to support the outs in the county campaign. Reformers have a natural inclination to do that. I never have seen them trade with the ins for what they want, although it is often possible. Moreover, the ins usually have an advantage. Mike waited until a few of the ins came to him, and then agreed with them that it would be good strategy on his part to oppose the group Ball supported. He was quite casual about it. I wondered why, because it seemed to me an excellent time to show them just how strong he was and exact pledges that would result in a merger of the county and city machines.

We started campaigning exactly five weeks before election day. Two weeks after the start some of the outs were secretly making overtures to Mike, because Ball's support was beginning to look rather shaky; the city pay roll had now been expanded to the extent of eleven hundred and fifty-three names. Ball had only three hundred and seventy-seven. He assured his friends that he would soon be ready to go ahead very rapidly, but it was plain to them that the floating supply of labor had been fairly well taken up. When this situation developed Mike clamped down on the ins and made them promise everything but their shirts.

The campaign itself was far from exciting. Ball and his crowd tried hard to make a paramount issue of their demand for a closed town, but their candidates balked and evaded. They wanted to leave the way open to trade with Mike if Ball and his crowd fell down. None of them favored a closed town anyway. All of us spent most of our time hand-shaking. I had no issues to present; therefore when I spoke I devoted all my time to praising the other candidates on our ticket. Being an unknown man myself, I thought it a good idea to borrow as much as I could of their friendships by flattering them.

Anyway, I went into the campaign labeled "a friend of the plain people," and the other candidates seemed to me sufficiently plain to have a claim upon anyone who unfurled such a banner. On the whole, the scheme worked excellently. I spent most of my time out in the rural parts of the county, as the other candidates also did; the committees, managers and machine were depended upon to take care of the city.

On the fifth day before election I returned from one of these wandering tours, tired, needing a bath, and two days behind with my shaving.

"I think we're going to get a fair break in the country," I told Mike; "so I guess everything's all right."

"Like hell it is," he said. "Listen to me. We've got to get busy before dark. You go to Ledbetter ——"

"Not until I get a bath and a shave," I interrupted.

"No shave!" he shouted. "Bath, but no shave! Listen! You've got to go to Ledbetter and get a pick and shovel."

"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

"Go to Ledbetter right now, I say, and get a pick and shovel!" he roared. "Ball and his highbinders have put one over on us. I thought something was wrong a week ago and I told that feather-brained fool, Drake, to look out, but you know him. We'd been picking up about five to ten laborers a day for two weeks, and then all of a sudden here come eighty-three. Next day ninety-seven. Then sixty-four. See what that means?" I didn't and said so. "Ball is unloading his men on us. He can't get enough to match us—has to import 'em by the hundreds—so he turns his three hundred voters loose on us to say a little piece to our voters—a little piece that he taught them. They're scattered all through our gangs telling our fellows that the city work will slack off right after election, but the street-car work will just be getting good then. If they'll vote right he'll kick out the aliens and give them the preference. There's too much prosperity loose around this town this year. Some of the boys are getting out of line. What do they care for us when they can get jobs all over the lot?"

"But where do I come in with a pick and shovel?" I asked.

"We're short of spies, you rummy!" Mike roared. "Where's your brains? Only five days to spot no one knows how many traitors! Now don't shave and do what I tell you. Go to Ledbetter and he'll give you a job. Put a smear of axle grease or soot or something on your face. Nobody knows you anyway. Keep that beard. You look like a train robber right now. Get into one of these gangs and find out who's going to vote yellow. Understand?"

I understood. Also, it was clear that we had no time to waste. On the way to Ledbetter's office, however, it occurred to me that even if we identified all of the traitors, we couldn't very well shoot them. They'd still be bona-fide voters. But you could generally trust old Mike to know what he was about, so I dismissed the inquiry. At two o'clock that afternoon I became one of the friendliest, most talkative, laziest laborers that ever soldiered on a job. When the six o'clock whistles blew they were six o'clock whistles in those days—I had three names. The following day I was assigned to another gang and gathered four more names.

Going home that evening, I read an interesting item in my newspapers. Mayor Drake, it appeared, was very angry because the street-car company had been forced to import laborers. He was not angry with the street-car company, however; strange as that may seem. This time—amazing fact!—he was angry with our own working people. The lazy wretches were not even applying for jobs, according to Mayor Drake. On the contrary, they were sitting around home, basking in luxury, spending their savings and wasting their time. What an outrage, said Mayor Drake, and how would they have the nerve to ask for help next winter when work was slack! Shame upon them! And not only shame but the law upon them too! Mayor Drake was going to give them just a few days to heed his warning, and then, if they persisted in their sinful course, he would instruct the chief of police to spread the well-known police dragnet and gather in these vile wretches on charges of vagrancy. They could either go to work or get out of town. Everybody knew that jobs were available. He himself would promise a street job to every bona-fide resident who would apply. This outburst struck a responsive chord in the heart of every little corner retail merchant groaning under a load of small credit accounts. It was cheered also in the larger marts of trade along Main Street.

And none cheered more sincerely than the laborers who were sweating over pavements and street-car rails. Men so employed have little sympathy for idlers. As far as I knew, I was the only person who laughed. To me Drake was never more typically himself than in that statement. Another of his flamboyant gestures. If I had had energy enough left I think I would have laughed aloud, but these were strenuous days. After ten hours of standing in the street pretending to work, I had to hurry home, clean up and then rush to my office for political conferences. Also I had to manufacture endless lies as to where I had spent the day.

On the eve of election I thought it advisable to have one more talk with Mike, so I telephoned for an appointment.

"Come about midnight," he said, "or any time after that."

I arrived at midnight. There were three policemen just ahead of me and we made way for three others hurrying out. I found the chief of police in Mike's private office.

(Continued on Page 109)

Short Leaf

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From Southern Pine Association mills comes this quality lumber cut true and square, seasoned dry to meet every requirement, graded more exacting than ever, conforming to American Lumber Standards . . . and, so every user may know positively he obtains the grade he wants, the piece bears indelibly the mark of the expert grader and the trade-mark of the mill which manufactured it . . . and back of it all, the certification of grades of the Southern Pine Association.

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MORE THAN 1500 ROYAL PORTABLE DEALERS IN UNITED STATES

ROYAL
TRADE MARK
PORTABLE
TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 106)

The two of them were leaning over a typewritten list of names and addresses. It seemed to be about five or six pages. Mike had placed check marks after nearly all the names. I recognized his check mark, being familiar with it

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Nothing now." Mike answered, grinning. "Everything's all right. The chief's made a neat job of it. All cooped and no squawks. Ledbetter tells me you were the best man he had on the job. That's what I like about you. You do what you're told and no high-and-mighty stuff. Tomorrow night when the polls close, you look in the mirror and you'll see a member of the next legislature."

So this was Drake's raid on the unemployed. Mike didn't have to tell me all the details. I could guess the one he left out. Ledbetter had fired all of the traitors, and then the police had promptly arrested them on charges of vagrancy, because they had no jobs.

They would spend election day in jail. The next day they would be released. And that was precisely what happened. Ball and his crowd woke up to the trick about noon and began to bombard the police department with writs of habeas corpus demanding the release of these men, but there is red tape attached to such procedure and they did not rescue more than twenty-five in time to vote. Quite a number of the prisoners appealed to our own precinct captains. These worthies, having been given their cues in advance, rushed to the jail, snorting, protesting and threatening on behalf of their abused and innocent friends. They promised quick release and swore that there would be no trials and no fines. They'd go to Mike himself, if necessary. Well, they kept their word. They went to Mike and every prisoner was released as soon as the polls closed, but not before.

We elected every man on our ticket. The county machine now belonged to the city machine. This meant that in state affairs we would be able to deliver one of those brutal majorities that so often give one or two counties control of the governorship. I had long known that if Mike ever captured the county he would go after the state. Well, we went after it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

week and it just tipped six pounds. I was using a Torpedo Boat plug with a piece of pickerel belly on the front hook.

PRISONER: Your Honor, I admit that a lot of those scales that are built in the reel don't work very well, but this one of mine is a peach. I've tested it ——

SHERIFF: He was over at Arrow Point, sitting in a boat about fifty yards off shore when I saw him pull this baby in. Thinks I to myself

JUDGE: Order in the court. It's a funny thing about this plug. It's painted four shades of green and has brass eyes and only three hooks. I've never been able to figure out what a bass thinks it is, but it's something he doesn't like, because he will go out of his way any day in the week to pick a quarrel with one. Why, once ——

PRISONER: I've got a bushel basket full of plugs and I'd sell the whole outfit for a dime. There's only one way to go after bass, and that's with a frog. A bass just naturally likes a frog, and when he sees one he means business. As soon as I landed this one I let him quiet down, and then I lifted him off the bottom of the boat with the rod and simply read the scales. To be exact, it was five pounds and two ounces.

SHERIFF: I caught a two-pound crappie once on a fly rod when I was fishing for blue gills. I thought at first it was a muskie and

JUDGE: About two weeks ago five of us loaded up with frogs and went over to Lake Reno to get a mess of bass. It was cloudy, with just enough breeze stirring to ruffle the water. Well, sir, we ——

SHERIFF: This crappie ——

PRISONER: Your Honor, this reel of mine cost eighty-five dollars and it's guaranteed —

JUDGE: Order in the court. We literally whipped four or five dozen frogs to shreds and never had a strike, and about that time I decided to try my Torpedo Boat plug, although the others said there was absolutely no record of a Reno bass ever paying any attention to a plug. Well, sir ——

PRISONER: Last summer, Your Honor, a friend of mine wanted to bet me on these scales. We had quite a string of fish

JUDGE: So I got out the plug and I put it

SHERIFF: I had put a worm on the hook, when

JUDGE: Shut up, sheriff. I'll fine you for contempt of court. The first time I cast I didn't get a thing, nor the second. But the third time something happened. It was a great big bass, full of fight and ambition. He came to the surface about seventy feet from the boat and turned four back somersaults. Prettiest sight I ever expect to see. Well, sir, to make a long story short

PRISONER: I weighed all the fish on my scales and then we came into town ——

SHERIFF: Fish dry out fast. This crappie of mine —

JUDGE: Sheriff, I've heard enough about that crappie. One more word and you'll be out five dollars. Well, sir, in the next hour I landed ten big ones, and not another man in the crowd caught as much as a catfish. I tell you the Torpedo Boat plug ——

– DAVID B. PARK.

Your Passport Picture

WHAT' though you hide it in your trunk
Ere sailing hour has set,
Crammed down beneath your old blue serge,
Don't think you can forget!
That mug within your passport book
Will rise to haunt you yet.

Those ears askew! That leery eye
All out of focusing!
One of those border-line inverts,
As plain as anything!
That ghastly, glassy smirk of you!
O death, where is thy sting?

"Heaven help me if I look that way!"
You've said it now, for sure;
You'll never be the same, nor life
Hold quite the old allure;
One's passport has to be—but, oh,
What price a foreign tour?

—*Laura Simmons.*

The Student

PERTURBING lessons come my way
In shocking quantities each day;
No time to while and waste and fool;
I have a little son in school!

"Where did October get that name?
When did De Soto win his fame?
Who wrote that tune, Hark! Hark! The Lark?
Who was this bird, George Rogers Clark?
Please find some dope on Paul Revere
And get the lowdown on Shakspere!"

—*Mary Dorman Phelps.*

A Paying Business

"MY WIFE and I have gone into the installment business."

"What are you selling?"

"We're not selling, we're buying."

Somebody You Know

PERHAPS a little shut-in, tossing feverishly on a bed of pain—or a wearied mother, slaving in a stifling kitchen—what a gift you could send them, so inexpensively, in a Robbins & Myers Fan—the blessed Gift of a Breeze! R&M Fans carry a breeze in their all-aluminum blades. They are perfect fans. Quiet, good-looking, and costing less to operate than an ordinary light bulb. The fine product of 31 years' experience in precision manufacture. Order an R&M from your dealer—by telephone—now!

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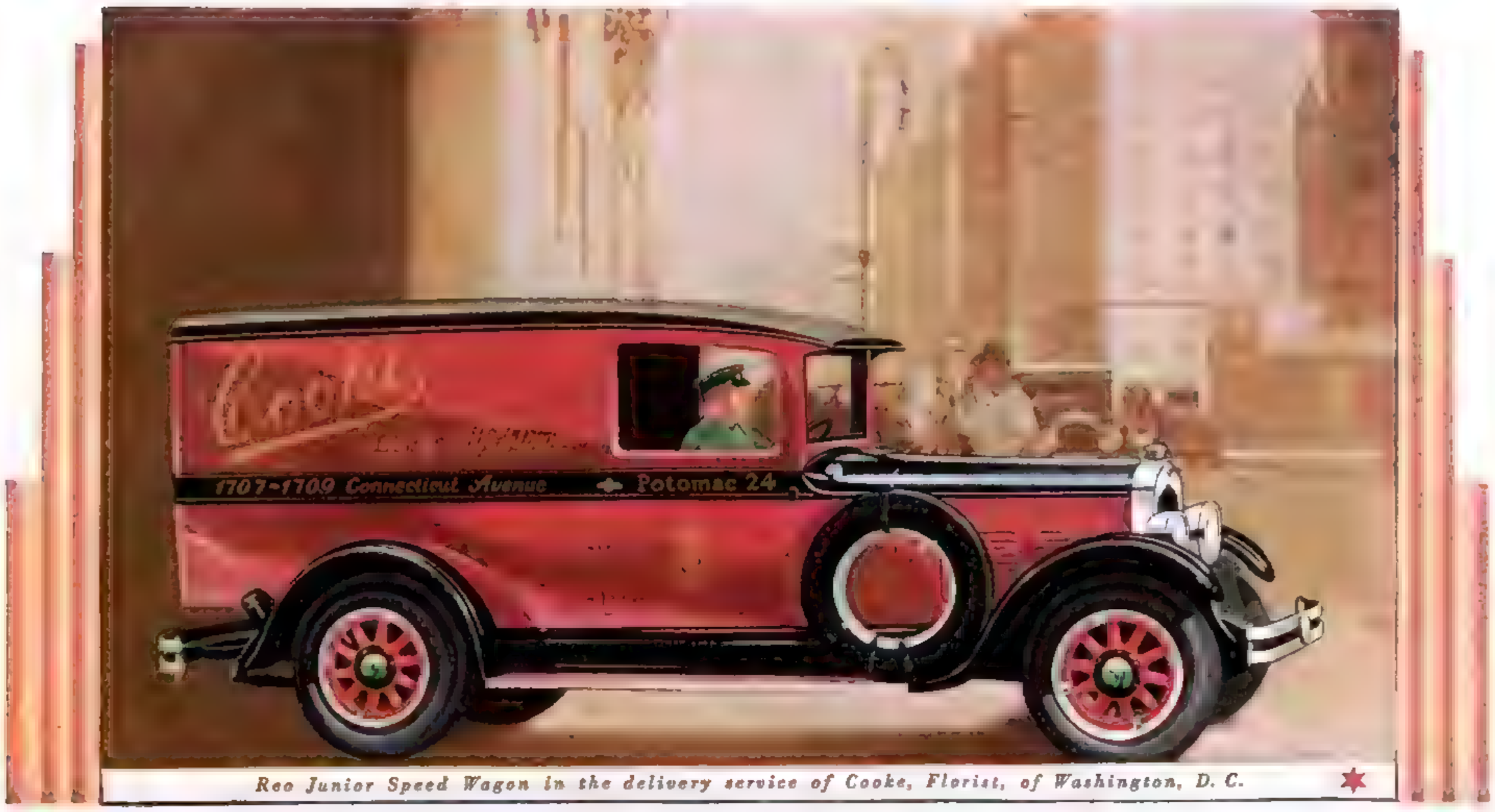

Reo Junior Speed Wagon in the delivery service of Cooke, Florist, of Washington, D. C. ★

Second-Class Delivery Means A Second-Class Business In The Public Mind. High-Class Delivery Means A High-Class Business To The Thousands Who See Your Trucks On The Street Every Day

EVERY delivery truck that runs the streets is either a Good Advertisement or a Bad Advertisement for its owner.

Only one person in 1,000 who sees your delivery on the street ever comes into your place of business.

In the eyes of the 999 who never meet you face to face, second-class delivery bespeaks second-class methods. High-class delivery means a high-class business.

That may be fair or unfair. But it is a fact. A fact that you prove to yourself ten to fifty times every day by the trucks you see. Figure it out for yourself.

High Speed, High Power Trucks That Pay For Themselves In Advertising

Cognizant of the tremendous advertising importance of High-Class Delivery Service—Service that *looks* high-class and that *is* high-class—Reo, world leader in high speed, high power and low upkeep commercial transportation, offers American Business a new era in the haulage field. An era combining *utility, flexibility* and almost unbelievable endurance with low upkeep and the great factor of *favorable publicity*.

Pick up your telephone book, and call the nearest Reo dealer or distributor—they are everywhere—and a Reo Transportation Specialist will call and discuss with you your transportation needs without obligation.

SPEED WAGON TONNER

Four-Wheel (two-shoe) Internal Hydraulic Brakes, 6-cylinder, 7-Bearing Crankshaft Engine; Passenger Car Speed, Pick-up and Parking—any Traffic.

Models For Every Need

Reo Speed Wagons are built in 14 wheelbase sizes—and in tonnage capacities of ½ ton—1 ton—1½ tons—2 tons and 3 tons, in wide variety of body styles. Chassis priced $895 to $2,240, f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Michigan*

★ The Junior Speed Wagon is particularly adapted to service in the department and specialty store, meat markets, bakeries, food, florist, laundry, cleaning and dyeing, and general merchandise fields.

REO SPEED WAGON

World Leader in High Speed, Low Upkeep Commercial Transportation

BLIND DATE

(Continued from Page 9

She turned, and for an instant something warm and impulsive broke through the surface. She recovered the aloof manner, however, and in another sidewise glance scrutinized Jim's yellow hair and his smooth brown cheeks.

"How did you get so sunburned?" she asked disinterestedly. "Violet ray?"

"I spent the midterm vacation in Bermuda," said Jim. "My father promised me the trip if I'd get through the exams."

"I'd like to make that trip," said Marka. "It might help my complexion too."

"You'd be wasting time," Jim announced gently. "Your complexion is absolutely perfect right now."

She turned quickly and discovered his brown eyes watching her. His gaze was so openly admiring, so ardent, that her veneer of sophistication suffered badly. She turned red in the cheeks, and had not reëstablished her visible boredom with life by the time they overtook the couple ahead.

"Pretty view," remarked Dorothy, nodding toward the far Poughkeepsie hills. In silence the four stared across the campus.

"It reminds me a little of Princeton," said Hubert graciously. "Not quite as many buildings here, of course." Dorothy abandoned the view.

"We ought to be starting for the Lodge," she said briskly.

Retracing their steps, they came to a campus whereon the tempo of life had quickened at the rich promise of the week-end festivities. The air was permeated by a new, subtle expectancy, by the exciting prelude to adventure. Everywhere, on paths that crisscrossed and slipped momentarily behind trees and buildings, girls walked arm in arm with their men; voices and fragments of laughter floated through the air while twilight, minister to romance, silently surrounded the campus.

When the two couples entered the big dining room of the Lodge, they encountered a sustained medley of dish-clattering, footsteps and chattering voices. Dorothy led the way to a reserved booth along the wall, and Marka and Jim sat on one side of the green board table. The conversation at first was general, but as dinner progressed Jim's attention remained for longer intervals upon the luminous-eyed lady at his elbow. Apparently she had discarded her earlier manner; for throughout the meal she was guilty of unsophisticated peals of laughter; and once, as she held a spoonful of creamy tomato bisque to her lips, one of Jim's remarks completely demoralized her. She dropped the spoon, crushed a napkin to her mouth, and rocked helplessly back and forth like an agitated doll while her eyes implored him to desist. She was still subject to recurring attacks when the two couples were again crossing the campus.

"We're in plenty of time for the J," said Dorothy's voice, in the darkness ahead.

"What's a J?" whispered Jim.

"A J is a dance," Marka explained.

"Oh, fine!" said Jim. "Why do you call it a J?"

"Why?" Marka repeated slowly. "I never thought of it before. Dorothy," she said, raising her voice, "why do we call a dance a J?"

"Why?" said Dorothy. "Because everybody else does, I suppose."

"But what's it mean?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

The dormitory just ahead had become a constellation of gleaming yellow windows. There was about each window an air of reticence and grave dignity, as if each were consciously withholding from the outer world some gay, exciting secret. On the ground floor, beyond glass-paneled doors, the two couples reached a clubroom, stripped of furniture, where a girl at a grand piano supplied music for a score of men and their partners.

Jim embarked with Marka and proceeded to display an impressive terpsichorean virtuosity. He moved slowly, he moved quickly; he teetered on heel and toe, marking time for an opening in the crowd; he embellished his theme with deft turns, quick retreats; and he concluded with a long, swooping circuit of the floor in which they flew as unerringly as a bird through a grove of tree trunks.

"Whew!" exclaimed Marka, clapping for more music. "I've never danced with such a divine dancer!"

"You haven't?" he said lamely.

"But I should be introducing girls to you."

"Oh, no!" he protested. "Why?"

"Well," she said, beaming, "I'm supposed to see that you have a good time."

For an answer he put out his arms, and while they glided leisurely around the room, his brown eyes were focused admiringly on the eyes of gray.

"When I first saw you," he began, "do you know what I thought of immediately?"

"What?"

"A spot passage we had at midyears," he said, "a quotation from Shakspere."

"Let me think," said Marka, frowning thoughtfully at the ceiling. "Was it, 'Double, double toil and trouble'?"

"No."

"Was it what Macbeth said to the old witch: 'How now, you secret, black and midnight hag!' . . . That's all the Shakspere I can remember."

"It's from Romeo and Juliet," said Jim, lightly avoiding an oncoming couple. "Somebody says that two of the fairest stars in the sky, having to go away on business, asked Juliet's eyes to twinkle in their places till they got back."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Marka, and her eyes promptly accentuated their stellar quality.

"I honestly believe that two shafts of light go out from your eyes," said Jim. "You could make money by hiring them out for headlights."

"On broken-down automobiles?"

"Exactly. You could walk along the roads at night until you met a car with its ignition gone dark."

"Then I'd jump astride the hood?" she said enthusiastically.

"Yes, and shine your eyes straight ahead," Jim warned. "Don't look back or you'll blind the driver. After you brought that car to a garage, you'd start right out looking for another. Be sure and demand high prices."

"Oh, I'd have to," agreed Marka. "You see, I'd wear out a lot of expensive clothes riding on the hood that way. Would a dollar an hour be too much?"

Before the price was settled, Dorothy cut in, and Marka set about the task of bringing up and introducing new partners to Jim.

While the third of these was dancing with him, Marka stood in conversation with a group of girls near the piano. Her eyes, roaming over the room, discovered Jim and saw that he had been watching her. Unnoticed by the others, a smile passed between them and soon they were again in each other's arms.

"Well," said Marka triumphantly, "I found out why we call a dance like this a J. Back in the old days—away back in 1915 or '20, I suppose—it seems there was only one room on the campus where the girls were allowed to dance. That happened to be Room J over in Main Hall. So ever since then we've called any small dance a J. . . . Don't you love it?"

The present J subsided at eleven o'clock, couples drifting out and starting toward the scattered dormitories. Among the slowest walkers were Marka and Jim, who proceeded at a steadily diminishing pace.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marka. "I just remembered you're on the Tiger."

"Yes, I'm on the board."

"What do you do?"

"I'm on the editorial side," he explained. "I mostly write rimes and jingles."

"Poetry! How exciting!" she exclaimed. "You know, I think the Tiger is a scream, Jim; simply too funny for words."

"Now don't kid the old college," said Jim affectionately.

"But I do, Jim!" she breathed earnestly. "It's worlds funnier than the Yale Record, or the—or any of the others."

In spite of themselves they stood at last by the entrance of Marka's dormitory

"Then I'll see you at 9:30," said Jim. "It'll be the first time I ever took a girl to breakfast."

"We can go over to the Pop-Over Shop," said Marka.

"Well, good night, Bright Eyes."

Her smile still lingered as she ran up several half flights of stairs and turned into a room on the left of the corridor. There was a click in the darkness, then a pink lamp shade glowed above a china cat which sat erect with a fixed grin. Marka threw her coat on the single bed and hurried out to the corridor. In a room three doors away she found Dorothy, clad in a blue bathrobe and horn-rimmed glasses, sitting at her desk.

"Well," said Dorothy, still writing, "he certainly isn't tall or dark. How is he otherwise?"

Marka's hands clasped, her face turned grave

"I like him, Dot," she breathed. "Oh, I like him!"

III

FROM the steps of the Pop-Over Shop, Jim and Marka descended into a forenoon of golden sunshine. Premature spring, floating in the air, obviously affected Marka, for she stretched out her arms and drew in a breath so deep that it produced a pouter-pigeon fullness on the small, trim figure.

"Oh!" she crooned. "What a day!"

"Be a swell day for a walk," remarked Jim, looking across the hills. Marka touched his sleeve.

"Instead of going to the glee-club concert," she said, "let's go for a walk!"

"Grand idea!" said Jim. "You sure you'd just as soon?" She spread her small pink palms.

"What do a hundred sopranos mean in my life?" she asked. "I'd rather listen to you"

"I thank you—I thank you."

"A good walk," gurgled Marka, as they started, "will be just the thing for your constitution and your by-laws."

The eaves and windows of the campus disappeared behind accumulating hills as the couple walked through the air of a May day that had fallen by error into March. Strange new odors touched their faces, and in sunny spots wraiths of steam from melting snow rose perpendicularly and dissolved into the blue sky. At first the pair strode along purposefully, but soon they were loitering, close together, hands occasionally touching. Often, after listening intently to Jim, Marka raised her face to the sky, and then her laughter, sweet and impermanent, would spread and settle softly among the rough, substantial hills.

"Tomato bisque," she ordered, when they sat at luncheon, "and plenty of whipped cream, please."

"That seems to be the national dish up here," said Jim.

"Every girl in college orders it," agreed Marka, "except a few that are afraid of becoming stylish stouts. That never bothers me though."

"You weigh about"—he drew back, scrutinizing her—"about a hundred and eighteen"

"Heavens, no!" she exclaimed. "I only weigh ninety-seven, and sometimes ninety-eight pounds."

"Well, I'll –be—darned," he murmured, as though this were still another side of her fascination, something for new awe and interest.

(Continued on Page 114)

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A Safer

THE medical profession, devoted to the cause of humanity, has lengthened the average span of human life by protecting the life and health of babies. Much of this wonderful accomplishment has been the result of discovering how better to feed babies—how to provide safe, wholesome food for babies deprived of mother's milk—how, after weaning time, to carry them safely through the dreaded "second summer."

The Story of a Great Accomplishment

One of the leading baby specialists of the United States has recently directed the feeding of 752 babies during a period of 14 months, covering two summers. All this number were fed exclusively on Evaporated Milk. Let the specialist tell the result:

"As the most severe test of any form of feeding is the ability of very young infants to digest and thrive on it,

Evaporated Milk is not a prepared baby food. It is MILK *—pure milk that is concentrated, homogenized, put in sealed containers and sterilized. It is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. It is always fresh and sweet and safe—free from anything that can endanger health. It is more easily digested than ordinary milk—as easily digested as mother's milk. * * * We do not presume to take the place of your physician in directing your baby's feeding. Evaporated Milk needs to be modified for babies, as any cow's milk needs to be.*

World for Babies

evaporated milk formulas were fed to 570 newly born infants. * * * In the case of these newly born infants, the evaporated milk mixtures were uniformly well digested. There were no cases in which it was found necessary to substitute some other form of milk. * * *

"Of the infants who were fed exclusively on evaporated milk and received no breast milk at all, 92.8 per cent regained the birth weight at the end of 14 days. * * * Of the 526 newly born infants fed exclusively on breast milk, or given extra feedings of formulas prepared from bottled cow's milk, 66 per cent regained the birth weight by the end of 14 days."

A *More* Severe Test

Nine premature infants were fed exclusively on Evaporated Milk. They all thrived. Let the specialist speak again:

"There is no more severe test of a food than the ability of premature infants to thrive on it, and a very general belief is that but few premature infants can thrive who do not receive breast milk.

"We consider the results in the case of these premature infants as possibly the most convincing evidence of the suitability of evaporated milk for infant feedings."

What does it Mean?

This great experiment shows how your baby—how babies everywhere—can have milk that is surely safe and wholesome. Your grocer—every grocer in America—has Evaporated Milk. It costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk. Deprived of mother's milk, babies can yet have milk that is as easily digested and as safe as mother's milk could be. They can have the same comfort and growth and rugged health. And the hazard of milk for the baby after weaning time is all gone. Let the specialist speak again in this final conclusion:

"The known qualities of unsweetened evaporated milk—its sterility, its ready digestibility and uniformity of composition—are distinct advantages which recommend it for general use in infant feeding."

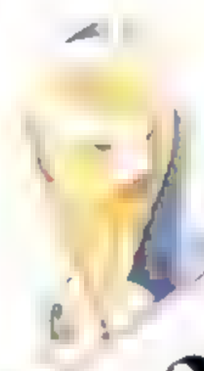
And for Your Children

Milk that is so good that babies thrive upon it is, of course, good for children. No need to wonder if the milk your children drink is safe milk. Evaporated Milk is always safe. It can't have in it anything that could cause illness. Sterilization makes it free from any harmful bacteria. The sealed can protects its purity and safety. The experiment with babies proves, beyond possible question, the power of Evaporated Milk to give sturdy growth and normal development. Children readily drink it.

For Every Cream *and* Milk Use

When you know how good Evaporated Milk is for babies and children, you'll know that it is good for every use. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it is better food than cream. Used in place of ordinary milk, it does two important things—enables you to put more milk in the diet, and gives the food a finer, richer texture and flavor.

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



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I would like to have your free booklets telling why Evaporated Milk is good for babies—why it is good for every use.

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Lee Play Suits are the rough and tumble suits for red-blooded, hard-on-clothes youngsters of from 1 year to those grown-up fellows up to 12.

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Lee

PLAY SUITS

WHIZIT OR BUTTON STYLES

(Continued from Page 111)

Returning toward the campus, they studied the fences until they found a panel in which the top rail offered a flat surface. Here they perched. Marka slipped the brown fur coat from her shoulders and let it hang loosely around her waist while the sun poured warmth upon her back.

"It's not a polite question," said Jim, "but I've been wondering how old you are."

Marka looked straight ahead; for an instant distress dimmed her face.

"Let's talk about you instead," she said brightly. "I would guess that you are—let me think—exactly twenty-two."

"Do I look that old?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, but it isn't only your looks," she explained. "It's because you have so much dope on things."

There was a silence during which Jim thoughtfully regarded his cigarette.

"I'd like you to think I'm twenty-two," he said, "but I don't want to lie. I won't be twenty-one till June."

"You won't?" she said. "You seem much older to me."

"Honestly?"

"I mean it, Jim."

After another silence he turned with a half-shamed smile. "Am I as old as you?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," she said. "You're older."

His tanned face shone with relief. "You must be pretty smart," he said admiringly.

"Why?"

"To be a senior so young, I mean."

"Oh, I'm not smart," she protested weakly, and for a long time there was no sound except the hollow trickle of some invisible stream of snow water.

"Marka," began Jim, "will you come to the house party in May?"

"Oh, Jim," she said, "I'd adore to."

"And say," he added, "I just remembered the Junior prom! It's Friday week. I was going stag, but could you come to that too?"

Words, obviously, became inadequate; she turned, her face radiating acceptance and gratitude. For a moment they gazed, with a new breathlessness, into each other's eyes. In the next instant Jim, standing on the ground, pressed close to her. He gripped her hand and there was an expression of suffering in his brown eyes as he stared up at the red-faced girl perched on a rail.

"I certainly like you," he said painfully. "I liked you the minute I saw you."

For five heartbeats they were motionless, helpless. An air of not knowing what to do next lay over them like paralysis. At last Jim, with a mechanical gesture, helped her to the ground. Uncomfortable embarrassment kept them silent until, after a dozen paces, Marka pulled her hand from her deep pocket.

"What's this?"

She stared at one of the menu cards from luncheon. When she turned it over, the back of the card displayed some hastily penciled words:

THE HOME-WRECKER

O married ladies, guard your mates
With all of your resources!
For Marka, winking just one eye,
Can start sixteen divorces.

The devastating eyes turned upon Jim, a gurgle of delight came from the parted red lips.

"When did you write that?"

"Under the table, while you were concentrating on your ice cream."

"But how did it get in my pocket?"

"Well, who helped you on with your coat?"

She reread the lines, her astonishment unabated. Carefully she put the card back into her pocket; then she took his arm and they started off at a swinging pace toward the campus.

"Sixteen divorces," she said musingly. "Does that mean if I winked both eyes at once there'd be thirty-four divorces?"

Jim was seized by an attack of tittering.

"One of the first things you said to me," he remarked, "was that you loathed mathematics."

In the company of Dorothy and Hubert, an hour later, they crossed a big, red-carpeted lobby and reached the edge of a ballroom where a tea dance was in full stride.

"We had an orchestra from New York at our last prom," remarked Hubert genially. "Is this a local one, Dot?"

"As long as the music is fit to dance to," said Dorothy, "I never care about the name of the orchestra."

Surrounding the dance floor were smaller rooms, each serving as headquarters during the intermissions. After the first dance, Dorothy and Marka led their escorts into one of these. The crowded room buzzed with laughter and gossip, but through the casual chatter ran a current of more earnest speeches pertaining to the onerous business of providing male guests with partners.

"Will you meet my man?"

"Where's Janice? She promised this one."

"Isn't he the wettest ever?"

"Claudia, have you seen Janice?"

"Will you meet my man?"

"My dear, I simply stood there and bleated like a lamb."

"Oh, Edith! Don't forget!"

"Will you meet my man?"

"Where's oh, Janice!"

For dance after dance Jim and Marka floated around the ballroom in each other's arms, but by the time the last waltz began they were sitting on a stone bench, out in the twilight, while a warm wind blew through the trees.

"Just think," said Jim solemnly, "this time yesterday I didn't know you."

Marka nodded gravely; they leaned a little closer to ward off the thought of how narrowly they had escaped going through life by separate paths.

"And this time tomorrow night," said Marka, "the campus will be sad and lonely again. All the nice men will be gone away."

A brown hand touched a small white one; they clung together while overhead the wind sang its ancient, depressing hymn.

"It's only a few days to the prom."

"I can hardly wait!" cried Marka. "It'll be stacks of fun ever so much more than one of our dances."

"Do you really think so?" asked Jim, surprised.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Going away to a man's prom is different. It's like taking a trip to some new, exciting place."

"I wish you were going to be here next fall," said Jim. "I'm crazy about the big football games, but they aren't much fun if a fellow goes alone."

"You'll have another girl by then," said Marka, looking off through the trees.

"Not unless you get tired of having me hang around."

Through the twilight drifted the voices of couples leaving the tea dance.

"Maybe you could get down to Princeton next fall anyway," suggested Jim hopefully. "Do you live far off?"

"My home's in Washington."

"Washington, D. C.?"

"No, near Seattle, in the state of Washington."

"Oh," said Jim hollowly.

Marka turned as if to speak, but instead looked down again at the tips of her shoes. They sat in discouraged silence while the wind deepened to the slow, sorrowing measures of a funeral march. Presently they rose and, in time to the mournful dirge, walked slowly away. After ten steps Marka stopped. She faced Jim resolutely, then wavered and resumed walking. Five steps later she again halted and swung toward him

"Jim, I'm not a senior," she said quickly.

Her hands, as she stared, became hard little knobs, and though she faced him squarely, her eyes were turned off at an angle.

"I just said I was a senior," she went on hurriedly, "but I'm a freshman. I'm seventeen years old. I won't be eighteen till May. I said it because ——"

From the shadows in the rear came another couple who looked curiously at the pair standing as if interrupted in a quarrel. When the intruders disappeared Jim anxiously took Marka's arm.

"Why, that's all right," he said soothingly. "It doesn't matter a bit."

"You sure?" she quavered.

"Why, I'm delighted that you're a freshman!" he said. "Now you'll be here all next year, where I can see you often. Besides," he added, laughing, "it makes me feel about three inches taller already."

The tension vanished from Marka's face. She gave him a swift, limpid glance—the adoring, purified expression of the woman who has just confessed the worst about herself and has been miraculously forgiven. Shoulder to shoulder they walked on, and now it seemed that the wind had quickened into a lilting accompaniment for a hilarious tap dance.

After dinner they once more crossed the red-carpeted lobby. Now, however, the ballroom had become an auditorium of many seats, filling rapidly with girls, their guests and relatives. The group of four proceeded down the aisle. Dorothy, in a yellow *robe de style*, walked beside Hubert, who was accoutered in formal evening dress. Behind came Jim, dapper in a Tuxedo, and at his side Marka's small, rounded shoulders bloomed snowily from her pale-green gown.

"Hube looks grand," whispered Jim. "You have to be tall to get away with full dress. Can you imagine a runt like me wearing tails? They'd be slapping against my heels."

Marka looked at him imploringly. "Oh," she whispered, aghast, "you wouldn't want to be tall, would you?"

When the four were seated, Hubert glanced over the rows of chairs, then studied the curtained stage.

"This isn't bad at all," he announced cheerfully. "They ought to build you girls a regular theater, though, like the one the Triangle Club is putting up at Princeton. It's going to be the last word."

Dorothy, looking stonily to the front, made no answer. The Hall play unfolded before them, and after the final curtain everyone applauded enthusiastically.

"Good—really very good," said Hubert, clapping. "It had some of that same professional finish that our Triangle Club shows are famous for."

They went out into the chill night air and looked up at a high, white moon.

"Oh, what a moon!" said Marka. "You could study by it."

"Do you think that moon's bright?" Dorothy drawled innocently. "Why, I'll bet it shines much brighter down at Princeton. Doesn't it, Hube?"

Hubert laughed urbanely and proposed a drive. Dorothy, it developed, was suffering from a headache. Hubert, instantly solicitous, abandoned his plan and generously pressed the key of the car on Jim, who set out with Marka on his arm.

"Oh, I love it in Vassar when the lamps are lit," Marka said and gestured to the left, where many lamp-posts sparkled softly.

"'In Vassar when the lamps are lit,'" Jim quoted. "That sounds like the beginning of a poem. . . . Yes, I was noticing those lights last night. All of them seem to be winking at one another."

They reached the car and for an hour drove slowly along roads white with moonbeams. By the time the car had returned to its parking space, the two passengers were engaged to be married. The unspeakable newness of the miracle lent a tremulous, reverent note to their murmurs as they walked toward Marka's dormitory. Instead of going on to the front entrance, Marka stopped by a door in a projecting wing.

"This is where we get in after hours," she explained.

"Aren't you supposed to be out this late?"

"No, but it's all right," she said. "Now watch me."

She went to a window on the ground floor and tapped against the pane. At

(Continued on Page 117)

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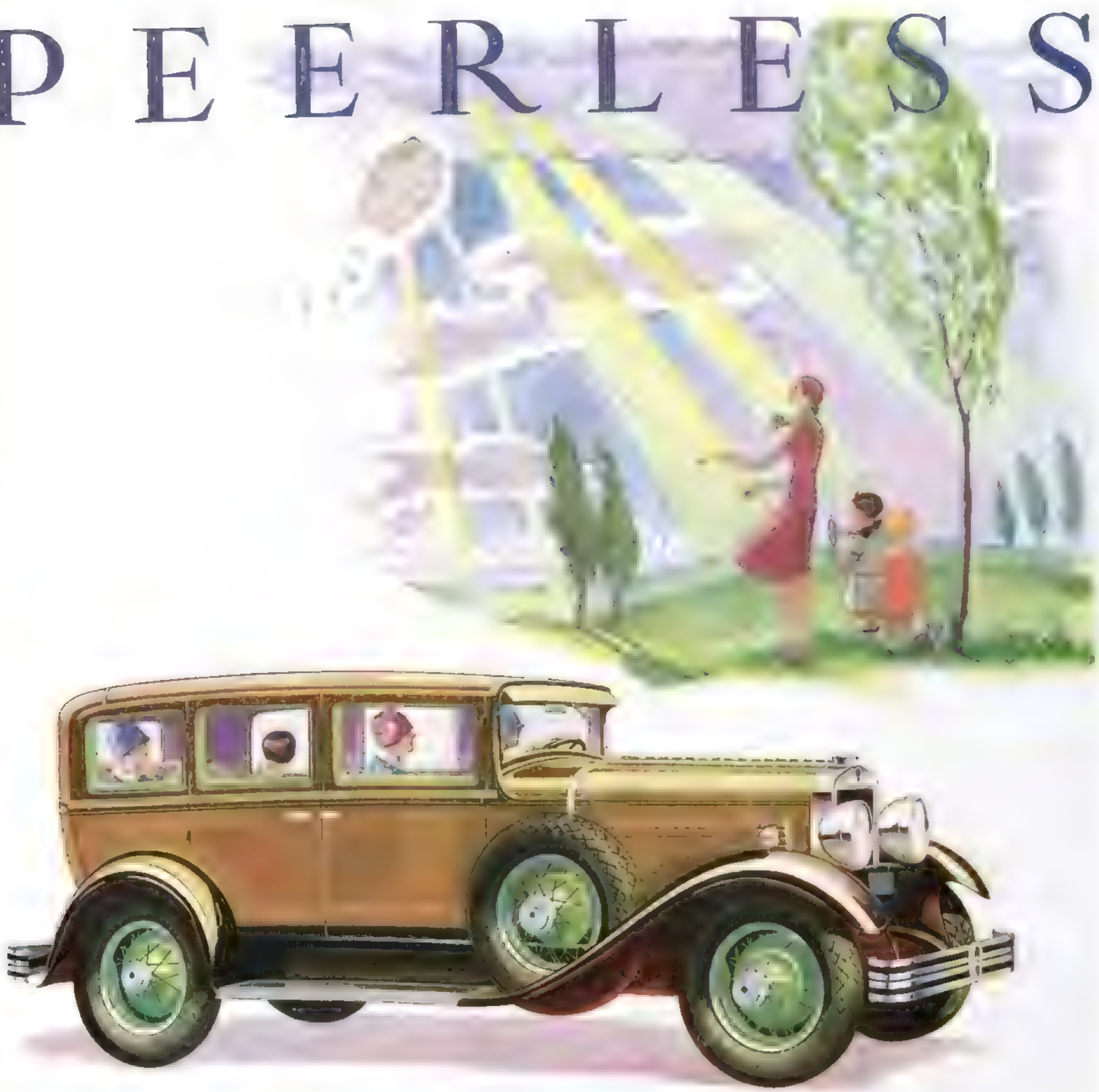

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(Continued from Page 114)

length a face appeared vaguely, then vanished. After a minute's delay, a soft click indicated that the door had been unlatched from the inside.

"See how it works?" asked Marka gleefully, holding the door from shutting again. "Now I tiptoe to my room and save the doorman at the front the bother of marking me late."

"But suppose you should get caught sometime?" said Jim anxiously. Marka shook her head.

"But I won't."

He took the hand not occupied by the door knob.

"Now see here," he said sternly. "You mustn't run any more risks like that. After this we'll be back on time. I don't want you getting into a scrape. In fact, I won't have it."

She followed attentively. A slow, happy smile dawned in her face; a delighted shudder went over her and she squeezed his hand.

"Goodness!" she crooned rapturously. "You're starting in to boss me already, aren't you?"

IV

THE chilly Sabbath afternoon became heavily charged with gloom and monoxide gas. In front of the Lodge a dozen cars, one by one, broke into sullen throbbing; farewells were in the air; men stood bareheaded in front of girls; voices rose and fell as cars embarked for Williamstown, New Haven, Hanover and Princeton.

"Tell Chuck there's room for another."

"I'm cold already. Let's get started."

"Anybody going to Princeton?"

"We'll have to get gas in P'kip."

"Is Charlie around?"

"He's halfway to New Haven; got a ride with Pom."

One engaged pair, however, had refused to endure the pangs of separation; and now, in a quiet corner of the Lodge, were completing the plans for their elopement.

"Hube was darn white about the car," said Jim gratefully.

"Did you tell him about—about us?"

"No, I just said I wanted to stay up here for a day or so," Jim explained. "I don't think we'd better tell anybody."

"That's what I think," said Marka. "If Dorothy knew, she might try to stop us. You see, she's my advisor here, and besides she knows mother and has always kept an eye on me, sort of."

Jim, leaning closer, spoke in a low earnest voice; Marka followed intently, nodding at each pause, and did not once take her eyes from his.

"Now here are the plans," said Jim: "As soon as Hube is packed he's coming here, and we'll all drive him down to the train. Then I'll bring you and Dorothy back to the campus. After that, I'll drive back to Poughkeepsie, leave the car there, and take the train tonight for New York. I want to go to the bank first thing in the morning. Then I'll look up Larry Garret. He was in my class at Hotchkiss, and he eloped from New York last summer. He drove to some place in Connecticut, I think, and I'll find out from him what to do. I'll get back here tomorrow night and you and I will have dinner together. That'll give you all day tomorrow to get ready, so—so we can start off early Tuesday morning."

As she realized that he had finished and was smiling tenderly at her, the rigidly attentive look left her face; she smiled and suddenly hung her head.

Through the window they saw Hubert put a suitcase in the rear of the green touring car and come toward the Lodge. Together the engaged pair rose.

"Jim," said Marka, "you'll have lots of expenses. I've got about a hundred and sixty dollars here in the Vassar Bank. Do you want it?"

His face colored and his mouth trembled slightly, as though he had been curiously touched.

"When I get to the bank in New York," he explained, "I'm going to sell one of the bonds Aunt Minnie gave me for Christmas. But just the same, it's darn white of you - darling."

V

IN THE crowded room the Monday morning class in Italian grammar ended. The teacher turned a page of her book.

"So far, so good," she remarked. "For tomorrow we ——"

A small girl with big gray eyes, sitting in the third row, dutifully marked the new assignment.

"Tomorrow?" said her eyes. "Ah, tomorrow!"

From the stone steps outside she hurried to the shops at the edge of the campus. In one she bought a blue traveling dress. "Send the bill to Mrs. Andrew C. Hutson," she directed, and gave the address. In the next shop she selected carefully from among garments of glistening pink silk. She held aloft and finally bought a pair of decorative pajamas of the color of young fern leaves. The saleswoman, her fingers expertly spread inside a tan stocking, asked a question.

"The best," Marka answered. "Oh, the best!"

With her bundles she returned to her room and found that a package had come by special delivery from Poughkeepsie. She dropped her purchases on the bed. Sitting in front of the grinning china cat, she undid the mysterious package and revealed an ornate box of candy. On top lay a large blue envelope from which she drew a blue card; she stared at it. In the upper left-hand corner was a small drawing of a girl's face, consisting mostly of eyes from which streamed visible rays of light. Beneath, neatly printed in ink, were a title and eight lines:

LAMPS OF VASSAR

In Vassar when the lamps are lit
They're simply wasting light,
For if you're away a thousand lamps
In vain combat the night.

But if your two lamps are shining here,
"Put out the rest!" say I.
For who would ask a pocket flash
When Phœbus rides the sky?

Her hands in her lap, Marka smiled tenderly at the china cat. She walked out to the corridor and stood on the threshold of an open door.

"Dorothy," she called, "what does Phœbus mean?"

"Phœbus?" repeated Dorothy's voice. "Why, Phœbus means the sun. . . . Translating your Latin?"

"No," said Marka, turning. "I was just reading some nice poetry."

At nightfall, in the dining room where they had eaten their first meal together, she sat across from Jim in one of the most secluded booths. Everything, he explained, had worked out perfectly. The bank had given him the money for his bond; in his pocket was the address of the minister who had united young Mr. and Mrs. Larry Garret.

"And here's the ring."

Their heads touched as they examined the circlet of platinum; then Jim straightened.

"Here's something else."

Marka stared. "Oh, Jim!" she gasped. "You didn't have to get ——"

The small solitaire sparkled valiantly, sending tiny flashes toward the two bent heads, the one yellow and the other black.

"Oh, oh," Marka whispered. Jim hurried around the table, sat beside her, and soon she stopped crying. He achieved a humorous ceremony in slipping the ring on her finger; she held up her hand and made the diamond flash.

"The stone matches you," said Jim. "Not very large, but awful good quality."

"It's lovely, lovely," Marka murmured. "I wouldn't have it any different for the world."

One by one the others left the Lodge; unnecessary lights were extinguished, silence and darkness settling in the corners of the room. Marka and Jim, however, continued to ignore time and space. They had become

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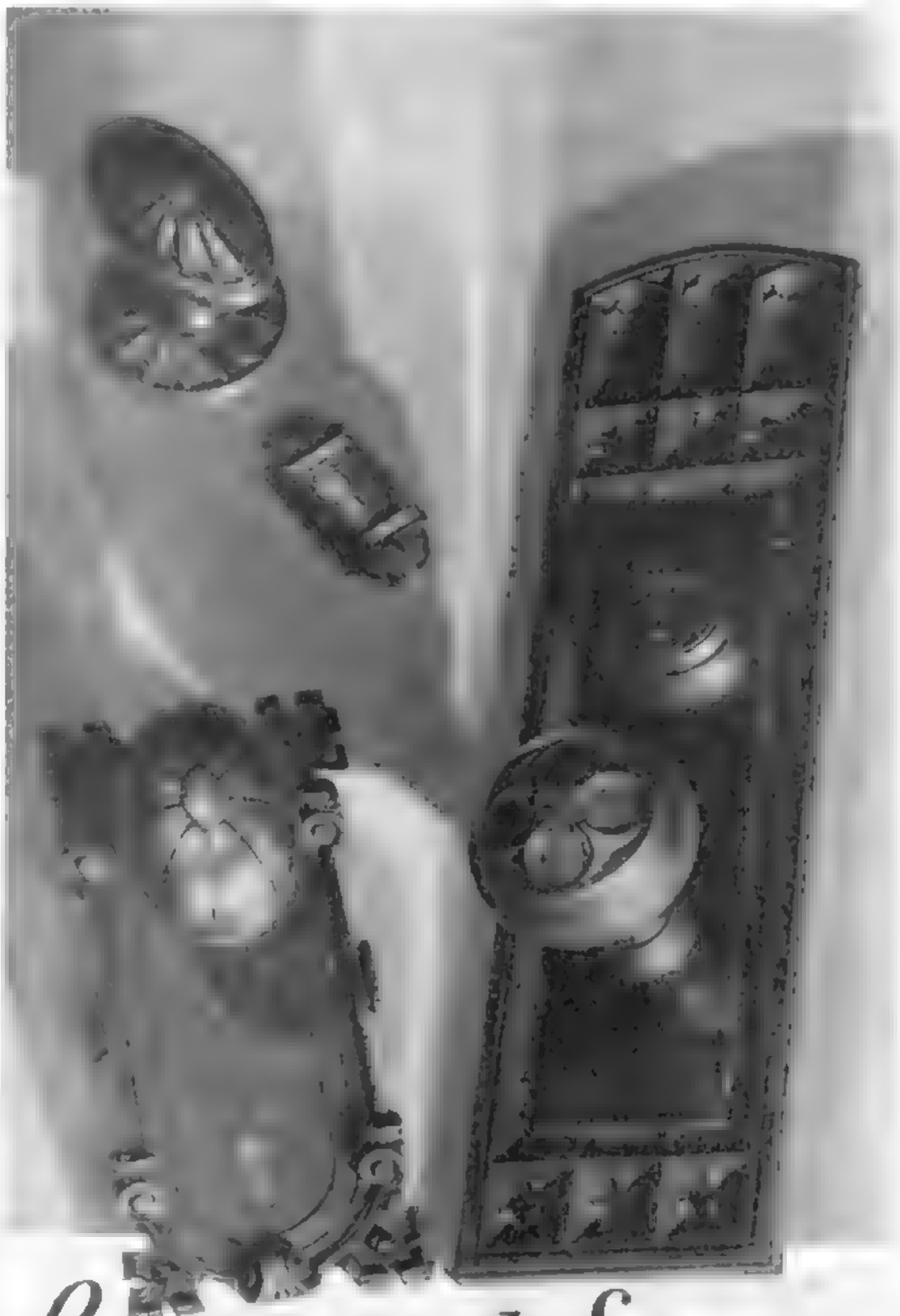

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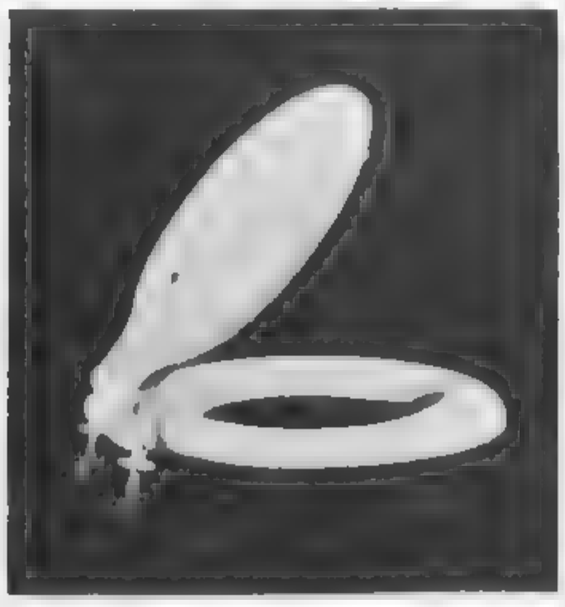

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the sole inhabitants of a small, magic world of their own making. Holding hands across the green board table, they talked in murmurs and found in each other the earth's entire store of merit, interest and love.

"You're not frightened about eloping, are you?" asked Jim.

"I'm not afraid of anything," said Marka, "as long as I'm with you."

"Some people," remarked Jim pityingly, "would say that we're too young to get married."

"But we're not," said Marka.

"You're practically eighteen, and I'm almost twenty-one. That's old enough to know what we're doing."

"Of course," Marka agreed, almost indignantly.

"We'll be married by noon tomorrow," Jim continued, "and we can take two or even three days for our honeymoon. That means we'll both be back in college by Friday at the latest, and no harm done except the few classes we cut. We'll keep it all a secret. Won't it be fun?"

When at last they rose, even the waitresses had disappeared from the silent dining room.

"Eight-thirty," Jim repeated, at parting. "The car will be standing exactly where it is now, and I'll be in it, waiting for you, dear."

In her room, an hour later, she hid a packed suitcase under the bed and straightened, a barefoot pygmy in mussed pink pajamas. Once more she slipped the solitaire on her finger. She threw back her head and smiled at the outstretched hand. Sitting in bed, she reached toward the china cat and the room was dark, save for pale moonlight that glowed against the window. Because the left hand, placed carefully outside the covers, lay just above her heart, it rose and lowered with her breathing. At each breath a tiny spark left the diamond and took flight toward the moon.

Bright sunshine besieged the window when Marka abruptly sat up. She glanced quickly at the blue desk clock, whose hands indicated twenty minutes of seven. By the time those hands pointed to eight, she was sitting quietly at the window, fully dressed. Beside her stood the packed suitcase.

Far across the campus, through a border of tree trunks, part of a green touring car was visible; and it was to this that her eyes constantly returned after each glance at her wrist watch.

On the ground below her window a young Airedale rioted in the snow. There was in his antics the zest of the puppy who does not often escape the leash, who must therefore wring full flavor from each minute of liberty. Now he began barking, as if determined to rouse the entire college before Marka had escaped. She frowned at him, then turned again toward the faithful waiting car.

At ten minutes after eight she rose and picked up the suitcase. The barking outside suddenly grew louder. Pausing by the window, Marka scowled nervously at the truant Airedale. When she glanced toward the distant trees, her gloved hand sought her heart. The green car was gone.

Her hand lowered, then sharply flew back; for the car was coming straight toward the dormitory. It came swiftly, impetuously, like the lover who has not the patience to wait out by the roadside rendezvous. With her suitcase Marka fled down the stairs. She was within five steps of the front doors when they opened. In came Jim, breathless, white-faced, a telegram in hand.

"Marka! Look! It just got here!"

The paper shook audibly in her hand while she read:

TWO NOTICES HERE FOR YOU FROM THE DEAN STOP PROCTOR WAS IN TONIGHT LOOKING FOR YOU SAYS DEAN IS SORE OVER CLASSES YOU CUT SINCE FRIDAY IT LOOKS SERIOUS YOU ARE ON PROBATION NOW PROCTOR SAYS YOU RATE A WEEKS SUSPENSION AND IF YOU CUT ANY MORE MAY EVEN BE EXPELLED BETTER GET BACK HERE IMMEDIATELY STOP MY LOVE TO THE GIRL

BUBL

Marka looked up, and now both faces mirrored the same dismay at the disaster threatening his future. Expelled from college! Sent home to work, no more to tread the campus! No more proms or house parties! No more youth!

"It had to come at this time," groaned Jim. In a flare of defiance he added: "I almost wish the wire hadn't got here till after we were gone."

"No, Jim, no!" said Marka. "Don't say that! Oh, you mustn't get expelled!"

There was agony and submission in his brown eyes as he clutched the door knob. "I've got a class at 1:30," he cried. "I can just make it in time! I'll phone you tonight! . . . Write me, dearest!"

She reached her bedroom window just as the green car gathered speed. His hurry was not so great that he forgot to look back at a particular window and wave. Marka, waving energetically, watched the car dash hastily away, throwing up fragments of snow.

Just below, the young Airedale had stopped barking. He cocked his head, listening in a defiant attitude. From a front yard in faculty row a man's voice called—called insistently, authoritatively. All at once the Airedale submitted. In his haste he, too, threw up fragments of snow as he scurried furiously along in answer to his only master's voice.

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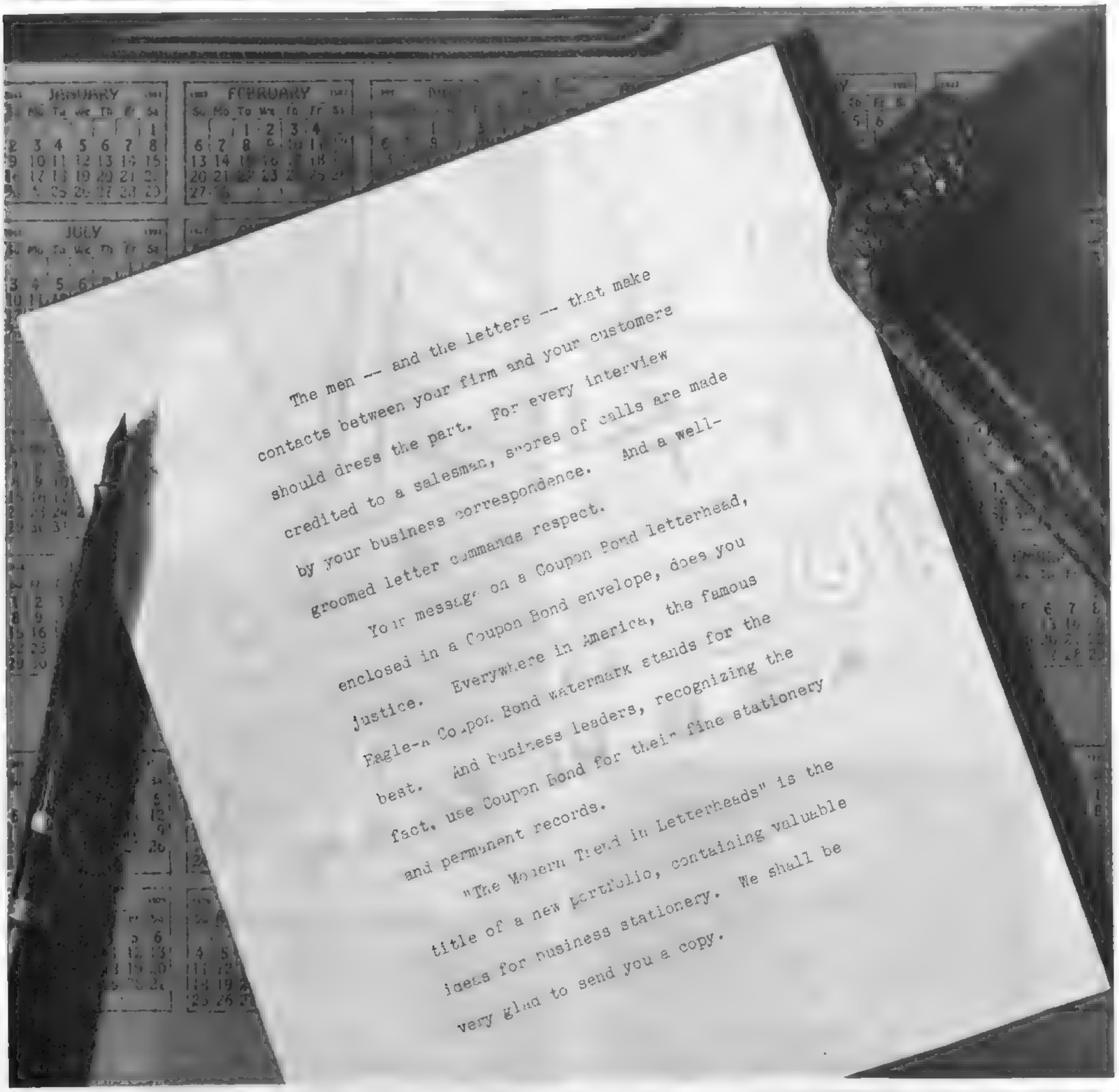
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EAGLE·A·PAPERS

JOHN QUIXOTE

(Continued from Page 23)

the water of Bisagras Valley rose from the mountain's depths, watched a bronze eagle rocking against the blue. Water sang downward through a moss-grown aqueduct, a lisping, lulling murmur. Queerly John Harvey felt that he had come to some great journey's end.

He hadn't seen the girl yet. Why should he? She was nothing to him. Only two vivid pictures in his memory—the strange imploring look in her dark eyes, that moment in Valencia when she had slipped past him from the limousine; the way her lips had trembled and her eyes had blazed, that other moment in the train, saying she'd call a cop if he spoke to her again. Surely she'd understand that he hadn't meant to follow her! Was it his fault that he had been clubbed and robbed?

What now? He didn't know. Time enough to worry about that, when he was fit to travel. Tomorrow, maybe. *Mañana.* This was Spain, where time lay deep, unstirring, inexhaustible.

The bare brown hills faded through purple bronze into soft, unimaginable color. That was Spain—sunlight so rich in color that it had to fade before you saw it; beauty that rose out of harsh barren things; a sense of great things long ago, of destiny suspended, dreaming. The quiet roofs of the *castillo* lay below him, patterned by trees, their blue tiles pleasant against brown earth and the green of gardens—weeds, mostly; not that it mattered. It seemed quite fitting that a gentle, shy old philosopher should have no interest in material prosperity.

Castles in Spain. . . . Elena de Avila came suddenly into view across the little courtyard where the fountain sparkled. John Harvey grinned. He recognized her dusky hair, the way she bore her head, the way she moved; yet she was different. Her dress—John Harvey could just remember when his mother had worn skirts like that. A hobble skirt! It made her seem less formidable somehow; droll, like a child playing lady. He watched her mince across the patio and disappear. Then she came through an outer door and started up the hill.

Coming directly here! What should he do? Be casual! He began vigorously to puff a pipe that had been empty for an hour. He turned with admirable surprise. He got up formally. He bowed with what he hoped was Spanish courtesy, not smiling.

She said in her accented English, "Good afternoon. I am sorry you were robbed. Your head is better?"

"Oh, y-yes'm, thanks."

"May I talk with you? I am so dull."

"T-talk with me? I should say you may! Where will you sit? I think you'll find this rock as soft as any!"

She smiled a little, timidly, accepting his recommendation. "Will you speak slowly, and forgive me if I do not understand all you say? I have little practice in speaking English."

John Harvey laughed. That queer exhilarating sense of unreality made him not quite himself, not quite the unremarkable John Harvey he was used to. He heard his own voice deeper, easier, more vibrant than he expected. It came to him that he had never actually heard his own voice before.

"You've come to a poor teacher. You know, I don't speak English; I speak American."

"Yes. I have heard of you."

"H-heard of me?"

"Of North Americans."

It still seemed odd to be called North American—like an Indian or something. It made John Harvey feel exotic, strange; it added to the remoteness of that brisk, mechanical, busy country, the United States. He ventured, "You're part English, aren't you? Mr. Morgan is your grandfather?"

"Yes," she admitted. But her voice withdrew. He thought she didn't like to be part English; he had heard of Spanish pride. He changed the subject.

"What have you heard of us? That we are rich, of course—all," said John Harvey sadly, "except me. What else?"

"That you are the youngest of great nations—young enough to defy all conventions."

"I don't think we mean to defy convention. I think we just neglect it. We're pretty busy."

"You have not yet traditions to imprison you. Spain—Spain is so old!"

He didn't hear the cry of protest in that quiet murmur; he thought she was being tactful. He could be tactful too.

"It does," John Harvey admitted, "make us feel young and green. Our things are old if they date from our Revolution—a hundred and fifty years. But you have things that were old before Columbus, relics of customs before Christ. Olive trees that have borne fruit a thousand years. Ruins that mark the passing of the Moor, the Roman, the Carthaginian, the Phenician—back and back into centuries that seem unreal to us."

"Yes," said the girl. "And yet we dream of being modern!"

"It seems a pity," he said thoughtfully. "It's rather a shock to have to dodge automobiles while you're looking at a town that defied Hannibal, and be shown factories instead of wonderful old things the rest of us haven't got, and see your city girls trotting about the streets precisely like our own flappers. Do you know what a flapper is?"

"I do," said Elena de Avila. "I dream of being one!"

"You?" cried John Harvey. "No!"

"Why not?"

"You—why, the charm of Spain is in the very things you represent. Dignity, seclusion, mystery—you are the type of woman we foreigners never see except by accident. We like to think you still exist somewhere, guarded, aloof behind thick walls and iron bars. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," said the girl grimly. "Behind thick walls and iron bars. Do you think that is charming?"

"It sounds like prison," he admitted, "the way you say it."

"What do you think it is? Never to go into the street without some aunt, some sad old woman who knows only God and *modo correcto*—the old customs. To see only families by your father chosen, women who know nothing, think of nothing but food and family and God and—*modo correcto*. To be so dull—so dull that you cannot sleep for thinking of the world that is alive and free!"

"I never thought of it," he confessed, "from the inside looking out. I guess I'm romantic. I guess I thought some women still lived that way because they were—well, proud; conservative; thinking old ways were best."

"Thinking?" cried Elena de Avila. "Why should a woman think? She has a father or a husband; let her obey!"

"Oh," said John Harvey thoughtfully.

"Some of my friends are modern and my father forbids me to have friendship with them. He says they are—how do you say? unclassed. Oh, for himself it does not matter! A man is not judged. He has *amigas*—woman friends. I know. I am not deaf or blind. Since my mother died ——"

She checked herself; and a third picture stamped itself in John Harvey's memory. He saw the tension go out of her slim body, saw the passion of rebellion die out of her eyes, leaving her listless and ashamed.

"Some women may be modern, but not I. Do you know how I came here? My aunt was sick, but she sent a woman with me—that I must not be alone with the chauffeur! And I tricked the woman, sent her to give a message and then told the chauffeur we should return for her after

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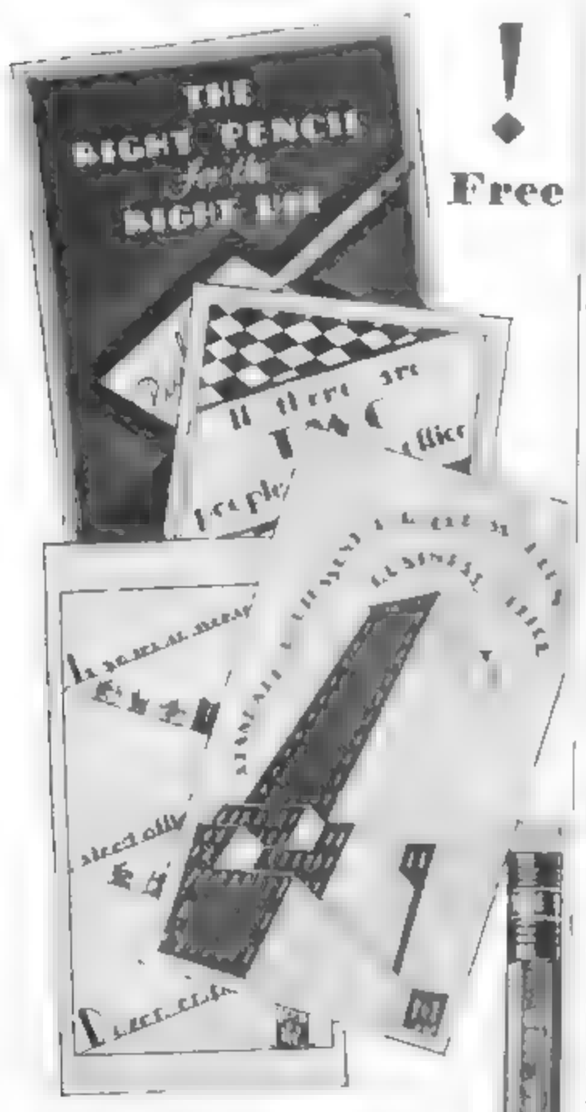

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we brought my father from the bulls—the *plaza de toros*. And while we waited ——"

"I know," nodded John Harvey. "I saw you. I was there."

He could have bitten his tongue for that. He saw her, sitting motionless, withdraw—remembering. He saw the shutters of reserve go up, saw arrogance and pride mask her clear face again a woman taught to defend herself against impertinence. After a moment she got slowly to her feet.

He didn't move. He only looked at her with pleading eyes.

"I've wanted to tell you about that. It's true that I followed you to the train. It was an impulse; I can't explain it. At the moment I was dull, as you say. Tired of Valencia. Tired of following the tourist route, doing the tourist things. I felt like doing something that wasn't planned. But I know this: I had no wish to be impertinent. Can you believe that?"

"It does not matter," said the girl listlessly.

"It does. I've felt like socking some of these café lizards for the way they stare at women, offer raw compliments, follow a woman if no man is with her. And here I've done that very thing!"

"It is no offense. The *piropo*, the compliment—it is quite *modo correcto*. Many girls feel they are not beautiful enough if the men do not speak."

"You mean, they like it?"

"Why not? It is our business to be women, to be beautiful; and that is the proof."

John Harvey didn't know just why the muscles knotted grimly in his jaw. He thought he was resenting the indecency of a social system under which sex bulked so large that decent women could expect and even wish to be accosted by strange men. But there was a simpler reason. At the moment sex bulked pretty large to him, John Harvey. He was aware of every grace and weakness of her slender body, the somber beauty of her eyes, the slightness of her hands. Savagely he wanted to do something for her with his muscles.

How? You couldn't hit a social system. You could hardly hit a girl's father, even if he were present, which he wasn't. But at that moment Wenceslao came bounding up the path like a young mountain goat, shouting, "Come, sair! Come, sair! *Aquel bribón*—zat robber man ias here! He say you rob hees burra!"

x

PEDRO PACHECO had the best of confirmation for that tale of marvels he had heard in Paco's wine shop. While his new friends told it, answering incredulity with new and more incredible details, a quiet, black-robed figure plodded by the door.

They cried, "Ask him! Ask Father Anastacio!"

Pedro Pacheco, bold with wine and social success, stepped out and took off his hat.

"Good afternoon, father. You permit me a word?"

The priest paused. The calm eyes under his grizzled brows took in the assembled faces. He knew the lives of every one of them, except Pacheco.

"As many as thou wishest, son."

"These friends tell me of the old Englishman, him they call Don Andrés. Is it true, father, that he is crazy?"

Father Anastacio frowned. Once Andrew Morgan's heresies had greatly confused his flock, and Andrew Morgan's orgy of philanthropy had greatly disorganized the life of this quiet valley, balanced for centuries between hardship and toil. Those had been troubled days for this plain, unassuming shepherd. He was no theorist, and a good man's heresies are hard to fight.

"It is true," said Father Anastacio, "that Don Andrés is one who loves mankind. I should be glad if all my children were crazy to that extent."

"Is it true that once he gave away so much money that nobody had to work?"

"It is true," said Father Anastacio, "that once the lazy ones of this valley forgot their duties and grew fat on the mistaken bounty of a good man. And do they boast of that?"

They cried uncomfortably, "No, father! We do not boast; we only tell this man because he is a stranger!"

"Whence comest thou, my son? What is thy business here?"

Pedro Pacheco was alarmed. "I am only a poor gypsy, father! I burn charcoal where I am permitted to find wood, and sell it where I can."

"Thou wilt do well to go about thy business, then, instead of wasting the good hours of God in idle gossip. What is thy interest in the matter of Don Andrés?"

"None, father! It is that I had never heard of a rich man giving away so much money."

"And hast thou never heard that our Lord commanded it? Do not concern thyself, my son, with matters beyond thy understanding. God in His wisdom sent great sorrow to that rich man, and he sought salvation in his own way, trying to help those around him. Let God decide whether his method was unwise."

"And does he give no longer?"

"Perhaps he has no more to give. Or perhaps," said Father Anastacio, glancing sardonically at the uncomfortable faces, "he perceived at length that his generosity encouraged idleness. . . . I have my work to do."

Pedro Pacheco could no longer doubt. The only question now was why the golden flood had stopped. Had the rich source of it gone dry? None of them believed that. Wealth, to their minds, was not a quantity that could be exhausted, but a quality that set some men above others. How could a rich man be a poor man?

"Nonsense!" cried one. "Does a cockroach stay on in an empty kitchen? Be sure Benito Gomez does not sacrifice himself!"

"Who is Benito Gomez?"

"Ha! You are indeed a stranger, gypsy. Who does not know Benito—that popeyed hypocrite? Before his master he is humble, saintly, caring nothing for money. He boasts that he is not paid. But Don Andrés lets him sell things from the garden, and you should see him grind us for the last centimo!"

"He was a stable boy when Don Andrés went crazy and sent away all his servants with great gifts of money. But that Benito is no fool; he stayed where the money was!"

"What is he now?"

"What he always was—a hypocrite! Before his master we are all his brothers; but he comes among us like some great *señor*, viewing us from above below. He does not love this valley, gypsy. He lives for the times when he goes to Madrid and comes back with his popeyes ringed with purple, and tells his master that a false belief has overtaken him. . . . Paco, pour us some false belief!"

Pedro Pacheco, therefore, came to the Castillo de Teresa armed with caution. He entered warily by the front gate but did not approach the house until he had identified a stooping figure in a lower garden as the canny Benito. Then he slipped round the house and found the kitchen door and knocked, not loudly. Juana came, and he took off his hat with great humility.

"Good afternoon, *señora*. Let your grace have the great goodness to ——."

Juana sniffed. "Do not try to flatter me, gypsy. I am not the *señora;* I am the cook. Are you hungry?"

"No, *señora*. I am a poor man overtaken by a great misfortune, and they say your master is a good man, very just."

"Too good for his own good. What do you want?"

"My business is with the master."

"Oh, you have business, have you? Well, kick that dust off your feet and I will ask him if he will see you."

Pedro Pacheco, waiting, heard the almost soundless tread of *alpargatas* coming round the house; Benito always moved silently. The gypsy whirled and got the full impact of that white-eyeballed stare, cringed and took off his hat again.

"Good afternoon, sir. I—I wait to see the master."

"What for?"

"I am a poor gypsy, and a disgrace has happened. A gentleman, a friend of your master's, beat me because I punished my own."

"Oh," said Benito, "you are the owner of that misbegotten jenny? The gentleman says you robbed him. What about it?"

"It is not true! It is not true! I strove to defend myself, and I may have struck him, but he was too strong for me! The blow of his hand is like a mule's kick! See," cried Pacheco, biting his cheek to make sure—"see how my cheek bleeds within!"

Benito wasn't interested. He demanded, "Who is this young Englishman of yours, and what is he doing here?"

"He is not my Englishman! I never saw him before! He came up behind me in the valley yonder, and beat me because I ——"

"Humph!" said Benito, disappointed. "Well, take your jenny and get out."

"But I wait to see the master!"

Benito's eyelids stretched to their most formidable; he was silent for a moment while his glare gathered effect. Inside the kitchen Wenceslao stopped, staring too.

"Go, and go quickly! My master"—suddenly Benito's eyes relaxed and his hand fell gently on Pacheco's shoulder; the startled gypsy leaped back in alarm before he heard the changed tone of Benito's voice—"never turns any man away. Have no fear, gypsy! God is all good and we are all His children."

Andrew Morgan stood in the kitchen door. Benito cried to him, "This is the owner of the jenny, Don Andrés! It is as we thought, an error, a misunderstanding. He did not rob the gentleman. No doubt the money merely fell from the young man's pocket, and in God's goodness will be found. Do you not think so, Don Andrés?"

Pedro Pacheco breathed again. He muttered, "Yes, Excellency. Surely it will be found. Will you give me back my jenny, Excellency? The young gentleman took her away from me. I am only a poor gypsy, too ignorant to understand the ways of gentlemen. He beat me! Look, Excellency! See how my cheek ——"

"Accuse no man," said Andrew Morgan. "No wrong exists except in our own belief. Reverse the thought; think only that the young man is your brother in the eyes of God."

"But he is rich and I am poor!"

"Riches and poverty," said Andrew Morgan gravely, "are illusions. Gold is not wealth. Once I was poorer than the poorest gypsy, having gold; but I am richer now, loving all men. Perhaps that is hard to understand, my friend, but it is true. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, Excellency! And because I have lost my jenny I cannot go back to burn my charcoal. I shall starve!"

"You shall have your jenny. . . . Juana, give this friend something to eat."

"*Diós se lo pagará*," muttered Pacheco in the pious phrase of beggars, but Andrew Morgan gravely took it at face value.

"Yes, my friend; God will repay all kindness. Remember that when you get back your jenny. Enter."

Pedro Pacheco entered, hat in hand, and saw a kitchen such as he had never dreamed. He didn't even know the uses of the things he saw—black iron things and copper things and white enamel things, the enamel somewhat chipped and dulled, but still magnificent to his unaccustomed eyes. He understood only the long tiled bank for charcoal fires and the pipes for water—not only one pipe, but four! Truly the servants of rich men had luxury!

But Pedro Pacheco didn't wait to eat. While Juana was setting out the food, John Harvey came through the house into the kitchen. He came deliberately; there was something awful to Pacheco in that measured stride, the cool glare of the Englishman's blue eyes, the grim set of his jaw. Pedro Pacheco, at the moment, couldn't quite think the young man was his brother.

(Continued on Page 124)

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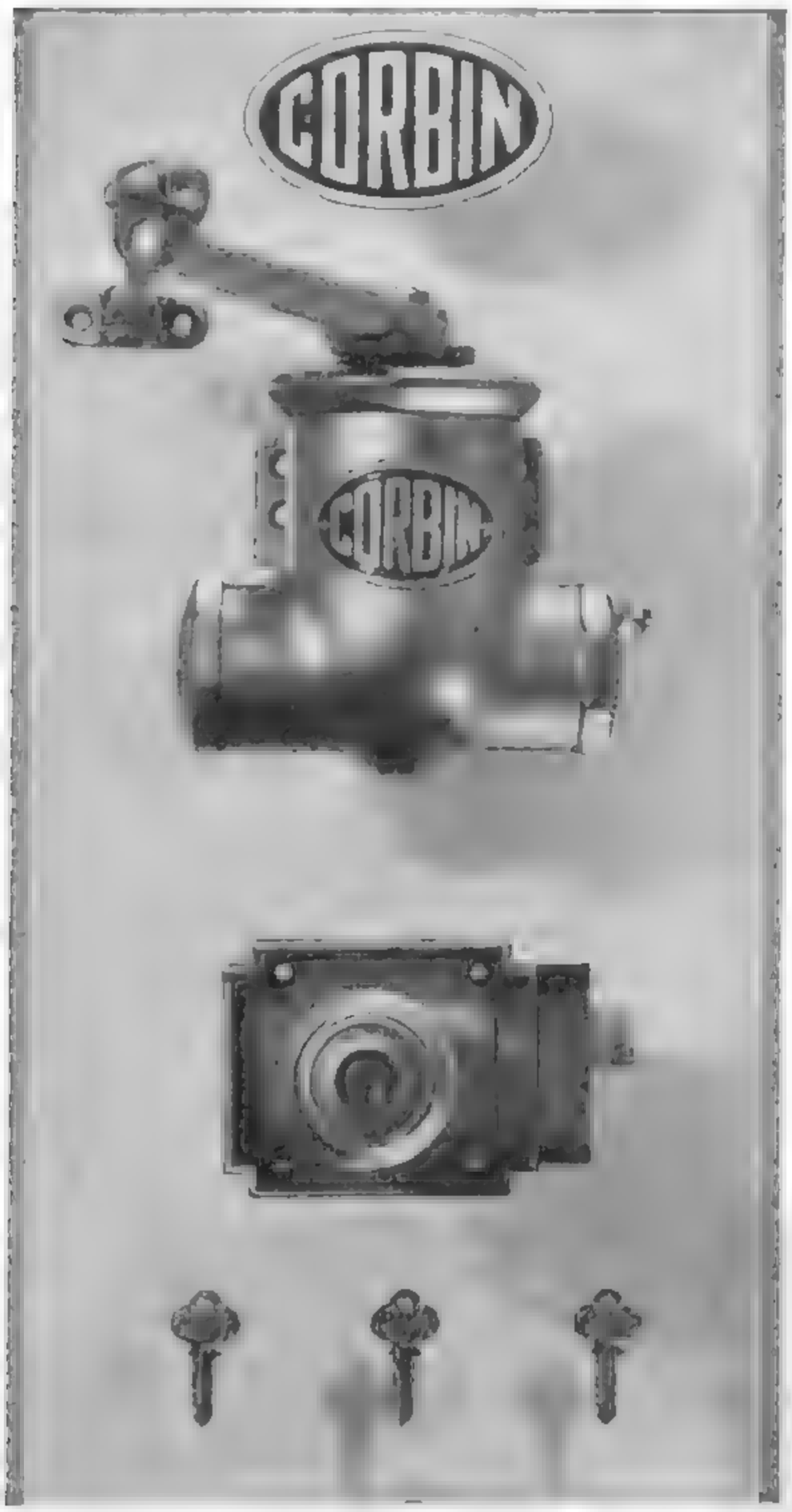

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(Continued from Page 122)

A whirlwind burst through the outer door. Pedro Pacheco led it by one jump, due to the fact that his rope-soled *alpargatas* gave him traction on the smooth-tiled floor. John Harvey's shoes slipped and he caromed off a shelf loaded with pottery, but before the pots hit the floor he was out and gone, Wenceslao after him.

"Friends, friends!" cried Andrew Morgan, but the friends had disappeared.

XI

TO ANDREW MORGAN it was Fear who fled, and Anger who pursued, a small boy, Bloodthirst, following. And Memory came through the house, running with the short steps imposed by her grandmother's hobble skirt, crying excitedly, "Where are they? What happened? Did he catch him?"

He said confusedly "I don't know" and stumbled past her to the peace of his own room. Not real—not real! For eighteen years the turmoil of the world had been shut out, denied; but with the coming of that strange young woman—his granddaughter!—it had swirled back on him like cruel noises through an open window.

Now he remembered having seen that dress before. Terry had got that mode in Paris, only the year before she died. How they had laughed at the mincing way it made her walk! But they had laughed together at so many things, Terry and he. In many places. He could remember Terry laughing, that last year—trying to keep up her valiant heart and his; trying to find some joy in their new Castle in Spain that had been doomed to ruin before its last roof tile was laid. Eleanor gone, her spirit broken, fading into formality and strangeness. Terry trying to keep up her laughter, waking at night to cry with those great sobs that tore at her poor lungs—too much.

Dry, dry are the hills of Spain, but that year they had not been dry enough.

Not real, not real. . . . He found a book and took it to his chair at the open window; with a will trained to one purpose—peace, peace—he drove his mind into the printed phrases, like an anodyne:

"Mark now what I say: The Right Eye looketh in thee into Eternity. The Left Eye looketh backward in thee into time. If now thou sufferest thyself to be always looking into nature and the things of time, it will be impossible for thee ever to arrive at the unity which thou wishest for. . . . Give not thy mind leave to enter in, nor fill itself with, that which is about thee. . . .

"Let not thy Left Eye deceive thee by making continually one representation after another, and stirring up thereby an earnest longing . . . but let the Right Eye command back this Left . . . bringing the Eye of Time into the Eye of Eternity. . . ."

The sun was down. Mechanically, as he had done so many times in eighteen years, he moved into the little courtyard where the light held longest. He didn't know he had moved. He hardly noticed Juana when she came panting in; he was well used to letting her volubility ripple over him.

"That gypsy is a goat, a burro! He ran up the mountain, where the young gentleman could not follow him so swiftly, and kicked rocks to roll down on them. The young gentleman is not used to rocks; he slipped and stumbled; he is no donkey driver, used to trotting all day over all kinds of ——"

"Go to your kitchen, Juana; I am occupied."

"Certainly, Don Andrés. Shall I set the table in the dining room? I cannot be carrying meals everywhere. The boy has been eating in the kitchen, and I am glad to have him, he is so lively. He says he has always wanted to eat in a kitchen; imagine that! But Doña Elena and the young gentleman cannot eat in the kitchen. Who is he, Don Andrés? What brings him here? Is he her lover?"

"No, no!" cried Andrew Morgan. "Yes, yes, set the table. Do as you think best. I cannot ——"

Juana receded. And Benito came, hesitant, humble.

"You know I think no evil, Don Andrés. May I say something?"

"Speak, Benito."

"Has that young man any business here?"

"Business?" said Andrew Morgan nervously. "I don't know."

"He should not be here, Don Andrés. The *señorita*, you granddaughter, was alone with him all afternoon. You know me, Don Andrés; I suspect nothing; but they sat very close together, talking English Her father would be displeased, is it not true?"

"Eh? Oh! I—yes, I am afraid he would."

"The young man should go away," prompted Benito. "If you were to explain to him ——"

"No, Benito. That is impossible. He is my guest."

"Have you invited him, Don Andrés?"

"No. But my gates are always open; you know that, Benito."

Benito, his eyes cast down, said humbly, "I only thought it was our duty to avoid the appearance of evil. It is not well considered for a young lady to be alone with a young man."

"I—I will speak to my granddaughter. Go now about your business and cast out unworthy thoughts."

"Yes, Don Andrés."

Wherefore Elena de Avila presently appeared, inquiring, "You wished to speak to me, grandfather?"

"Eh?" said the harassed old man. "Why, I—please don't misunderstand me. I am thinking only of your happiness."

"Thank you," said the girl listlessly. "You are going to advise me to go home and beg my father's pardon?"

"Not—not exactly. Though it might be wise. He will be angrier if he has to come to fetch you."

"Perhaps he will not come. Perhaps he thinks by now I am not worthy to live in his house again."

Andrew Morgan, thinking back twenty years, knew it was likely. He remembered the hot, suspicious eyes of young Ramon de Avila; he remembered the intolerable things De Avila had said. The dusk was deepening in the little courtyard now, and in the dimness it was easy to forget that twenty years had passed. If Terry could only come to soften what he had to say!

"Listen, my dear. Life can be hard sometimes, and none of us knows much about it. We must all suffer from misunderstanding. I am not wise enough to tell you what to do; I only beg you to think well. Your husband is what his inheritance has made him, and he will not change. He has been taught to think a woman's virtue must be guarded by a strong hand and a watchful eye; that a wife must be dutiful before all else. If you go back to him, you must submit to that. He will not change."

"I am not married yet," said the girl listlessly, "but I know that. My father will not change, and Raul Castañeda will not change. I shall be watched until I am too old and dull to be suspected."

"You—you must not give any opportunity for suspicion. That is what I meant to say. There is a young man here. Benito says you were alone with ——"

"Benito!" flashed the girl. "Is it Benito's business what I do? Or have you set that pop-eyed spy to watch me? I was with John Harvey, yes. We talked. And I shall talk with him again if he will let me!"

"I—I only beg you to be careful. Your—your father will misunderstand; he will believe the young man came to meet you here."

"Well," cried Elena de Avila, "he did! He followed me from Valencia; he has told me so. And I shall not be careful! If they believe a woman must be watched—well, let them watch!"

And the dusk deepened on the distressed old man. John Harvey plodded in, Wenceslao at his heels. The boy burst into zestful Spanish at long range.

"You ought to have been with us, Don Andrés! We ran and ran. We threw rocks at him, but the coward would not stop and fight. You ought to see this gentleman throw rocks -z-z-z! Like a rifle bullet! But it is difficult to aim uphill. He got away—that lying, thieving, donkey-torturing ——"

"*Calla!*" cried the distracted man. "Speak good words, boy, or none. . . . Mr. ——"

"Good words," cried Wenceslao, "of a thief, a liar, a ——"

"Believe no evil. . . . Mr. ——"

"Harvey, sir."

"May I speak with you a moment?"

John Harvey felt the old man's agitation.

He said cheerfully, "You bet, sir. I've got nothing to do, and nothing to do it with. Our friend the robber had too many legs for me."

"Splendid," said Andrew Morgan, nodding.

"Huh?" said John Harvey. "You're glad he got away?"

"I am glad to hear you speak of him without anger. Is it not possible that your money merely slipped out of your pocket and will be found?"

"H'm. I'd like to think so. But I hardly ——"

"He accuses you of taking his donkey away from him because he beat her. Nothing is righted, friend, by violence. Nothing is wrong but in belief."

John Harvey, dropping wearily into a chair, said solemnly, "I remember, sir. You don't believe in evil. Would you mind telling me how you ——" He nearly said, "get that way?" But Andrew Morgan's somber, gentle eyes did not invite flippancy; he substituted—"arrive at that comforting belief?"

"Very simply. Do you believe in God?"

"I'm not very orthodox, I'm afraid, sir, but—yes, certainly I believe in Something."

"A Supreme Power?"

"Yes."

"All Good?"

"I see what you're getting at, sir. It's an old trap: If He is supreme, then nothing can exist against His will; if He is good, He will not let evil exist. Is that right?"

"Precisely. God is love, and good is the only truth!"

"I see the argument," nodded John Harvey, "but there's a trick in it somewhere. Maybe we don't know exactly what is good. Take our idea of heaven—a place where we shall have nothing to do but sit on clouds and sing indefinitely! I'm hoping He knows something better."

"That is archaic," said Andrew Morgan, "a picture for primitive minds. Heaven is not a place; it is the truth of life. It is here, now, always—if we could see it!"

Wenceslao wandered off; heaven to him was much less interesting than a good crime. But to John Harvey that queer sense of unreality was soothing—the silence of the hills, the sense of loneliness, the lulling, changeless tinkle of the fountain. He was tired and he had no idea what to do next. He welcomed argument to occupy his mind.

"Certainly I believe," he said, "that good is the essential truth toward which we struggle. But if the goal is real, why aren't the obstacles real too?"

"Struggle?" said Andrew Morgan. "Why should God wish to see us struggle? Can you believe in Him as a sardonic monster who would set us here, half blind, to grope for His amusement?"

"Don't put it that way. I've never tried to put it into words, but I feel something like this: We must have something to achieve, to conquer, or the goal—whatever we mean by heaven—can't be worth fighting for."

"Fighting!" cried Andrew Morgan. "There speaks the devil in us—the error, the illusion of mortal pride! There is no need to fight. We are all one, reflections of One Spirit, self-distorted and self-tortured by our own self-thinking—our wish to be unique and separate and greater than our brothers!"

"You don't quite get me. I don't mean competition, though I suppose that enters. I mean, maybe the struggle is to unfold our own powers. Muscles don't grow in idleness."

"There speaks the material mind. If muscles were desirable they could be made to grow by proper thinking."

John Harvey grinned. "Maybe I'd better explain, sir, that you will find my mind a bit material. I'm a medical student. I admit we don't know about the influence of the mind, but don't expect me to admit too much."

"You are a physician?"

"Not yet, sir. A student. I hope to be a surgeon."

"You have seen men maimed, suffering? In clinics, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir. You learn to shut your mind against that part of it. You'd never get any work done if you didn't."

"Do you believe a good God would permit such things?"

"That's a bit deep for me. I do believe God makes men work to remedy such things; gives us ideals to struggle toward."

Suddenly all the air about the Castillo de Teresa trembled into quiet sound—a whispering, a murmuring. Benito had opened the gates of irrigation ditches. John Harvey, hearing, thought it was a sweet and peaceful sound. He didn't know it was an empty echo of things long ago—the song of water in a dry, harsh, lovely land.

"Struggle!" cried Andrew Morgan in a voice of passion. "Does a good God give us our dreams and let us struggle toward them and then thwart us in the very hour of achievement—break a man's life work, steal a daughter from a sick and lonely mother, kill a loved wife and comrade?"

John Harvey was a little startled, thinking he heard a voice that cried from hell. But the old man went on at once from the particular to the general, so that his violence seemed mere earnestness in support of a fanatic theory.

"Look around you, man! See the defeat, the ignorance, the awful poverty, the hopeless suffering! Can you believe in the reality of those things and still believe in God?"

"A man's got to believe in Something," said John Harvey, "beyond his reach. The lowest savages do that by instinct. The most intellectual atheist must be shaken sometimes by a doubt, a wonder. And the more we learn of the tremendous order of the universe, the more we seek a Source of Power and a Plan. Even matter, even the atom is dissolving into power, an infinitely ordered whirl of energy."

"I have read that," said Andrew Morgan eagerly. "Yes; even positive science is beginning to admit that matter is not real."

"Depends on what you call reality. It still has extension in time and space."

"Has it?" said Andrew Morgan. "What is time?"

"Huh?" said John Harvey.

"What part of it exists? The past? We say, no longer. And the future? Not yet. Only the present moment seems reality. And how long," cried Andrew Morgan—"how long is the present moment? A second? No. Half a second? No. A millionth? A billionth? No. The instant it appears out of the future it is past!"

"Pretty neat," laughed John Harvey. "Makes you feel as if we lived on a knife edge of reality in a void of nothing."

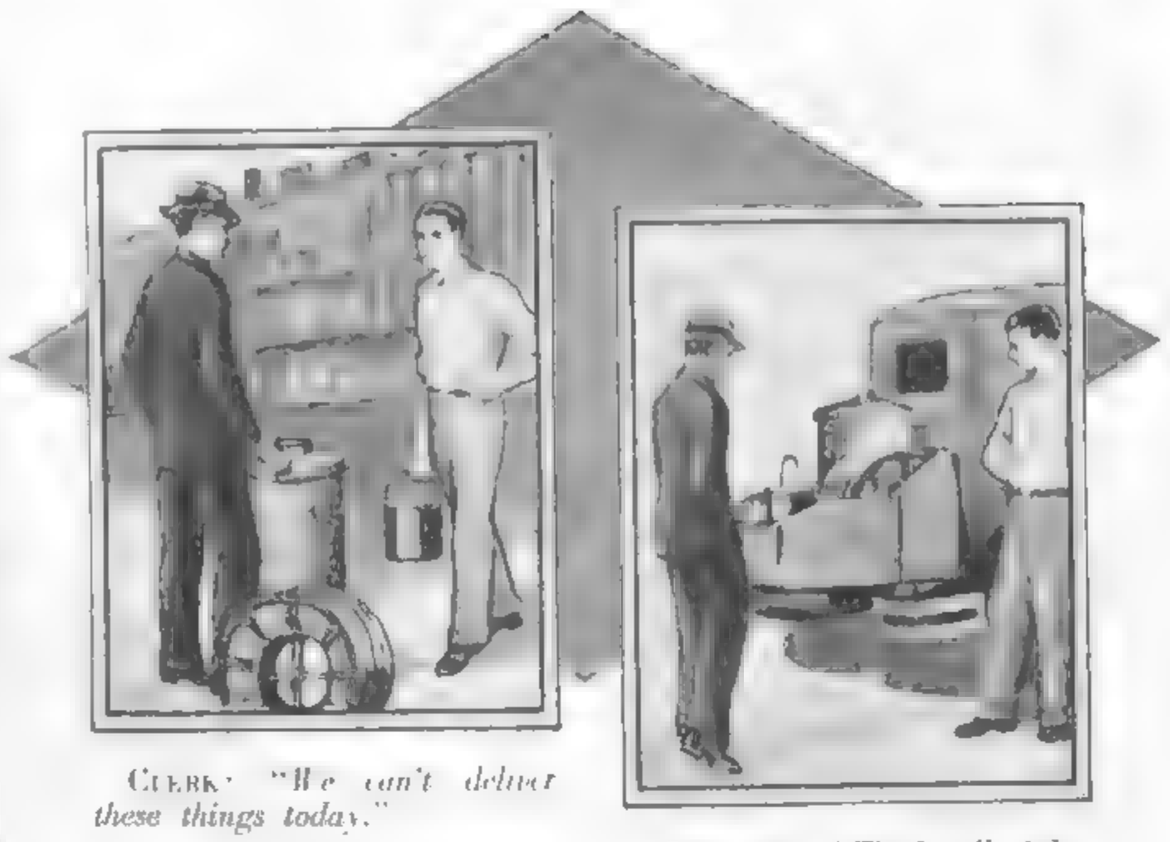
"Not at all," said Andrew Morgan, calmly now. "Only our sense of time is an illusion, a dim sense of the next dimension of reality beyond our grasp."

"Oh," said John Harvey, "the fourth dimension?"

"And a fifth, and an infinity of dimensions, of which we can grasp only three. Reality itself is timeless, measureless—the Eternal Now. Do you know mathematics?"

The old man had escaped again into his place of peace, the mystic realm of thought where nothing vanished, nothing was ever

(Continued on Page 129)



CLERK: *"We can't deliver these things today."*

CUSTOMER: *"That's all right. They all go in my Kari-Keen."*

Here's the Space You Need so Often!

BULKY packages and tools from the hardware store; large orders of groceries; picnic lunch baskets and a dripping ice cream freezer; fruit and vegetables bought in the country; traveling bags; camping equipment; salesmen's samples—*all go in the big, handsome Kari-Keen Luggage Karrier.*

Every car owner has dozens of frequent uses for this great, new convenience. No more need you have a bulky package tied precariously on the running board. No longer need you use the fine interior of your automobile like a freight car.

Kari-Keen Swings Open or Closed

You just swing it open to use its large carrying space of 7½ or 8½ square feet. Capacity, 400 pounds. When closed it has the usual trunk-carrying space and resembles a beautiful automobile trunk, giving the car long, low, modern lines. It is trimmed with lustrous chromium bands and finished in black or, at small additional cost, handsome lacquer colors to match any car. Fits all models since 1925. Sold internationally. **Ask your car dealer.**

KARI-KEEN MFG. CO., Inc.
2101 East 7th St. Sioux City, Iowa

Ride on

U. S. ROYALS

BECAUSE • • •
the Four-Wheel Brakes of the Car of Today make the short, sharp stop a possibility, thereby imposing additional heavy stresses on the tires—

THE NEW ROYAL
is designed to grip the road across the full face of the tread; and this tread is built with many thousands of miles of Additional Anti-Skid Mileage.

BECAUSE • • •
The Car of Today embodies new refinements in all Steering Principles.

THE NEW ROYAL
is designed with narrower tread and full tread contact with the road, giving Maximum Ease on Steering and Parking, together with Stamina to stand up under steering stresses.

BECAUSE • • •
every factor of the Car of Today and the traffic contributes to Liveliness, Getaway, Pickup.

THE NEW ROYAL
is constructed with an outstanding Combination of Tread Design, Liveliness, Traction, and Stamina to deliver service under these conditions.

BECAUSE • • •
The Car of Today, with its high-powered engine, high-compression gas, speed, and braking, imposes heavy stresses on the tires.

THE NEW ROYAL
is broad at the base, properly contoured, properly buttressed at the sides, adequate in tread area. The tire you can *trust*.

BECAUSE • • •
higher speed, quicker braking, and snappy pick-up impose heavy tread wear.

THE NEW ROYAL
is built with deeper tread grooves and larger tread blocks, adding thousands of miles of Anti-Skid life. Besides this is the thick rubber base below the tread blocks—an additional service factor.

BECAUSE • • •
any Tendency of a tire to "drag" on the road detracts from the fleetness of the Car of Today.

THE NEW ROYAL
is designed to give the combined Easy Running Quality of the ribbed tread, plus Traction and Safety.

THE NEW ROYAL

The Tire of today

for the Car of today

UNITED STATES

If you have a friend in the Tire Business . . .

TELL HIM THIS

THERE IS A NEW DEAL IN THE TIRE INDUSTRY.
HE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.
THE CAR MANUFACTURERS OF THIS COUNTRY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.
AND YOU ESPECIALLY SHOULD TAKE IT VERY MUCH TO HEART. BECAUSE IT GIVES YOU A DEFINITE *PLUS PERCENTAGE* IN YOUR USE AND ENJOYMENT OF YOUR CAR.

You, Your Car, and the New U. S. Royal

The new deal in the Tire Industry is the New U. S. Royal (*extra heavy*). If you will read again the little paragraphs of description headed "Because," and the phrase, "The Tire of Today for the Car of Today," you will begin to see what a new deal this is, and why it was so necessary.

Because the Car of Today is such a radical improvement in all Motor Car Principles and methods—

—the New ROYAL is the equivalent radical improvement in all tire principles and methods—

—the Tire of Today, just as your car is the Car of Today.

You see now why the Car Manufacturer must take the New ROYAL very seriously indeed—or else he is not delivering to you 100% the Car of Today you are paying him for.

You see, too, why you should yourself take the New ROYAL most seriously. Otherwise you are preventing your car from giving you *all* it is capable of giving you.

"Use and enjoyment of your Car" means much more than merely the *pleasure* of rolling along smoothly on good roads.

It means Braking Control, Steering Control, Freedom from Skidding—that is, *Safety* for yourself, your family, your guests—and for the other people you meet on the road.

When every tire manufacturer adopts these tire principles—

—when every car manufacturer puts such tires as these on his cars—

—when every car owner accepts the responsibility to equip his car with these tires—

—there will be fewer road accidents; fewer riders and pedestrians injured; fewer damage suits; fewer insurance claims to be paid.

Again, "Use and enjoyment of your car" means that you can now *trust your tires fully*. No more of this keeping away from the back roads. No more hanging back from the freedom of a vacation tour cross-country.

When every car is equipped with tires built to these principles of Sturdy Durability

—*then*, and not until then, automobile transportation will be *fully* and *truly* at the service of every American Citizen. Free from worry; free from "changing tires" on the road; free from that nagging, hampering thought, "Hope my tires don't give out."

And again, "Use and enjoyment of your car" means Tire Economy—Your tires good for thousands of miles of Anti-Skid Life. Slow, gradual, uniform wear—so that you have reasonable assurance, when you put on a new set of tires, that you can depend on them to serve you well throughout a long and honorable life.

The Tire Dealer and the New Royal

Here is the Tire of Today for the Car of Today.

It is even *more than that*.

The New ROYAL is the Tire which today is keyed up to make good on *every improvement* the Motor Car Industry can build into its cars for *five years to come*.

Here is the tire which is actually *ahead* of the Motor Car Industry today.

The Tire Dealer who takes hold of the New ROYAL *today* is getting in on the ground floor of the outstanding tire success of today.

But that is only a small part of it.

The biggest fact is that the ROYAL Dealer of today is bringing to his own benefit the *inevitable future* of the Tire Industry.

He is entrenching himself *now* solidly in the one most *profitable position* in the Retail Tire Business of the *future*.

A Great Tire—built by a Great Company

You owe the creation of the New ROYAL to the fact that the United States Rubber Company knows its job in all matters pertaining to Rubber Growing, Rubber Technique, Rubber Manufacture, Rubber Uses.

No organization in the Rubber Industry today stands higher than the United States Rubber Company.

On its great Far Eastern Plantations this Company owns 14,000,000 rubber trees more actual production of rubber than all other American companies put together.

These Plantations are the Mecca of rubber people all over the East—the source of the most advanced technique in Rubber Culture.

The Rubber Technicians of this Company stand at the very top of their profession.

In its great factories you find the most advanced knowledge of Rubber Manufacture.

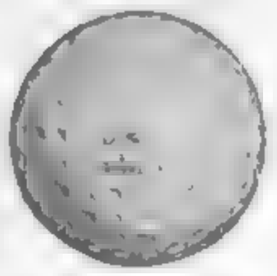
Throughout the whole field of Rubber Products, for Home, Factory, Hospital, Engineering Works, the "U. S." brand on a rubber article is accepted as the last word on being *right*.

All this stands back of the New ROYAL.

And back of hundreds of other U. S. Rubber Products as well—the most diversified and expertly built line of Rubber Products in America.

TWO OTHER FAMOUS "U. S." PRODUCTS

"U. S." ROYAL GOLF BALLS



Every "U. S." Royal is guaranteed during the life of the ball—it will be replaced at any time by your golf professional or dealer—1. If the cover cuts through; 2. If the paint flakes or chips off; 3. If the ball goes out-of-shape; 4. If the ball fails to putt true.

KEDS "ROYAL TREAD"

A moulded sole Keds for both indoor and outdoor use. The sturdy outsole is tough enough to stand unusually hard wear. The Royal Tread also possesses anti-slipping qualities. Lace-to-toe style.

RUBBER COMPANY

1 Ton
6 cylinder
4 wheel Brakes
$995
Chassis

THE 1929 STEWARTS

. . . are being hailed as the outstanding truck value of the age

BEFORE you buy a truck, learn Stewart records for long life and low repair bills. They are outstanding in the industry. The Stewart buyer can divide the initial cost of his truck by 5 years or more. Many Stewarts are still in operation after 8, 10, and 12 years of constant service. This ability to stay on the road and out of the repair shop year after year has earned Stewart a world-wide reputation as "America's Greatest Truck Value."

Stewart Sales are Increasing

1926 sales—41% ahead of 1925
1927 sales—45% ahead of 1926
1928 sales—53% ahead of 1927

These figures tell the story of Stewart success in 600 American cities and 56 foreign countries. Learn why! Catalogs gladly mailed upon request.

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Models

¾ Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $895 Chassis

1 Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $995 Chassis

1¼ Ton
4 or 6 Cylinder . $1295 Chassis

1½ Ton
4 or 6 Cylinder . $1645 Chassis

2 Ton
4 or 6 Cylinder . $1975 Chassis
Worm Axle . . $2095 Chassis

2½ Ton
6 Cylinder . . . $2690 Chassis

3½ Ton
6 Cylinder . . $3690 Chassis

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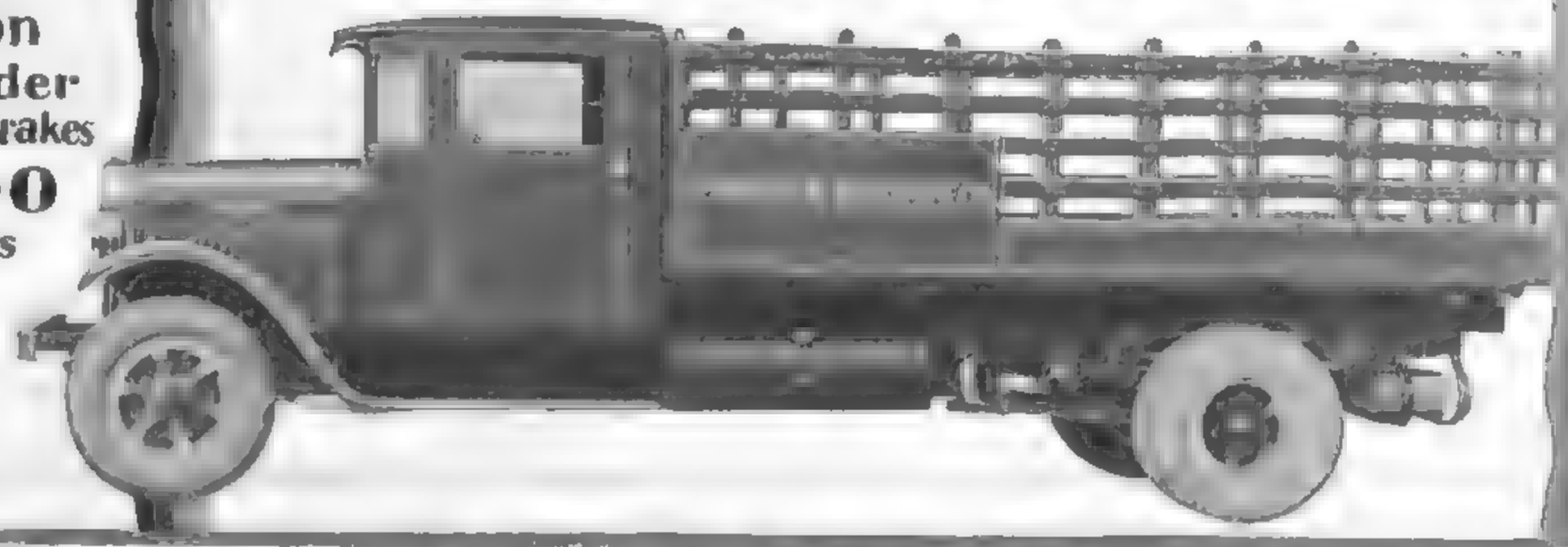
6 Cylinder . . . $4200 Chassis

All prices f.o.b. Buffalo

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

3½ Ton
6 cylinder
4 wheel Brakes
$3690
Chassis



Stewart Trucks Have Won By Costing Less to Run

(Continued from Page 125)

lost. John Harvey, listening, lulled by the song of water and a twilight deepening toward moonrise, adventuring in a place where time was not, forgot to wonder why this old philosopher had wished to speak to him.

XII

HE SAW the girl at supper, shaded lamplight touching her clear face with mystery, her dark eyes letting him sometimes into a place of beauty where he seemed not quite himself, not quite the unremarkable John Harvey he was used to. How could he know that she would not be careful? He didn't wonder why old Andrew Morgan suddenly was silent and constrained. He didn't know it was unusual for Andrew Morgan to appear at his own table. He didn't think; he was content to be there.

Afterward they sat in the colonnade about the little patio, watching the moon come up. Its clear, dry light touched the bright dancing water of the fountain, touched the stone bowl, threw into sharp relief what seemed a line of characters carved there. Idly John Harvey went out to examine them, but he was baffled.

He asked idly, "This is writing, isn't it?"

"Arabic," said Andrew Morgan shortly. "Copied from a garden in the Alhambra."

"What does it say?"

"It's an Arabic verse."

"I know," said Elena de Avila, and her soft voice murmured words of beauty born of the barren desert:

"Three sounds there are most lovely to the ear of man:
Bird song, the sound of running water, and the voice of the beloved woman."

And something took John Harvey by the throat. He didn't know the name o' it; he only knew he had no business to be here, in an old garden under a foreign moon, feeling like this about a girl he'd known only two days. Love? No! He'd been in love, and that was pleasurable. This hurt—this wild unreasoning need to be with her in some strange, aching place of beauty.

Moon madness! That was all. Beauty had tricked him, and that sense of unreality, of remoteness from the practical, familiar world. In a few weeks he would be back in school, telling his cynical young fellow medicos about this small adventure—about this quaint old mystic and his shabby Castle in Spain. Not about her! Those birds knew all about the biological urge, but they could never understand a feeling that was not desire, only an aching sense of something beyond reality.

He didn't dream that Andrew Morgan's throat had closed with the same pain that clutched his own. He stuffed his pipe with clumsy fingers, snapped his lighter to it, and the flame did not tremble. His muscles were all right. It was some higher region of his mind that suddenly was numb with longing for the unattainable.

He saw her dark eyes watching him and knew himself to be quite unremarkable. He heard his own voice asking idle questions. This wasn't really a Spanish castle? Was it mere chance that the terrace walls made it resemble one?

"Not entirely," said Andrew Morgan jerkily. "We—my wife and I—tried to think of it as—our Castle in Spain. We thought the air here might be good for her. She died. I—if you don't mind—it's a bit past my bedtime. I—good night."

John Harvey asked the girl with some misgiving, "Is it a recent thing—her death?"

"Oh, no. Many years ago—eighteen."

So that was all right. Pain couldn't possibly last eighteen years. The sky over that castle in the hills was deep, translucent, infinitely peaceful, and the air was drowsy with the sound of running water.

Wenceslao tried to talk, tried to recapture the excitement of the chase, but his small stock of English hampered him. John Harvey was indulgent but not helpful. Elena de Avila was silent, apparently absorbed in watching the bright drops that danced and danced and danced above the fountain. Wenceslao was bored. He knew he represented the proprieties, but he wasn't interested in proprieties. He said good night with great formality and went to bed.

And the girl cried, "Talk to me, John Harvey! I am wretched!"

Within himself John Harvey begged, "Be your age, man! She's just a kid. She's never been around without an aunt or something. She knows you're an American, and she thinks Americans are different about women!"

Aloud he told her cheerfully, "Wretched? That won't do. Tell Doctor Harvey: Is it just general dissatisfaction or is it something special we can talk you out of?"

He thought she didn't understand this labored effort. She was silent, watching him, he thought, with apprehension.

But she did understand—not only what he said but what he didn't say. All her life long, by an excess of prohibition, all her senses had been sharpened to the detection of male feeling. She heard the tinge of huskiness in his voice. He was smiling, but the slant of moonlight showed a knot of muscle pulsing in his jaw; the wicker-chair arms creaked under his fingers. Sprawling there, motionless, lanky and tense and masculine, and kind. Trying to treat her like a child! Suddenly, overwhelmingly, she knew how much she wanted to be treated like a child.

And she thanked him, like a woman Quite of itself one of her hands moved toward him; too late she knew what she had done. She saw his hands leap out, saw him slip from his chair, saw his blue eyes flame with a glad release.

Oh, she would not be careful!

And a fourth moment burned itself into John Harvey's memory. He thought: "Why, how little she is! And how unbelievably ——" There was no time, no outer world—only a place of beauty where he stood with her alone. Then he could see her eyes, dark wells of beauty; and her hand stole up and touched his face. He heard her breath come and go quickly through parted lips. And suddenly a sob racked her slim body. She flung her face down on his arm to stifle it, but the storm had her.

He begged remorsefully, "Elena, don't! Don't! Oh, sweetheart, I'm ——" He thought his savage arms had hurt her, thought she was shamed to be manhandled so. But she clung to him, and he saw her eyes again, black now with pain.

"Now I must tell you why I am—so wretched"

"Sure!" said John Harvey, and his heart was strong.

"I am to be married soon."

And it was on his lips to laugh and fling his challenge to the world: "Yes, and to me!"

Then a cold mist of reason turned the still moonlight bitter, turned the soft song of water to a mocking gurgle. He said heavily, "I've got no right to ——"

"Hush," said Elena de Avila. "You shall not blame yourself. The blame is mine, and shall be mine. Hear me! I do not love the man I am to marry. It is my father's will. My father says that I will love Raul when he shall—be my husband. But I can't! I can't! I have felt his kisses, and I know ——"

John Harvey groaned and his arms tried to crush out intolerable thought. "You shan't! You've got to listen. I've got to tell you—about me."

She sighed and laid her face against him. "Yes. Tell me about yourself and how it might be if I were your wife."

"You shall be! But I've got to tell you. I'm twenty-four years old, but I'm still in school. I want to be a doctor—a surgeon. I've always wanted to. Can you understand that? A man's got to be something, do the best that's in him; and that's what I want. Can you see how a man would feel?"

"Yes," she said gravely. "That should be. A man should make himself what he can be. Many of our young men feel so today, even those who have no need. But not Raul! He is content to let his father give him money."

"So have I been. I've let my father pay for my education—as much as he can spare; not all. Oh, I can make money! I made the money for this trip by selling automobiles. I guess I could make a living at it. But I want to be a surgeon!"

"Then that is what you must be."

"Gosh," he sighed, "I was afraid you'd think I ought to chuck it and make money the quickest way I could. We'll have to wait until I get my M.D. anyway, and we'll probably starve at first, on an interne's pay. But I'll make it up to you! I'll make us rich and famous before we're old. You won't mind being poor at first?"

She turned in his arms so that she saw his eyes. "No," she said, and her lips began to tremble. "No, I should not mind that."

"Say 'I shall not mind that.'"

"No," she said. "*Querido*—dear one—I am only pretending, letting myself feel how it might be! But I know. I know it cannot be. I am not strong enough to fight my father any more."

"Your father? Surely he won't want you to marry a man you don't love when there is one you do! You do love me?"

She nodded, her eyes on his, an answer simple and complete. "Yes. But you do not know my father. He believes in the old customs, thinks a woman can love any man her father chooses, thinks a woman must live only for her family. Oh, for himself he is quite modern! He was educated in England. He has English friends, and they think he is very English. But they are not welcome in his home! That is where his women live—his sisters and his daughter. You cannot know how Spaniards feel about their women!"

"Why," said John Harvey, "wasn't your mother English?"

"Yes," she said, adding slowly: "She never seemed English to me. I think he made her be more Spanish than the Spanish. I think that is why he approves of Raul Castañeda, because the Castañedas, too, believe in the old ways. I think he hates the part of me that is English."

"I must see your father," said John Harvey grimly.

"No!" she cried. "I pray that he may never learn of you! He would kill you!"

"Well," said John Harvey, "he shall have the chance!"

But the clear moonlight showed that speech for what it was—vainglory—showed him a mocking vision of himself, penniless, stranded here, without even money to transport his worthless body to the nearest cable office so that he might beg his father for a little money to get home—telling a rich hidalgo where to get off!

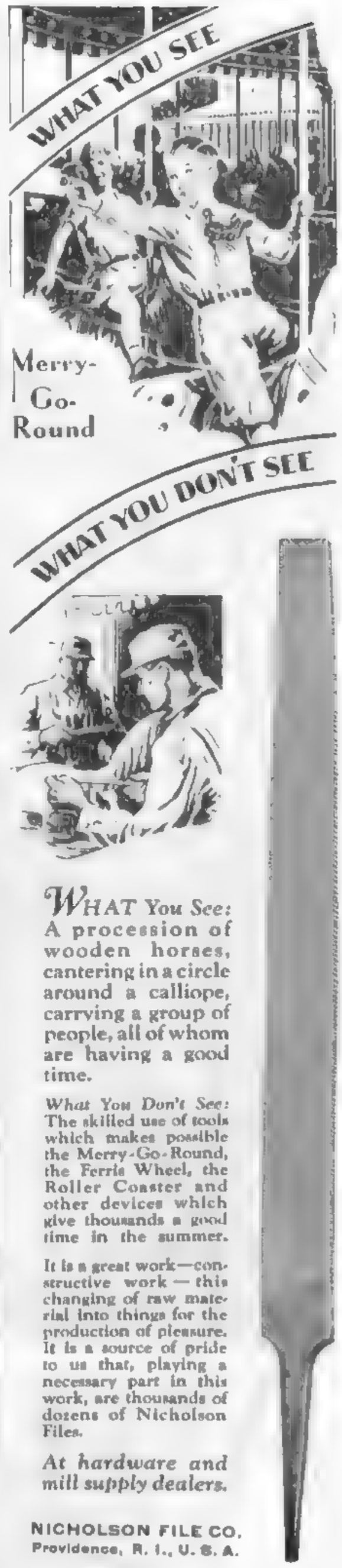
"No," said Elena de Avila. "Let us not think. Come, only talk to me! Let me forget that he may come tomorrow. Only be here with me and tell me about yourself, your country, how your life will be. And sometimes I shall remember and pretend." Her eyes let him again into that place of beauty, and she murmured "John." And for the first time in his life he heard brave music in his homely name.

"Elena!" he cried huskily.

"Not like that, John. Smile, and pretend with me."

And her eyes smiled, and her lips offered the reward of courage; and John Harvey found the strength to laugh and shut his mind against reality. They were gay. He drew absurd word pictures for her, of that dim, gigantic, far-off country, the United States; showed her a poor but noble interne setting it afire for his proud Spanish wife. An hour—two hours, three?—there was no time at all.

But afterward, tiptoeing on queerly clumsy feet into an unfamiliar room, fumbling with an unfamiliar lamp, he knew whose courage it had been. He saw his face in an old dusty mirror. Oh, there was nothing the matter with his face; his hair was a little comic, rumpled and puffed over the marks of Pedro Pacheco's cudgel,



WHAT You See: A procession of wooden horses, cantering in a circle around a calliope, carrying a group of people, all of whom are having a good time.

What You Don't See: The skilled use of tools which makes possible the Merry-Go-Round, the Ferris Wheel, the Roller Coaster and other devices which give thousands a good time in the summer.

It is a great work—constructive work—this changing of raw material into things for the production of pleasure. It is a source of pride to us that, playing a necessary part in this work, are thousands of dozens of Nicholson Files.

At hardware and mill supply dealers.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON USA

NICHOLSON FILES
A File for Every Purpose

but his face was all right—even shaved; he'd had the foresight to hunt up the village barber in Bisagras. . . . Only a dozen hours ago! How could clocks measure time that held a miracle? . . . But it was his face, not at all transfigured.

"Gosh!" said John Harvey humbly, and sat down and dropped his face into his hands, remembering. After a long time he said it again: "Gosh!" There were no words for it; only that humble murmur.

He woke to silence. Something had stopped. Before he was awake he knew something had stopped. Intangible, irretrievable, like a fading dream. Something about water. That was it water no longer sang through the irrigation ditches Why should his heart ache with misgiving for that missing sound?

. . . . the sound of running water, and the voice ——

Surely it was a dream. Juana brought him his coffee, and her brisk greeting was mere courtesy to a stranger within the gates. Wenceslao galloped absently past him as he went out. Old Andrew Morgan came in through the little courtyard, rubbing the earth of morning labor from his hands, nodding prosaically. Nothing had changed.

Then she came out—Elena—and he knew he was still dreaming. She smiled, a grave and tender smile, and in her eyes there was the courage he remembered.

Well, he was glad to dream. There was that quality about this quiet, shabby Castle in Spain. He walked with her—and Wenceslao, standing for the proprieties over dry hillside vineyards where wild grapes still grew, over abandoned terraces of olive trees; and he saw no tragedy in that desolation. The past had no reality for him; only the future loomed, unknown, and that had no existence yet.

Only the present moment could be touched as it flashed by, slipped from one nonexistence into another. Let him be all alive to feel it, see it, store it in memory before it vanished. If pain must come, there would be time for that.

The sun was high, too brilliant to be colorful. The harsh, dry, tumbled valley lay below them, and the roofs of the *castillo*, most of them hiding emptiness. They sat under a ragged olive tree, and its gnarled, gnomelike trunk reminded him of pictures in old fairy tales. That was the feeling of the place—as if its grimness were all make-believe. Therewas no storm now in Elena's eyes; she dreamed with him, and her clear face was calm.

Far down, in one of the cultivated gardens below Andrew Morgan's house, the man Benito was at work. Once and again, he straightened up to stare at them; and Wenceslao amused himself, quite safely at that distance, by popping his own eyes in imitation of Benito's hostile glare. Idly John Harvey wondered if the man suffered from exophthalmic goiter. It didn't occur to him that Benito might have acquired the technic of that glare expressly to discourage meddlers.

He seemed as harmless, meaningless as a toiling ant. Meaningless, too, seemed the small figures of a pair of horsemen who came toiling up the valley. Wenceslao pointed. Elena watched until she could be sure. Then her slim fingers touched John Harvey's hand and her eyes came serenely to him, and she nodded.

"That is my father."

"Right!" said John Harvey. Let the future come. No man could see such courage and do less than his calm best.

The horsemen climbed out of the valley and rode through the gates under the trees. Benito, too, had vanished. Wenceslao, unable to contain his curiosity, galloped down to see what Don Ramon de Avila would have to say. It would be picturesque. Ramon de Avila was a hidalgo—*hijo de algo*—son of a family whose women could not run away without causing earthquakes.

John Harvey kissed Elena's hand, said cheerfully, "Shall we go down and face the music?"

"No. I can run no farther, but he shall come every step."

"Right," said John Harvey, and sat down to wait.

It wasn't long. One of the horsemen strode into the little courtyard, Benito with him, and passed old Andrew Morgan as if he were not visible. They disappeared. Then they came streaming out, the horseman and Benito first, the old man next, Juana and Wenceslao in the rear. Wenceslao was afraid of Don Ramon de Avila.

John Harvey wasn't. That queer exalted sense of unreality made him not quite himself; he didn't even wonder what he should say to Elena's father. He rose as they approached; and his blue eyes were cheerful, meeting a pair of smoldering black ones that seemed to have no pupils, their whites shot with red.

"Father," the girl's voice said in clear accented English, "I present Mr. John Harvey."

John Harvey bowed. He wasn't fool enough to offer his hand; he knew Ramon de Avila would refuse it. This was no merely angry father to be placated—this man with the pouched marks of dissipation under his eyes, the veins in his neck swollen, his head borne with an arrogance, a dynamic pride that was more than personal. That was the pride of race; that was the fury of tradition sinned against. This man could never be convinced that any breach of his own code was innocent.

John Harvey felt that, but he didn't quite believe the thing that happened—a queer whistling sound, a dull blow, the sharp sting of a leather thong behind his ear. Incredulous, his blue eyes cool against those smoking black ones, he touched his face and found blood running there again.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Alliance Agent's plan may help reduce fire rates increased by neighboring risks

ALLIANCE
Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA

A Scene in Rocky Mountain National Park

a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

See what goes into the big bean pot—layer on layer until it is full.

Such flavor-rich ingredients as the big bean pot holds!

the same Maine woods recipe is used in Bean Hole Beans

No wonder they're so good—the "bean hole" beans of the Maine woods lumber camps! The recipe is: a layer of beans, a layer of sugar-cured pork, a cup of brown sugar, a cup of molasses—repeated until the great round-bellied bean pot is full.

Then, the lid sealed on with clay, the pot is buried in the hot earth of the "bean hole"—the oven in the ground—and is covered with glowing embers of pine wood. Here it slowly bakes all night.

Such flavor as this gives! Fragrant pine wood, pungent wood smoke, fresh sweet earth. Who wouldn't want such flavor?

And now you can have it! In Bean Hole Beans, the first real reproduction of the Maine woods beans.

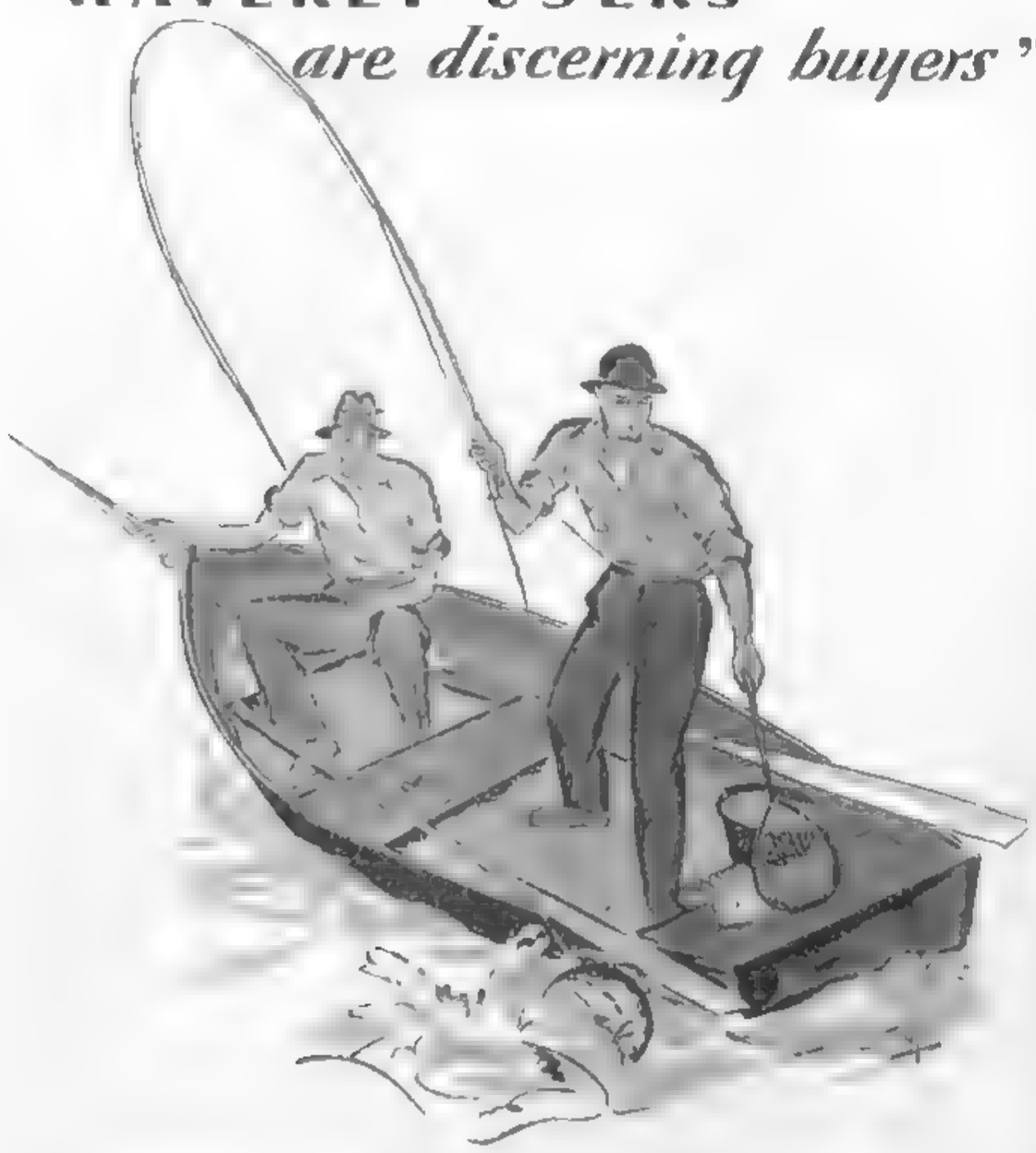
The very same ingredients that make the original Maine woods beans so delicious are used in Bean Hole Beans. And there's that same "baked-in-the-ground" flavor.

One taste of Bean Hole Beans and you'll know that here is a new experience in delicious flavor! Give your family a surprise for dinner tonight—Bean Hole Beans! There are two sizes, medium, 15c, and large, 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Now you can enjoy that same "baked-in-the-ground" taste.

BEAN HOLE BEANS

"WAVERLY USERS *are discerning buyers*"



Fisherman's Luck, Nothin' . . . *it's good judgment*

. . . For some reason or other, Ed always caught more fish than anyone else in the boat . . . "Luck," they said . . . "Luck nothin'; it's just plain common sense: Knowing how to pick your tackle and bait" was Ed's explanation.

› › ›

Buying motor oil, too, is just a matter of plain common sense: An oil of unquestioned high quality will out-perform, out-last and cost less in the end than any oil of doubtful quality.

Waverly is made from the finest crude oil nature produces. Not a drop of anything but Pure Pennsylvania crude has been used in Waverly since it was first produced in 1880. In these 49 years of refining experience, every possible step has been taken to make Waverly the best oil money can buy.

The Waverly Guarantee

Drive in to any Licensed Waverly Dealer. Have your crank-case drained and filled with Waverly "All Pennsylvania" Motor Oil. If you do not find it the most economical and satisfactory lubricant you have ever used, the dealer is authorized to refund your money. The price of Waverly east of the Rockies is 85 cents a quart.

Ask any Waverly dealer for the Waverly Log—a handy little vest-pocket book in which you can keep an account of your auto expenses.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Buy only from Licensed Waverly Dealers

Waverly "ALL PENNSYLVANIA" MOTOR OIL

MR. HANNA

(Continued from Page 25)

In the hall of the big dwelling a small girl was uproariously pretending she was a dog. Mrs. Hanna embarrassed the guest because she was clearly on the edge of tears. There had been another awful editorial in The Leader! Mr. Hanna read whatever his enemy, Mr. Cowles, had written about him, grunted softly and made the newspaper into a roll which he tossed to his youngest child.

Suddenly there was an upheaval of gentlemen. Guests piled into the house, and a couple more arrived when the crowd was seated for dinner. Mrs. Hanna told Mr. Adler, shy at her right, that she never just knew how many there would be for dinner, and tranquilly smiled down the table at her husband. But, the newcomer asked, were they all in the theatrical business? The lady explained that they weren't. She looked amusedly at the young man and mentioned that Marcus was in coal and iron and shipping, that he owned The Herald and was managing a street railway.

"But," she said, "you're from New York. I suppose the only man in Cleveland you've ever heard of is Johnny Rockefeller."

Down the table they were talking of actors. A florid, jolly boy did not like Henry Irving. Irving was a player who established a character with an audience for ten minutes by lucid and honest performance and then, just when you didn't expect it, his art became rich and strange. He gargled, he hurtled, he writhed. He made Shylock a gibbering neurasthenic at one side of the stage and took him out at the other side as a nobly dignified English country gentleman. Daniel Hanna said that he wasn't like a human being.

"Don't be a fool, Dan," Mr. Hanna exploded. "Why, you don't want a tragedian to act like a human being, do you? There wouldn't be any fun in that!"

Mr. Hanna became habitual with the idle young rich man. When his dazzling lady played at Cleveland, Mr. Adler would drop in at the offices of M. A. Hanna & Co. and sit for an hour beside Mr. Hanna's desk, watching the defile of little Republican officials, shipping men, customers for coal and iron, and naval architects. He understood why Marcus Hanna was not heard of in New York: This was a lord of the Great Lakes. The old formula of his father's success served Mr. Hanna. His iron ships rolled up to Duluth and Milwaukee and brought down ore for the Cleveland mills. He had allies in all the ports, men held to him, sometimes, by oral contracts only. But a hundred miles from the water's edge Mr. Hanna ceased to be real, and in New York he was wholly unknown. Mr. Adler saw him enter Delmonico's through a pack of bankers and lawyers in 1888 with his brother Leonard, and saw that nobody glanced at the men from Cleveland. In 1890, however, he was taking supper with Lawrence Barrett after a performance of Guido Ferranti, and mentioned that one of the players in the poor melodrama by Mr. Oscar Wilde looked like his friend Mark Hanna. The chilly, intellectual actor warmed. He positively put his elbows on the table and beamed austerely. He talked about Mark Hanna for an hour and happened to say that Mr. Hanna knew more about machinery than anybody in the world. "He's a human machine himself," the player said, "with a heart of gold." A month later Mr. Adler walked into the office of Hanna & Co. and found the human machine down on the floor of his office, watching a model of a dynamo as it tried to lift a tiny crane. Howard Melville Hanna and Leonard Hanna were sitting on their brother's desk and a nervous inventor was explaining weights and tensions to some engineer. Mr. Hanna presently lifted his face and nodded, as if he had seen Mr. Adler the day before instead of last year. Then he went on studying his toy. Would this thing work or would it not? It would not, he decided, all at once. His big head fell back. He looked at the inventor and said, "Not for me."

Thomas B. Reed would not do for him, either. The catastrophic progress of American affairs between the signing of the Silver Purchase Act and June of 1896 made Mr. Hanna believe that no Easterner would precisely do to succeed Grover Cleveland. In 1891 business began to slacken. In 1892, here was the People's Party at Omaha, crying out for government ownership of railways and telegraphs and for the free coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1. They wanted anything to give the farmer more money. They wanted it made impossible for monopolists to employ armed guards to break strikes. They wanted a run of things that do not figure in the platform announced. The speeches and minor pamphlets of this convention are more interesting, now, than what came out of the simmer. Restricted immigration, popular election of senators, subsidies for the farmer, taxes on large incomes, and bills regulating rates for railroads are not novel and devilish today. But the People's Party roared against the East in 1892, and roared ahead for four years. Its grand malefactor was presently Grover Cleveland, who caused the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act in 1893, in the midst of panic, sent troops to keep order at Chicago in the railway strike of 1894, and demanded of Congress in 1895 that it help him to get rid of the floating currency which could be used to destroy the gold reserve in the Treasury. By all this he became the ally of the capitalistic East, in the talk of the midlanders. So, in the autumn of 1895, Mr. Hanna retired from business at Cleveland and began to elect not Thomas Reed, the Easterner, but William McKinley, of Ohio, to the Presidency.

II

THE Republican National Convention would convene on June 16, 1896, at Exposition Hall in St. Louis. Mr. William Collins Beer arrived, with a political amateur's haste, on June the tenth. The young man was full of ideas and yearned to bestow them on the high council of the Republican Party. All that he wanted was to have the United States openly join Europe in declaring itself a nation whose finances were regulated by the gold standard. The National Surety Company had transferred him to New York in the spring of 1893, and he had seen a good deal of solid financiers, had met French and English bankers and dined with presidents of life-insurance companies. His pockets were full of letters introducing him to delegates, and he knew dozens of men who would vote when the voting was done. But he must see the grandees at once. He was told that he would have to meet Mr. Hanna before he met anybody else of importance.

Mr. Beer recoiled. Since April, Marcus Alonzo Hanna had been displayed in the newspapers as an amalgam of all the sins and financial tricks. He had stolen a theater from poor John Ellsler, by leading the actor on to borrow money of him and then foreclosing a mortgage; he ruled Cleveland from his office, knocking the bread from the lips of starving workmen, terrorizing unions and ruining rival street railways. His labor masters sent poor sailors out in his ships through awful winter storms of the Lakes, unpaid and mutinous. He had bought the poor old Herald and then had wrecked it—he sold his newspaper, after five years of steady loss, in 1885—and he had corrupted William McKinley's government of Ohio. He was a hypocrite too. He drew down the curtains of his palace on the shore of Lake Erie so the public might not know that he had guests for luncheon on a Sunday. And now he was lying in wait at St. Louis with a train of purchased Southern Republicans to make McKinley President. It was too wide an indictment for anybody to swallow whole, but Mr. Beer certainly did not want

to meet Mr. Hanna. He hung about for two days and then let his friend Joseph Kimball lead him, shivering, to Mr. Hanna's den in the Southern Hotel.

Mr. Hanna was revealed as a quiet object in a deep chair, beside a bottle of mineral water, and placid as the bottle, in a room packed with rattling personalities. The only other placid thing was a tall and handsome gentleman in excellent clothes who leaned on a wall and fanned himself with a newspaper. Mr. Beer knew Col. Myron Herrick by sight. The twenty or so noisy men who filled up the room were strangers, and they did not stop talking when Mr. Hanna rose to shake hands with the amateur. Under cover of the row he stood looking Mr. Beer over. His memory of appearances and his intuition ticked.

"You from Ohio? . . . Son of Judge Beer?" The young man was startled. "H'm," said the ogre of Cleveland amiably, "your dad cost some friends of mine in the oil business a lot of money once." The young man was pleased. "Some Democrats," said Mr. Hanna, "are a damn sight more honest than lots of Republican judges. . . . Let's see. Got an uncle down at Ashland, haven't you?" But, the young man thought, this is omniscience! "And now," said Mr. Hanna, "what's it you want to tell us about the platform?"

The amateur spoke. There must be a statement in the platform promising outright that the party stood for the gold standard. He lifted up his voice and attacked Mr. Hanna with statistics and financial reports of the New York Life Insurance Company. He soared into complexities of English banking and hopped the breadth of Europe to speak of Russia. He discovered in himself a talent for oratory—Mark Hanna was staring at him—and he talked and talked. At first he was talking just to McKinley's manager and to Colonel Herrick. Then he knew that all the strangers were listening. Ferocious voices answered out of the crowd. There were two or three delegates of the silver states there that morning. Mr. Beer was now personally identified with the gold standard; he threw an emotion out while his collar wilted and his clothes darkened with sweat. His throat was raw before he stopped.

"Very interesting," said Mr. Hanna, and that was all.

But the rest of the audience was more cordial. Mr. Beer walked down the corridor, dripping, sure that he had saved the United States from another panic. When Mr. Kimball cackled and fell against a wall the younger man could not imagine what ailed his guide.

"You're about the hundredth person who's made that speech in there," Mr. Kimball gulped. "Don't mind me!"

Mr. Beer went off to his bedroom and sternly took a bath. He was leaving St. Louis directly. He might even vote the Democratic ticket. His father had always warned him about the perfidy of Republicans, anyway, and his father was generally right. He was sitting on his bed in fresh underclothes, waiting for a bell boy to fetch up iced lemonade, when Mr. Hanna trundled in with his cigar and a long sheet of typed names.

"Know any of these men, son?"

The bruised amateur looked at the names. He saw that this was the mass of the Silver Republicans—delegates and bankers, editors of newspapers. Yes, he had met a good many of them on his trips for the National Surety Company. He said so with a great deal of injured dignity. Mr. Hanna stared at him.

"All these men are in town already. Go and talk to 'em. Feed 'em. If you run out of money, come to me. If you can't catch me, see Herrick. If he ain't around, get hold of Andrew Squire."

Mr. Beer had plenty of money. But he did not understand just what was wanted. He asked, "Am I to say that you ——"

"You're not to say anything about me. You," said Mr. Hanna, "go and talk to those men. Tell them everything you told us."

He was not even polite. Mr. Hanna trundled out of the room. But the human machine had energized the bruised young man on the bed. He pulled on his clothes and went out to battle the Silver Heresy, armed with a number of soothing throat remedies in tabloid form and vigorously certain that Mr. Hanna, with all his vices, was not going to let the Republican Party declare itself against sound currency. He commenced a round of the hotels.

There were five unpaid amateurs of politics and finance who were doing the same thing on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Beer crossed tracks with one in the rooms of Senator Teller, of Colorado. They did not know each other, but each guessed what the other was doing there. Meanwhile, in Mr. Hanna's quarters at the Southern, the grandees of the party heavily told Mr. Hanna that he must get the firm statement of a gold standard written into the platform. They went on telling McKinley's manager this through Saturday and Sunday, and several of them muddied the rill of history by asserting, in November, that they had caused the words, "the existing gold standard must be preserved," to be written into the platform. Three Eastern dignitaries made this assertion and it seems still to be believed. And yet on Friday night Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, told Charles Gleed, a Vermonter transplanted to Topeka, Kansas, that the wording of the gold-standard plank in the platform had been accepted by Mr. Hanna and Mr. McKinley before dinner. On Saturday morning William Merriam, of Minnesota, whispered to Mr. Beer in the lobby of the Southern that a gold plank was written into the platform. At half-past nine Mr. Beer telegraphed to an officer of the National Surety Company: "It is all right." But the Easterners continued to force Mr. Hanna toward a declaration in favor of the existing gold standard all through Saturday and Sunday. "Why does not Hanna come out and tell these prominent burglars the truth?" Mr. Gleed wrote to Mr. Beer on November 20, 1896. "The gold-standard sentence was in the platform by Friday night or else Proctor and Merriam are a couple of liars."

Mr. Hanna's machinery was moving in triple time. He must conciliate the Easterners who knew nothing about him or hated him because he had contrived to have nine state conventions pledge their delegates to McKinley before the gathering at St. Louis. Let the Easterners order him to have the gold standard proclaimed as much as they liked. Then he must keep the Silver Republicans in the party if he could. Late on Sunday night he made a strong play for Senator Cannon, of Utah. Mr. Beer had blandished and soothed a follower of Senator Cannon, named Ira Gillis, and he led this conquest to Mr. Hanna's rooms. Mr. Hanna received his callers informally, in a nightshirt, and demanded at once if they knew anything about hives. There were blotches on his ankles.

He said, "A fortune teller told me this spring I was going to have a bad summer. I had hives all the summer of the Centennial. I can't stand 'em!"

Nor would he believe it was merely prickly heat. He tramped the room and directed his attack on Mr. Gillis. He did not know Senator Cannon. But Mr. Gillis could tell the senator that Mr. McKinley would send a commission to Europe to see whether an international agreement in favor of bimetallism could not be reached. There was no reason why the nation's immense supply of silver should be wasted. He and Mr. McKinley both hated to think of it. Nobody wanted to see the silver miners out of work. But the country couldn't be run on depreciating currencies. He picked up a piece of dry toast from a tray. If all the nations of the world agreed that this toast was money, it would be money, and both gold and silver would be worthless. Couldn't Cannon and Teller and Pettigrew see reason? . . . Mr. Beer saw this stout, worried man in the nightshirt become a dignified, grave person, leaning on a little table and

"..... you've wished for a 3rd. hand"

ALONG comes a job (they're innumerable) that "ties up" one of your hands—to hold in place angle-iron, hinge, lock, lamp-fixture, shelf-bracket, chair-leg, moulding, or whatnot—forcing you to manipulate your screw-driver alone with the other hand!

And how you have wished for a third hand!

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver is the answer to your wish!

Grasp handle. Hold your first good grip. Turn to and fro. Handle, working on ratchet, turns back with your hand. No letting go and grip again. No relax of pressure on bit in screwhead. No friction—no turning screw back. One hand does the trick! And not a moment or motion lost.

Where many screws are driven, the "Yankee" Ratchet saves a fourth to half of a man's time. Such is "Yankee" ingenuity!

Unless a tool is ingenious, designed to do faster, better, more accurate work, or to operate in ways and places impossible with other tools of like purpose, it cannot bear the name "Yankee."

There is no substitute for "Yankee" efficiency, durability and economy!

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-drivers

No. 13 "Thumb-turn" on blade starts the [illegible] screw. Ratchet movement drives it [illegible] Blade 3/16" diameter [illegible] 7th [illegible] 5c, 4", 80c, 5", 85c, 6" [illegible] 95c

No. 10 [illegible] Screw. Eight blade lengths 2" 65c, 3" 80c, 4" 95c, 5" 25c, 6" $1.05, 8" $1.30, 10" $1.45, 12" $1.60. Ratchet Shifter moves across [illegible]

No. 11 Same as No. 10, except Ratchet shifter moves across [illegible]

"YANKEE" TOOLS

MAKE BETTER MECHANICS

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

I want to know about time-saving modern tools: Send me "Yankee" Tool Book showing Adjustable-tension Push Drills, Bit Braces with famous "Yankee" Ratchet, Quick-Return Spiral Screw-drivers, New Two-speed Hand Drills (11-inch), Ratchet Tap Wrenches, Automatic-feed Bench and Chain Drills, Ratchet Hand and Breast Drills, Removable Squared Up Vises, Etc.

Name

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A BRAKE *can't be too good-but-*

Thermoid Brake Lining Service

makes brakes as good as BRAKES CAN BE!

CONSULT A THERMOID "BRAKE-ANIC"

Thermoid

Hydraulic Compressed
BRAKE LINING
"For Short Stops and Long Service"

THERMOID RUBBER CO., *Factories and Main Offices* TRENTON, N. J.

Hydraulic Compressed—"F M L"—Interwoven—"C-A-L" Brake Linings
Transmission Lining Radiator Hose Clutch Rings Universal Joint Discs Mechanical Rubber Goods

talking to Mr. Gillis earnestly in harsh, pointed sentences. . . . Did Cannon and Teller want to see the United States through another panic? He promised to see that silver was helped, if Europe would listen. And if Mr. Cannon had been reading the stuff in the newspapers about M. A. Hanna, let him wire any man in Cleveland and see if M. A. Hanna ever broke a contract.

"I've been in the coal and iron business pretty near thirty years. You go and roust out a man that's done business with me and see if I don't fill my contracts!"

Mr. Beer left them talking, and did not see Mr. Hanna again at close range after the convention assembled. He was sitting in the gallery close to Mr. Gillis when the gold plank was read out. Senator Cannon's friend turned and grinned at him. An hour later Teller and Cannon had made their speeches. The Silver delegates washed out of the hall, and even Henry Cabot Lodge joined in the jeers as the rebels withdrew. Nominations were now in order. Senator Allison, of Iowa, was offered by John Baldwin. Thomas Reed was proposed by Henry Cabot Lodge. Levi Morton, of New York, was inaudibly tendered by Chauncey Depew. Senator Foraker then nominated William McKinley, who was no friend of his, and did not look toward Mr. Hanna, with whom he was on no terms at all. The applause lasted twenty-five minutes. The governor of Pennsylvania proposed Matthew Quay, and the roll of the states was called. Mr. McKinley had 661½ votes. His nomination was made unanimous. Delegates shouted for Mr. Hanna. He appeared on the platform and barked a number of sentences with his hands behind his back, his face watering his collar, and then he beamed at the collected party as a pleased child smiles when the birthday cake comes to table.

As Mr. Beer came down from the gallery he saw people pressing around John Baldwin, congratulating him on his handy speech for Senator Allison. Mr. Beer wandered over to the group to say something polite, as Mr. Baldwin was his wife's cousin. He stood talking to some ladies from Omaha in the medley and a tall, dramatic man shoved past him to shake hands with Mr. Baldwin, saying something about a beautiful oratorical effort. All the ladies turned their feathered hats as the dark, curly head steered away into the hot welter. There was a rising coo of appreciation. Men from Omaha and Council Bluffs smiled at each other. Why couldn't Bill Bryan have said something pleasant without all that bosh about beautiful oratorical efforts?

III

IN THE middle of July two nice youths in good clothes appeared in the Republican Speakers' Bureau at Chicago, offering their services and their Eastern voices to Mr. William Hahn, head of the bureau. Mr. Charles Dawes, who had won the state of Illinois for Mr. McKinley, was reading some pamphlets in a corner. As the nice youths explained that they had letters of recommendation from Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Cornelius Bliss, Mr. Hahn was polite. What did they want to do? They wanted to go out among the people and make speeches.

"My gosh," Mr. Dawes said, under his breath, to William Beer, "the Lord wouldn't temper the wind to those shorn lambs!"

Mr. Hahn discouraged the applicants kindly. He said the weather was bad and the Populist Party active, and got rid of them as civilly as possible. The applicants made an exit. Mr. Hahn then had some sort of frenzy.

"Hahn is being hampered and discouraged," Mr. Beer wrote to his wife, "by a lot of would-be orators who get sent on here by the Republican headquarters in New York. He is furious today. Had lunch with C. G. Dawes. Mr. Hanna is in Cleveland. From all I can hear in Chicago, things are pretty bad. Hahn tells me the crowd in Boston is not playing square. . . . Leaving tomorrow." The general tone at headquarters in Chicago and New York was one of angry confidence. Of course, McKinley was going to thrash William Jennings Bryan, and thrash him hard! But there was an undertone as well. If money could defeat William Jennings Bryan, there was plenty of money around. A deliberate assessment of the corporations and single owners had been placidly arranged. Expenses of Republican speakers, the hiring of brass bands, bunting and pretty golden elephants or buttons with Mr. McKinley's fine face in profile—anything that was needed money bought or paid for. Mr. Hanna's machinery worked with what seemed a delightful smoothness. Pilgrimages of societies and voters in smaller clusters arrived at Canton, Ohio, to be addressed by Mr. McKinley. Only, on July twentieth, Mr. McKinley was almost fantastically grateful to hear that the population of Nantucket Island was solidly Republican. On July twenty-ninth Mr. Hanna acknowledged a load of Republican pledges and some information about Republican affairs in Connecticut, forwarded to him by a friend of Mr. Beer in Canton, with a singular warmth. At Republican headquarters in New York the Easterners were confident, of course, and Mr. Cornelius Bliss talked to callers and reporters in grave assurance. Everything was all right. Clergy and bankers and owners of huge stores indorsed McKinley and denounced Mr. Bryan. It was all right. The newspapers mentioned Mr. Bryan's speeches in the right note of disdain. Mr. Hanna gave out good news in Cleveland or Chicago But on August fifth, John Hay wrote to Henry White in London, from New York: "I find the feeling a little nervous; unnecessarily so, I think. I talked with Hanna and some of the Executive Committee, and while there is nothing like dread of defeat, there is a clear comprehension that Bryan will get the votes of a good many others of his kind, and that it will require more work than we thought necessary last spring to beat him. . . ."

Mr. Hanna came to New York—not ostentatiously on August third, and conferred with selected people. The feeling, as Mr. Hay wrote, was a little nervous. It trickled out through those who had seen Mr. Hanna and Mr. Bliss that there was a good deal to be done. Mr. Hanna scandalized some of the exterior circles of Republican workers by remarking that it would be just as well to raise three millions of dollars in New York City. "I wish," John McCook scribbled to Mr. Beer, "that Hanna would not talk so freely about money. But I know that we are going to need more. . . . It is turning out the stiffest campaign since the war."

The very proper Republicans in the East were upset. This man—this obtuse coal merchant from Cleveland—was handling everything in the wrong way. Here was something like a revolt threatening. It was very well to say that Mr. Bryan was not in favor of abolishing the Supreme Court or confiscating railroads and telegraphs. Those were notions of some of the Populists. But the Populists were backing Mr. Bryan! It was revolt! And Mr. Hanna sat about talking of money, as if brass bands and speakers could stop this overturn of everything. Something furious stirred the air around the heads of children on the sea beaches. If you were old enough to piece sentences together you knew that Mr. Bryan was a dark man from the West who was leading rebels on to Washington. Someone might tell you that Mr. Bryan was a harmless person, normally resident in Nebraska, who thought that the country, somehow, would be better off if silver dollars were coined at a ratio of sixteen to one with gold dollars. Even the voice of a father assuring you that he had often talked to Mr. Bryan in Omaha without being attacked in any fashion, was, for once, not satisfying. Mr. Bryan had been nominated at Chicago for making a speech about crucifying people on a golden cross. Behind him was a dark wave of queer names and uncomprehended

(Continued on Page 137)

THE WINNERS!

BOND

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

$10,000 SLOGAN CONTEST

THE winners in the BOND $10,000 "Flashlight-Feature" Slogan Contest have at last been decided. Over 250,000 people from every section of the country took time to study the six outstanding features of BOND Flashlights and Batteries and to send us their slogan suggestions.

While thousands selected the Candle-light feature as the most important one on which to submit slogans, other contestants chose the Shock Absorbers, the Safety Seal, Fibre Case or the 3-Way Safety Switch. However, by far the greatest number of slogans received were written about the amazing "Recuperation" feature of BOND Batteries.

At the right are the names of the three major prize winners with their successful slogans. Below are listed the winners of the ten $100 awards.

Difficult to pick the 1183 winners

Competition was keen! Selecting the winners from such a vast avalanche of entries has been a long and difficult task. A large staff was kept busy for more than three months arranging and classifying the slogans. The task of judging, alone, took over four weeks! There were literally thousands of *good* slogans. Some of the best, however, had to be discarded because they were too general—because they did not apply directly to any *one particular* feature of BOND Flashlights or Mono-Cells, as the rules specified.

Complete list of winners at your dealer's

To all who submitted slogans, the Bond Electric Corporation extends its acknowledgments and thanks. We have sent the complete list of the 1183 prize winners to your authorized BOND Dealer. Go to his store today and ask to see it. Or, if you wish, we will send you the list direct, upon request. If you entered the contest, perhaps your name is among the lucky ones.

First Prize Winner, E. E. Upton

First Prize . . . $2000 . . . Won by

E. E. UPTON

701 S. Valentine Street, Little Rock, Ark.

for his slogan:

"REST RENEWS THE CURRENT YOU USE"

written on the "Recuperation" feature

Second Prize . . . $1000

Awarded to ARTHUR HOYT

25 Ivory St., W. Roxbury, Mass.

"A BEAM OF LIGHT OR A CANDLE BRIGHT"

Written on the "Candle Light" Feature

Third Prize $500

Awarded to ELIZABETH TOLAND, *Rayland, Ohio*

"MORE LIGHT YIELD— IT'S SAFETY SEALED"

Written on the "Safety Seal" Feature

10 Prizes of $100.00 each were awarded to the following:

Thos. B. Clark, *Pittsburgh, Pa.* . . . "A SIMPLE REVAMP FROM A FLASH TO A LAMP"
Ann Jana, *San Francisco, Cal.* . . . "HAS A WAY OF RENEWING ITS LIFE"
A. B. Dale, *Los Gatos, Cal.* . . . . "SURVIVES THE SHOCKS OF FALLS AND KNOCKS"
Lynn Z. Hill, *Erie, Pa.* . . . . . "IT SELLS FAST FOR ITS CELLS LAST"
Robert A. Waymira, *Overton, Nev.* . . . "THE SHOCK OF THE FALL TAKEN IN THE SPRING"
George O. Mercer, *Contesville, Pa.* . . . "A DENT-DEFYING FEATURE OF BOND"
E. M. Martindale, *Des Moines, Iowa.* . . . "A FLASH FOR THE GLOOM— A LAMP FOR THE ROOM"
A. C. Steuver, *Greenfield, Ind.* . . . "POWER THAT BURNS AND YET RETURNS"
Minor E. Gresham, *Abilene, Tex.* . . . "THE INSIDE'S SAFE WHEN THE OUTSIDE'S FIBRE"
Charles Swartz, *Bronx, N. Y.* . . . "HAS SHOCK ABSORBERS LIKE YOUR CAR TO GUARD THE BULB AGAINST EACH JAR"

The Six Distinctive Features of

BOND FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES:

1—*Candle Light.* You can easily transform a BOND Flashlight into a powerful electric candle, instantly by unscrewing the head assembly and standing the light on end. This feature makes every BOND a two-purpose light. [illegible] without an extra [illegible] and you would like to have both hands free.

2—*Fibre Case.* BOND Flashlights are made with [illegible] heads and fibre cases instead of the easily dented metal types. Fibre affords easy grip, prevents sweat stains and will not bend or break.

3—*Shock Absorbers.* These sturdy metal attachments firmly cushion the batteries in BOND Flashlights, thereby protecting the bulb against breakage. A BOND feature which eliminates the majority of flashlight troubles.

4—*3-Way Safety Switch.* The BOND Safety Lock Contact Switch prevents accidental lighting and power wastage when the flashlight is not in use. When the [illegible] locked the flashlight is [illegible] the possibility of [illegible]. Push the slide forward and contact is made.

5—*Safety Seal.* This feature—exclusively BOND—protects the power of BOND Mono-Cells and prevents energy-draining short circuits. The cardboard jacket is hermetically sealed to the zinc cup itself, and cannot slip.

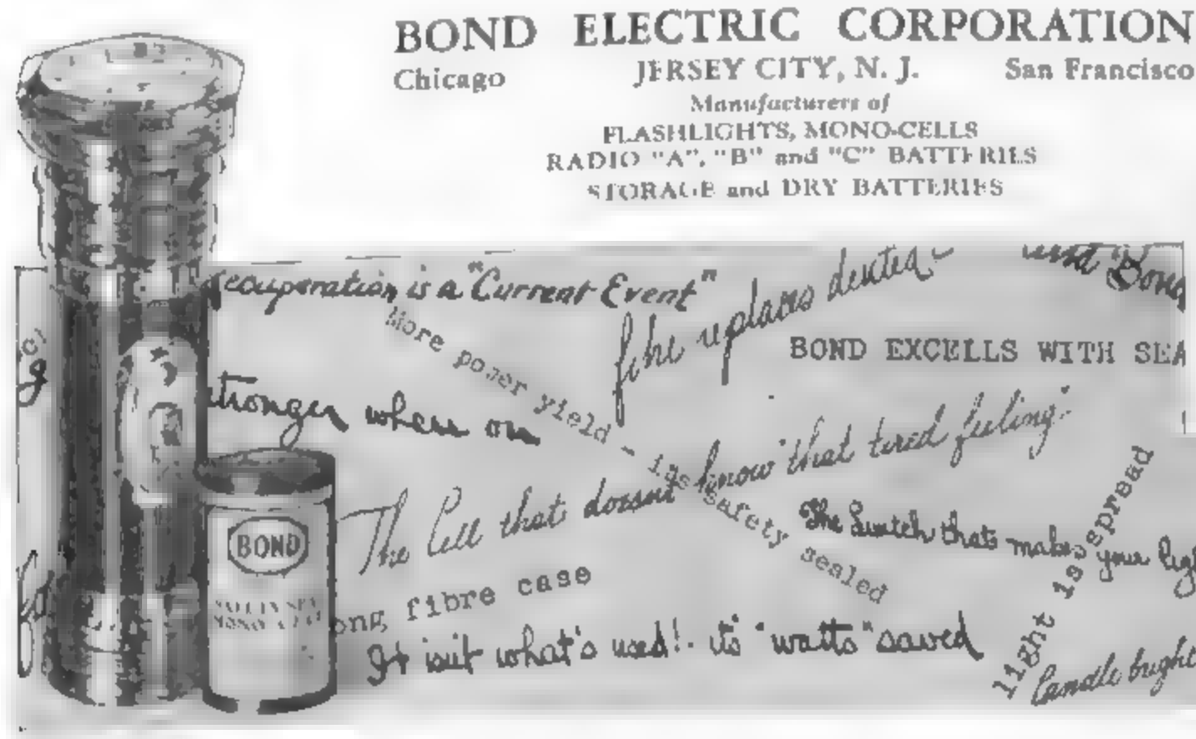
6—*Recuperation.* This is one of the outstanding features of BOND Batteries. Because BOND Mono-Cells recuperate [illegible] and [illegible] gets during [illegible] hours [illegible] there is more power for a longer time than ordinary flashlight batteries.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION

Chicago JERSEY CITY, N. J. San Francisco

Manufacturers of

FLASHLIGHTS, MONO-CELLS
RADIO "A", "B" and "C" BATTERIES
STORAGE and DRY BATTERIES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Light is spread
Candle bright and flashlight too, Bond's of double use to you
It's not what's used!. it's "watts" saved
CAKES a Jolt as a Joke
WATTS MORE, THEY SELF - RESTORE
By unscrewing the head
It's locked until you light it
A CANDLE AT

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Starting, Lighting & Ignition

(Continued from Page 134)

identities—Altgeld, the anarchist; Debs, the Socialist; Populists and Silver Republicans. It was slightly awful to be a child in 1896. A theory about currency in the middle of all the talk was entangled with a genuine fear. The Easterners were scared.

There was a scare even in the high regions of the Republican Party in New York City. This Hanna did not seem to be doing enough for the metropolis. John McCook one afternoon tried to explain to a group in the Union League Club that it was vital for McKinley to carry the midland states, but nobody, in 1896, had much feeling for the midland states. A young man of large means drawled that he had arranged for a maisonette at Versailles. If this Bryan was elected, he would certainly leave the country. He then left the room. Police Commissioner Roosevelt said in falsetto, "There might be compensations in seeing Mr. Bryan elected!" But it was a serious meeting. Mr. Bryan soon was to accept the Democratic nomination at Madison Square Garden. There were bets that he would carry New York and perhaps Connecticut. Pastors, politicians and even some ladies broke out in a raving against the handsome orator from Nebraska. He seemed to have conquered everything and his maniacs would be burning houses on Fifth Avenue soon.

Under it all there was some little justification, and this has passed out of historical sight. The element in the Populist Party that had been scantily heard at the conventions did do a quantity of talking on street corners and in railroad yards. Below the rational, if emotionalized, oratory of the Democrats and Populists, this sort of frantic invention spread along, overheard or summarized in Republican newspapers with denunciations. There was even a little terrorism. Threats were chalked on cars of the fast trains occasionally, and a strain of hysterics came boiling in some of the speeches made toward the middle of August in the growing mill towns of New Jersey and Connecticut, and in California. Cartoons of McKinley discussing affairs with Mr. Hanna across a whisky bottle were current. Men who knew the candidate were taken into corners and asked, confidentially, if McKinley wasn't a good deal of a sot? On August twenty-seventh, Col. Dudley Evans, a very shrewd man, the principal power of Wells, Fargo & Co., wrote: "I know that Mr. Hanna has refused to answer any of the libels as to himself. His position is sound. But I think this low campaign against Mr. and Mrs. McKinley ought to be dealt with. . . . The offices report that scandals are in circulation in Missouri and Kansas. Several men of some intelligence have asked me if it is true that Mrs. McKinley is an English spy. These absurd reports prejudice a certain kind of second-rate citizen intensely."

The failure of Mr. Bryan's speech in Madison Square Garden, where he was introduced at unutterable length by the governor of Missouri, did not cheer the men at Republican headquarters. On September eighth, John Hay wrote to Henry Adams: "He"—Mr. Bryan—"has succeeded in scaring the Goldbugs out of their five wits; if he had scared them a little they would have come down handsome to Hanna. But he has scared them so blue that they think they had better keep what they have got left in their pockets against the evil day." On the same day he wrote to a lady who had crossed with him from England at the end of July, thanking her for a post card, on a post card: "Dear Mrs. Paull: And are you going to join the grand exodus from our wayward native land that is to occur when the Goldbugs are squashed under the heel of Silver's champion? Many of my friends are saving their money for the purchase of suitable residences in Paris. Shall we next meet on the Place de la République?"

On the ninth of September, Mr. Beer was summoned to the Republican rooms and quietly informed that he would soon be in Chicago. Mr. Hanna had at last decided to make use of an idea proposed by Mr. Beer, through Julius Whiting, of Canton, to Mr. McKinley. He was to be allowed to conduct a special train containing some famous veterans of the Civil War through the West and Middle West while they spoke for McKinley. Mr. Beer knew this already. Howard Melville Hanna had sent him word from Cleveland that the generals were being collected. But he beamed on Mr. Bliss and said that he was proud of the trust confided in him by the party. He knew all the right things to say, by this time. Mr. Bliss twiddled a cigar on a tray and glanced to see if the door was shut. He then, haltingly, asked Mr. Beer to copy down this list of suggestions for Mr. Hanna. He was much annoyed at what he was doing. But some—er—rather important people thought these suggestions might be useful to Mr. Hanna. There was no way of refusing them. He allowed his flat mortification to appear. Mr. Beer copied down the suggestions and told Mr. Bliss that he expected to be kicked out of Chicago by Mr. Hanna in person. The "important people" wished simply to turn the election into a religious feud. Mr. Bliss almost moaned. He could not help himself. He had promised to send these sixteen suggestions to Mr. Hanna. Off they went in Mr. Beer's pocket.

Mr. Hanna was checking over a new Republican pamphlet on the topic of sound money when the worried bearer of idiotic tidings came into his quarters. After reading the list, he said nothing. Mr. Beer now discovered it was quite true that Mr. Hanna's eyes turned yellow when he was angry. He threw the slip of paper on his desk and asked, in a kind of chugging, metallic voice, "Who gave you that stuff?" Then he leaned back in his chair and spoke. Curiously, this unpoetic man of affairs spoke in images. He was like a weight in the middle of a seesaw, he said, and both ends of the plank had damned fools on them. As for poor Bliss, he couldn't help himself. As for this lot of —sheep in Wall Street who thought they run the country, it would serve them right if Bryan kicked them to hell and gone. What were they made of, he wanted to know. All you got out of most of them was a thousand dollars and a lot of con deacension. If they had been allowed to nominate Tom Reed, Bryan would walk over them. They could not see the sense of Mr. Hanna's educational pamphlets against the Free Silver nonsense. They couldn't see anything! Give him one farmer or a laboring man who wasn't a lunatic, and he could make the man see the fallacy in Mr. Bryan's money scheme. "They'll read this stuff," he said, slapping the pamphlets. "It gets onto the table in the sitting room, and they read it!" He stopped, when his breath gave out, and then was imperious. Mr. Beer was to tear up the list and not to say a word about it. Mr. Hanna would send on some thoughts to New York. And then his mouth relaxed. He began to laugh. It was a funny world, he said. Here he was, with his name mud in the Democratic newspapers, trying to keep the country out of a panic! At least the humor of his position was plain to Mr. Hanna. He chuckled and sent for a secretary, dictated curt orders to general managers of railroads, and told Mr. Beer just how to get along with General Alger and General Howard and General Sickles.

The young amateur now entered on a crazy period of nights in a circle of cigars—he did not smoke—and heard the Civil War rehearsed in a purely professional way. He dove from the train at towns which still have not been advertised in satire, and hunted Bourbon, bottled milk, mineral waters and pills for his convoy. He had to suppress a nephew or a grandson of one hero who was learning to use a peashooter and could not be restrained from trying its range on hats in ticklish Kentucky. Several times the wooden leg of General Sickles got loose from its place in the darkness and rolled down the line of berths as the train ascended slopes. His letters to his family

"30 Seconds *and I'll have the answer*"

(The G. M. Shows a Star Customer Something about Speed)

The General Manager reached for his 'phone. "In 30 Seconds," said he, "I'll tell you exactly how many of those 1" bars we can deliver tomorrow." The customer raised his eyebrows, grinned, and drew out his watch. The G. M spoke, listened, made a note. "Four Thousand Sixty-Two," said he, and the customer's watch went back into its pocket.

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mostly begin: "We are just leaving " and end: "When I get home, if I ever do." He descended among crowds on the platforms with Republican pamphlets, and agents of express companies brought him boxes filled with flags and elephants and placards. He knew all the words of the speeches that the generals would make and blessed General Howard for altering his remarks now and then. He fed the bandsmen jujubes for their sore throats. He struggled with the lunacies of reception committees and county chairmen. He played checkers with General Stewart, and had his palate ruined for a day by a kind of cocktail that General Sickles made one evening. Outside this train a sentiment roared, as the generals spoke, and sometimes sobbed. Inside it, Mr. Beer wondered why anybody ever went into politics. He decided that unlimited monarchies were the best governments. And were not tribes in Africa happy without money and protective tariffs? He hated everybody, on chilly October mornings, when General Sickles whistled an air from Rigoletto and General Howard spoke with feeling of the wronged Indians. But he was fighting Free Silver.

Mr. Hanna's machine swept against the Democrats, in an explosion of pamphlets, blue-and-gold emblems, placards and voices. The dynamo inside the round head whirred. This man knew how to carry West Virginia? Send him speakers or let him hire his own. The crowds in California liked a lot of music? Let them have all the bands money would buy! Two or three times, to men in quiet rooms, he voiced his contempt for some of his allies in the East. But the top of the scare was passing. Money poured out of stately offices in New York and Boston. The oiled machine ran smoothly. On October twenty-eighth he thanked Henry Adler for a letter, check inclosed, and returned the check. "It is all over. Reports are satisfactory just where we wanted them most." On the Saturday before Election Day, a parade of one hundred and fifty thousand men passed up Broadway in New York. It included even the languid millionaire who had been thinking about a maisonette at Versailles New York gaped at the monstrous production of so many well-dressed men, so many gilded elephants, so many buttons and so much colored bunting. On the night of November third the clubs were filled with men who never drank and were not drinking, but who gabbled drunkenly among men who were ordering champagne. A funny disbelief ran through the crowds. It was all over; McKinley was elected, but it did not seem true. Workmen who had been told that their jobs were lost if Mr. Bryan won, were afraid to go home, as if he might win yet, should they leave the streets or the saloons. And some emotions cracked in the darkness, with a violence that would not be understood today. . . . A child who was watching the bonfires from her father's steps in a small town of Southern Ohio found a man standing near her, mumbling in German "Cross, cross—golden cross." It was a Populist who had been running against her father for an office in the county. She was not afraid. Everybody knew him a gentle, dull, big creature. When he picked her up and carried her off around the corner into the tool shed, she began to scream. Some of the man's friends heard her as they hunted for him. When they broke in the door of the tool shed he had driven one nail through her left hand. She was to be an expiation of some kind on this cross in his poor head. He was taken off to an asylum, and the child grew up to lean with Mr. Bryan on a balustrade in Florida, and watch his eyes politely follow the long scar down her hand. . . . There were some suicides. Embittered men moved from towns so as not to be teased for their bragging. A reaction was observed. People would not speak of the election at all. Republicans suddenly denounced Mr. McKinley, and Democrats boasted that they were glad Mr. Bryan had been beaten.

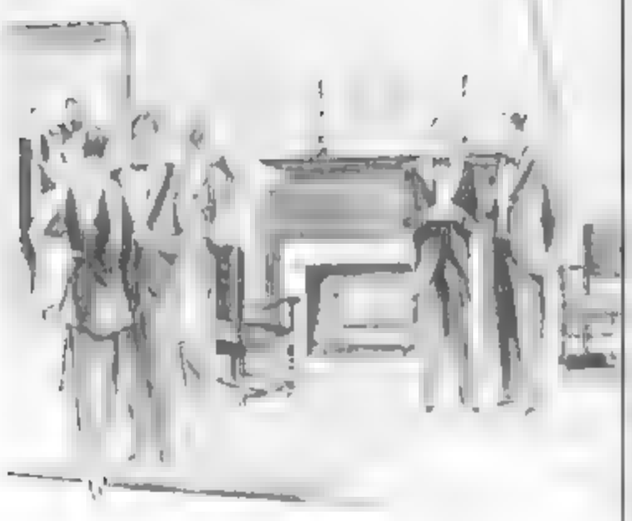
As for Mr. Hanna, he now was a huge grotesque. His name, as he said, had been mud in the newspapers. He swelled into the country's perception as a legend of monstrous wealth. The power of the human machine was still ignored. In all this exploit he had not been public, save for the moment on the platform at St. Louis, or now and then on McKinley's porch in Canton. He had become popular with a few men in New York, although there was rumor that Mr. Hanna did not find himself amazingly grateful for New York's help, everything considered. The sensitive John Hay stopped bantering and wrote to a friend in Paris that Mr. Hanna was an astonishment to him. "He is a born general in politics, perfectly square, honest and courageous, with a *coup d'œil* for the battlefield and a knowledge of the enemy's weak points which is very remarkable. . . ." There were other compliments. But a sentimental minority in the Republican Party had been vehemently offended. They had not been consulted, and Mr. Hanna had unveiled the springs by which elections are manipulated.

"He has advertised Mr. McKinley," one of them said to my father, "as if he were a patent medicine."

This was Mr. Hanna's offense. He had openly made use of the full power of propaganda. He had dealt with politics as if the election of a President was the floating of a company. He had thrown a hundred thousand tons of printed material and posters into the nation, against Mr. Bryan's fetching oratory, bad logic and good intentions. It was more offensive to the Easterner than to the Westerner. Somehow, a coal-and-iron merchant from Cleveland should not be allowed to dominate a great campaign. And now, they asked, what would he try to do next?

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Beer. The next will appear in an early issue.

Angell Hall, University of Michigan



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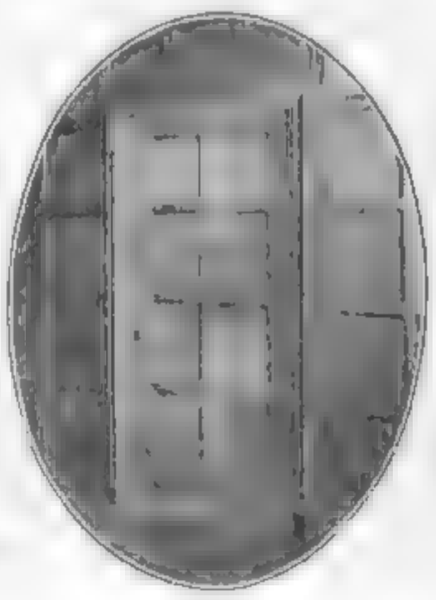

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He'll never suffer *from* Nerve Exhaustion

MILE after mile the mail courier of India follows the springy jungle trail. Tired at the end of his run? Yes, but healthily tired. A night's rest and he is ready for the return journey.

But put him at the same task on modern roads—and he would break down in a month.

He would know what so many of us know—the *nerve exhaustion* that comes from pounding our heels day after day on hard pavements—the weariness that is *always* present—that a night's rest does not relieve.

Man was never meant to walk continually on hard surfaces. The structure of his foot proves it. Nature designed it for contact with soft sand and springy turf.

Quit pounding your energy away—put springy cushions between your heels and the sidewalks—a pair of "U. S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

Step into a repair shop where you see the "U. S." Spring-Step sign. Have a pair put on. Wear them—you will feel better, have more energy and get greater enjoyment out of life.

Look for this sign on the shoe repairman's window. It assures you that he uses the best bottoming materials made —Uskide Soles —Spring-Step Heels.

SPRING-STEP
Rubber Heels
Made by the Manufacturers of Keds

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

A QUESTION OF TASTE

Continued from Page 7)

"She smiled at my earnestness. She said, 'My name is Florence Lauria. If you call'—she gave me a number and some exchange I had never heard of—'and ask for me——'

"I repeated the number slowly, fixing it in my mind, as I thought then, forever. She nodded her small head quickly. Then she left me."

Thayer turned an empty bottle into his glass and called to a passing waiter. I noticed, vaguely, that the major and Stephanie were back at the table again, sitting close together in the opposite corner. And gradually, as Thayer told the story, they passed beyond our immediate regard; became, for the time, a part of the confused, shifting scene around us.

"Florence Lauria," Thayer said in a low voice. "I haven't spoken that name in four years." He was silent while the glasses were filled. "I had a silly antipathy to the name 'Florence.' Simply because when I was a kid there used to be a homely little girl of that name who came to dancing school. To me it had always meant an entire absence of charm, of romance. So I called her—Florence Lauria, I mean—Flora."

He explained, "You know Rossetti's translation of that thing of Villon's: Ballade of Dead Ladies. It begins:

"Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?

"It seemed to fit her perfectly. For I thought of her—we were younger then, you know—as just that as a lovely Roman girl of a patrician house," he paused and added bitterly, "sold into slavery. And the sadness of those lines came to mean for me the sadness of Flora's life; although she herself, while I knew her, was never sad.

"The next morning I called the number she had given me. A woman answered and said that Miss Lauria was at the store. I asked when she would be home and was told that she usually got in about half-past six. I telephoned that evening shortly after 6:30, but she had not come home. I called again after dinner. She wasn't there. I remember all this as if it happened yesterday. A man's voice answered that time. He said that sometimes she spent the night in the city with one of the girls who worked in the store. I wondered who these people were who answered the phone. The next night I telephoned twice; the second time I disguised my voice. Still she was not there. I couldn't go on telephoning forever. I left my number—my mother and father were still up in Vermont and I had a month's sublease on a combined sitting room, bedroom and bath—you remember? I asked the man to have Miss Lauria call my number at any time after eight in the evening. The next night I hurried back from the club and sat waiting. When the telephone did ring I went to it, trembling. That's what one brief glimpse of her had done for me. The telephone rang twice that evening. Neither call was from her. I remember my fierce, bitter disappointment. The next night she telephoned. She said 'Hullo, how are you?' as if it were all one word. Ah!"—Thayer's mouth was twisted in sudden pain—"I can hear her funny, deep voice; always as if she were just about to laugh. She said she would have dinner with me the following evening. We arranged to meet in the lobby of one of the big hotels."

He raised his glass to his lips and then put it down untasted. He said, "I won't drink any more tonight. That doll reminded me of her." He nodded at Stephanie's doll. "Flora never asked for anything. She never got anything from me except a few trifles—a cigarette holder, a vanity case, a little pin, with jewels small enough to shame me when I looked at the jewels that other girls—the girls we were supposed to know—wore. I was getting about thirty-five dollars a week then and my father was contributing the rest. You can't run an apartment, however small, and belong to a couple of clubs and spend money in them on thirty-five dollars a week." He gave me a wry smile. "And we had our accustomed manner of life to keep up, whatever our earnings.

"I was cynical enough to expect a letdown, as I waited for her in the lobby. Second meetings aren't always the same, and we had been treating ourselves pretty well that other evening. But the moment she stopped in front of my chair I forgot all my misgivings. She was lovely—even more lovely than I had remembered. She had on a little brown hat with a long, thin pheasant feather in it different somehow from the other hats I used to see about the streets. She had had no particular education; she was, I suppose, dreadfully ignorant. Yet she had an innate feeling for styles of dress that were a little out of the ordinary; things that suited her exactly. I asked her, hesitating, if she would care to go to my apartment for a cocktail. The circumstances under which I had first seen her certainly didn't suggest that she would refuse; yet I hesitated. Bill Truslow's remark about the North Shore and the way she looked and bore herself made me doubt the taste of that invitation. In those days young ladies might demur at going alone to young men's apartments even after an extended acquaintance; although that, I understand, is all over now. I should have known that Florence Lauria was not a 'young lady.' I shall never be guilty of calling her that.

"We had a cocktail or two; I don't think she'd had very many in her life. She sat properly on one end of my converted bed and we made polite conversation. She was perfectly at ease. It was I who was awkward, self-conscious. I was trying so hard to please. Yes, just that." He paused, staring at his filled glass. "It was necessary that she should come to love me as I loved her. You would not laugh"—and indeed I had not—"if you had ever been felled by that kind of thing. She sat there—we had hardly exchanged fifty words and I wanted nothing in the world but that she should be with me in that room forever. Blind, unreasoning, like a bolt out of the sky. Physical—oh, yes, entirely. Well, do you know any better? I'm not a lover of minds myself.

"We went out and had dinner at some little Italian place she knew of downtown—dinner for a dollar and a half. It was a symbol of my life with her—cheap dinners in by-streets, movie theaters that were out of the way, Long Beach on a Sunday afternoon in the spring. Where I would not run into my friends? Exactly. But not because I was ashamed of her. If you had ever seen her—she was like a flower, a bright jewel. Shame? Because she was poor and worked, because her clothes were cheap? No, it was not from any sense of shame that I kept her out of my friends' way. It was because I could not bear to have them look at her except in the very way they looked at the girls of their own class.

"We rode downtown in a taxi. Her shoulder touched mine. That was all. Yet ——" He broke off. His face looked suddenly old. He said, "I remember it well. It was a cold night, the end of fall. We sat there, shut in from the world.

"At dinner I told her I had been surprised to see her in that place the other night. I told her it was a filthy place, which it was. She said yes, she supposed so, but it was one of the few places of its kind that would admit girls alone—that is, without male escort. She loved to dance. It was better, she had thought, than the large, cheap dance halls. The two women who were with her worked in the same store—in—well, it was one of the fashionable department stores. She was in the sports department. She sold so-called

sports clothes to young ladies and young girls. She lived with an aunt—her mother's sister—and uncle, way, way uptown. Her mother and father were not living. She had no brothers or sisters. These facts I learned at dinner.

"It was late when we came out into the street. I said we would get a taxi and stop at my apartment for a liqueur—a cordial, she called it. She said all right. She was always direct. There was never any 'I don't know' or 'Perhaps I'd better not.' If she wanted or did not want a thing, she said so, and nothing changed her; sometimes when she would not meet me, saying she had another engagement, explaining nothing—but I'll tell you about that presently.

"Back in the apartment I lit a fire. She stood with one foot on the fender, drinking her cordial. Then suddenly she took the little hat off and put it on the mantel. Hats—even these little ones—are queer. They may conceal or enhance the charm of a face. If she was lovely in the big black hat, in the one with the long pheasant feather, without any she revealed an entirely new loveliness. Her hair was a deep bronze. She wore it parted a little on one side and closely coiled on her neck. In the firelight it looked burnished. I turned off the lights and we sat for a long time in front of the fire. I don't remember that we talked much. It did not matter. For me it was an hour of complete happiness—the most complete I have ever known. Finally she said she must go. She got up from her chair. I stood before her, dumbly. She was smiling, and suddenly she came close and put her arms around my neck. It was as if she said, 'If you want to kiss me that badly

"When we left my apartment I intended to see her home. As we walked the few blocks to the Subway she remarked that it was a long ride—three-quarters of an hour or so. She said it was late, that it would be foolish for me to go all that way and back again, that she would be perfectly safe. I let myself be persuaded. No, nothing happened to her that night on the way home. But if Flora had been a 'young lady,' you see, I should have gone with her to her door. That was the code. Because she was not, I let her go alone.

"That once—only that once. But all the other times I went with her do not absolve me. A few days later my family moved down from Vermont. The New York house was opened and there was no reason—to them—why I should continue living in that apartment. My sublease was up. And by living at home my monthly deficit would be considerably reduced. Well, I spent a good part of my nights that winter and spring on the Subway, riding out nearly to the end of the line and back. I got to know some of the guards. They used to come in from the platform and sit with me in the empty cars on the long trip home. At the office I went through the motions. The day was just something to be got over. If it had not been for my grandfather's interest in the company I should have been fired quick enough.

"She lived, as I have told you, with her aunt and uncle in a two-by-four apartment. New oak furniture and a phonograph. She allowed me to see her there once. The aunt and uncle used the parlor in the evenings. They liked to stay at home and listen to the phonograph. But once the uncle left the phonograph. I never knew what his the city on business—I never knew what his business was, but it couldn't have been very good—and Flora and I had the parlor to ourselves. That night I was introduced to her aunt. Her greeting was scarcely cordial. Evidently I was an object of suspicion. The aunt was perfectly commonplace, old, tired looking. There was not the faintest suggestion of Flora about her, although they were related by blood. She sat with us for a few minutes, ill at ease, and then left as if by prearrangement. That night Flora could have the parlor in which to entertain her gentleman friend. Flora had made some lemonade and bought some cakes for me." Thayer's voice suddenly broke. "The aunt disapproved of me and she was right as hell. The parlor her parlor—was for some honest, wage-earning citizen who would take Flora off their hands, would give her a home of her own.

"I suppose I saw her three or four times a week. Generally we met in the lobby of that same hotel. I never saw anyone I knew there. It was always crowded—the clientele was reputed to be largely commercial, transient—and while I waited for her I adopted the manner of a guest about to meet a business conferee. I might have saved myself the effort; there were, I imagine, plenty of others there for a similar purpose. We would dine at some small, out-of-the-way restaurant—Italian and French tables-d'hôte. We unearthed some very pleasant places. Then the movies. In the darkness she gave me her hand. Once in a while we went to some dancing place—not the ones you knew, for the reason I've given, and because even in those days they cost money and I simply didn't have it. No, to some cheap ones that were rowdy and hideous. After a few experiments we gave them up. I told Flora that although I lived in that large house just east of Fifth Avenue, I myself was, in reality, poor. That made no difference to her, but I wanted her to understand why the entertainment was not more generous. She knew, of course, who my father and mother were; that winter they were almost public characters through furnishing free board and lodging to some visiting nobility. I had a large room and the services of a valet and all my meals free as long as I stayed home, and thirty-five dollars a week velvet.

"Out of that I paid club dues and took Flora to dinner and even saved enough to buy her a cigarette holder, a vanity case, the little pin. Occasionally, too, we managed a theater. I suppose we could have gone more often if I had thought of the balcony, but I had never sat in the balcony. We took in some of the plays that were slowly expiring. One's high-life friends would not be in those audiences. Sometimes they were, though. I remember looking across the house one night and seeing a row of eight, all dressed up, making light conversation between acts. Gray Somers was one of them. But they did not see us, and I took Flora quickly away when it was over

"She would not meet me every night. Two or three times a week she had another engagement which she would never break. It was simply, 'No, I'm sorry, I can't meet you Thursday night.' And when I persisted, asking her what she was going to do, where she was going, with whom, she would shake her head and say, 'Never mind. I'm sorry, but I can't see you then.' I knew that it was another man. If it had been anything else she would have told me. There he was, mysterious, torturing. I thought once that it was to make me jealous. I know now how wrong I was.

"And always there was an undercurrent of sadness. Our lives really lay as far apart as the poles. Before I met her I used to spend most week-ends out of the city. Even afterward I went away a few times. Playing golf on Saturday afternoon, sitting round the fire at some expensive country club, I thought of her, still at the store. She told me that late one Saturday, when her department happened to be empty, a floorwalker had given her trouble. That, of course, being what she was and looking the way she did, might be expected. She had said nothing about it and he hadn't bothered her again. She was perfectly philosophic concerning our so-called lower natures. And she was also a good sport. 'We're only human,' she said, excusing him. That simple, naïve phrase explained, for her, a good many things.

"Spring came along. We spent some holiday together, all day. At one of the beaches Long Beach, Rockaway—I've forgotten now. It was early in the year and there weren't many people. We sat on the sand and watched the sea, but she got restless, like a child. She said, 'Let's go find the amusements.' So we found them and were

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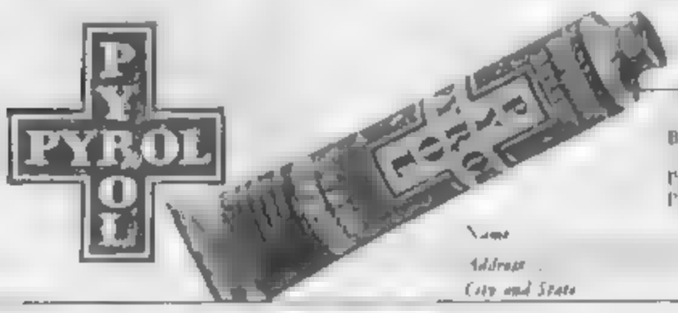

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"I remember that day so vividly because it was then that I first paused to think. The year before, I had spent that holiday in Connecticut at the Truslows', and the year before that. It was almost a fixture. This year I hadn't been asked. And I realized that I hadn't seen Bill Truslow for a month—or Jean. In fact, since the night I met Flora I'd seen scarcely any of my other friends. I was dropping out. Others were getting married, starting homes of their own, visiting back and forth, forming their own close, permanent circles, in which now I had almost no part. That night, going back to the city on the train, I first looked into the future—Flora's and mine—and shut my eyes to it.

"So I let things slide. It was easy enough to do that. Life was particularly sweet that spring. Sometimes on Saturdays I would wait for her on a corner near the store and we would have luncheon together in a near-by tea room. Walking along the street in the warm sunshine, simply to put my hand on her arm was an incredible happiness. Yes, I would take her arm, grope for her hand going up the stairs to the tea room—things I had scorned. Did I tell you that her hands were beautiful? I told her so once, and she examined them, surprised, as if hands were things one took for granted. Hers were slim, firm, with long fingers, broad at the tips, extraordinarily strong.

"She took on a new beauty in the spring. The dark clothes of winter were put away. She looked younger, fresher in her light-colored dresses. I thought of the coming summer, when people left town, of days on the beaches, in the noisy, alien crowds of which we would now be a part, yet in which we could be so completely alone.

"One evening, riding downtown in a taxi on the way to dinner, I spoke of that said that soon we could go bathing. She was silent for a long time. Then she said suddenly, 'I don't think I'd better be seeing you much longer.' It came suddenly like that, without the slightest warning. I sat there, frozen. It was like a knife in my heart. Finally I asked her what she meant. She didn't answer. I put my arms around her. She held herself a little straighter, passive, without response. Her cheek was cold. I told her not to be foolish. She shook her head. She said 'No, not after tonight,' as if, now that the resolve was made, to end it quickly and forever. She repeated it. I asked her what she meant. Why? There was no reason. Just that. She would not see me again. I got angry. I said, 'Then you don't love me.' The taxi had stopped in front of our restaurant. She turned and threw her arms around my neck. She cried out in that funny deep voice, 'Don't love you! Oh, no!'"

Thayer stopped and reached for his glass. He said, "I think I'll drink this after all." The wine spilled on the tablecloth. He drank slowly and set the glass down.

"In the restaurant," he went on, "sitting opposite me, she said, 'I had a dream the other night. I dreamt I was at your house. I met your family. They were as nice as could be. It was funny. They were so nice to me, and all the time I kept thinking: They don't mean it, they're just putting it on. Or, I thought: It's a dream—as it was.' Then she laughed.

"That's what she said to me. She had no motive of any kind. As I told you, she never asked for anything. It was simply a dream she had dreamt—a funny, impossible dream. Why shouldn't she tell me? A dream—but it made things clear for her.

"I said, 'Is that why you're not going to see me any more?' She didn't understand. She looked at me, puzzled.

"Then she said, 'I'm thinking of getting married.'

"I asked, with a forced lightness, 'When?'

"She said 'The day after tomorrow.'

"Do you know what my first thought was?" Thayer asked after a moment. "I thought, 'Then it's over. This is the end.' It was almost." He paused. "Yes, relief. That's funny, isn't it? I asked her who the man was. She said, 'Never mind.' I asked her why she wanted to get married. She explained that a girl had to do something, that she didn't want to keep on working in that store all her life, that it would be nice to have a home of her own. I asked her where she was going to live. She said she wasn't sure, that he might be sent to another city.

"We sat there, discussing it. Calmly, quite matter of fact. And all the time, in the back of my mind, was the thought, 'You are free. Now you are cleanly out. You can go back now to your own kind.' I told her that I did not believe in marriage, that I would never marry anyone; the suggestion was that I had taken a vow on the altar of sociological science, that my principles would always be too much for my heart. That sort of rot. I might even have explained, regretfully, that I could not afford to marry, had I not remembered that this reason, among her people, was scarcely ever valid. It occurred to me, too, that the match she was making was probably not a wealthy one. I had a picture of some stolid, hard-working, deserving young man—deserving also my gratitude.

"We did not go to the movies that night As if by a common understanding we took the Subway to her home. No more weary rides back on the Subway in the late night, in the early hours of morning. That, too, was over. We sat in silence. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the bronze wing of her hair against her white cheek, her strong, lovely hands clasped about the pocketbook in her lap, the tips of her knees under the short dress. That, for some reason, is the way I remember her, sitting beside me in the brightly lighted train perhaps because we'd taken that ride so many times. Near the apartment there was a dark alley where we always stopped. We stopped there now. I said, 'I want to send you a wedding present. You'll have to tell me what your name is going to be.' But she would not. Then I found her in my arms. I said 'I can't let you go' over and over. And I could not—then. Finally she told me that she would meet me the next night. That was the night before her wedding day. Once more.

"I wonder sometimes whether she would have kept that engagement, whether either of us really intended to go through with it. The next morning I knew it was impossible. I had a strange feeling of friendship for that unknown young man who was going to marry her, of loyalty to him. She had stopped work at the store, so I sent a note by messenger out to the apartment. I wrote that I was obliged to leave the city that day on a business trip to the West. A note that anyone might read. Wishing her good luck and happiness and a long life. She did not answer it. I think she, too, understood it was better so. The next day was Saturday, her wedding day. I went away to the country for the week-end. I never saw or heard of her again."

Thayer set down his empty glass and called to the waiter for the check. I looked around. Most of the people had left. I remember I was surprised to see the major sitting in the opposite corner, alone. His head was bowed on his chest. Toward the end, I suppose, he had drunk more than he had danced. Stephanie, who had kept him moving, had gone.

"That's all of the story," Thayer said as we sat waiting for the check. "Except that a year later I tried to find her. I wanted to see her—simply see her—again. I went first to that apartment house. I didn't know her married name and my only lead was the aunt and uncle. I found that they had given up the apartment the year before. They had left no forwarding address. I inquired about the uncle's business, but no one knew for what concern he had worked. The agents for the building let me look at the lease; it gave only his name

(Continued on Page 144)

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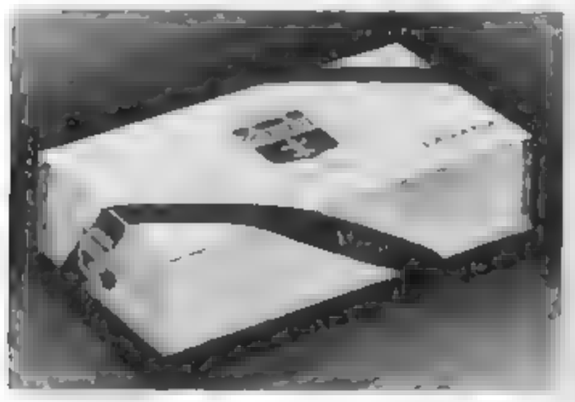

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GILBERT

CHOCOLATES

(Continued from Page 142)

The witnesses were employes in the agents' office. I looked up the newspapers around the day she was to have been married, on the chance that there might be a notice of the wedding. There was nothing. I had the marriage-license records examined. As far as I could find, no one by the name of Florence Lauria had been married in New York City during the past two years. I suppose I might have engaged a detective, but somehow I could not bring myself to do that. Then I went on with my search in another way. I dined—alone now—at the restaurants we used to go to. I sat in the lobby of that hotel at six o'clock—the hour we used to meet. I went to the same movie theaters and stood at the door and watched the crowd go by. Sometimes I wondered what I should do if I did see her. What could I do? But I never saw her again. Thereafter my grandfather died and, because he had quarreled with my father, left me all his money, and I came abroad and lived unhappily ever afterward. And that's another story that can't be written."

"Why not?" I said. "If you feel there is a story in it. In fact, you might find her that way, if you still want to find her."

He said, "I simply want to see her again. That's all. What do you mean?"

I told him that if he wrote a book about it she might read it.

"Oh, I see," he said. "Call it Lady Flora. She might even recognize the title. She asked me, in the beginning, why I called her Flora, and I read her that poem:

"Tell me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman?

"She said, 'But I'm not Italian.'" He gave me a twisted smile. "I don't think she cared much for poetry." After a moment he said, "Well, that's an idea. I wonder if it's a good one. A book means a lot of work and you'd have to get up feeling well in the morning. I certainly won't start it tomorrow. A play now—I might make a play out of it. How would that be? I've heard that every writer has to write one play. I might start out that way. Who knows? I might take your advice."

III

WHEN I got down the next day Thayer and the major had gone. There was a note from Thayer saying they were leaving early because the morning air seemed desirable, saying good-by and thanking me for my ear. That, as I have said, was in July.

In October, in New York, I got a letter from him. He wrote that he was sending me a manuscript and that I was to do with it whatever seemed best. This letter was written from Berlin. A few days later the manuscript arrived. It was a play—Lady Flora, a Comedy in Three Acts, by Thayer Wylie. I read it. Technically, I suppose, it was a comedy. The first act was based on the story he had told me—all but the final curtain. Thayer—or Bill, as he was called in the play—forgetting everything in his love for Flora, asks her to marry him. The Flora of the play had not committed herself to another marriage; she had decided simply to break off a relationship that must lead to unhappiness. Her yielding to Bill, therefore, did not involve the betrayal of another. Thus the facts had been changed—as if Thayer could not picture her doing anything that was not wholly honorable. The rest of the play was a working out of their marriage; a projection of that which Thayer had carefully, deliberately renounced, and which, I thought, had not ceased to haunt him. The theme was certainly not a new one, but to me the girl Flora lived, a lovely, sad, strangely moving figure. If she was idealized, she was at the same time intensely real; perhaps because she was constantly before him as he wrote. His stage directions described minutely the real Flora, as if the actress who should play it must have bronze hair and the same beauty and grace as the girl he had known.

I gave the manuscript to Roger Bassett, whom I knew slightly. He was quite an old man then; the author of any number of successful plays, and reputed to be always ready with a helping hand. A few days later he telephoned me and asked me to come to see him. I found him mildly excited. The play, in his opinion, had great possibilities. He liked the first act immensely. It was, he told me, the sort of thing he himself had once hoped to do, simple, sincere, yet highly dramatic—a page out of life.

He said, "Things will have to be done to it. I am going to give it to George Simone. He's the best there is and he won't hack it to pieces. I don't know about the title—a literary allusion. But that can be changed. You can let Wylie know it's going to have every break. You'd better get in touch with him and tell him he may have to come back in a hurry."

Wylie, I told him, might be any place now. The only address Thayer had given me in his letter was in care of a bank in Paris. I said I would write him at once.

Simone read the play and was interested. He, too, liked the first act. And he liked the girl's part. By this time I had located Thayer in London. I cabled him that Simone might want to do the play and that he had better come home. He wrote me saying that he could not; that the play was written and finished, and that he was not going to rewrite it; that if anybody wanted to do it as it stood, well and good. He inclosed a letter to Simone authorizing me to act for him, stipulating that the play, if produced, should be called Lady Flora and that all changes should be subject to my approval.

When I showed this to Simone, he said, "What is he? A genius?"

I told him Wylie's excuse was better still: he was rich.

Simone said that when he produced a play, he produced it, not the author; but that I had better leave the manuscript with him for a while. Roger Bassett advised me to leave it with Simone.

Probably no one else would touch it under those circumstances and no one else could do it anyway.

Thereafter Simone had two failures in quick succession. By Candlelight lasted two weeks and Second Best, for some occult reason, suddenly went to Chicago. Roger Bassett sent for me and said that he had just had a talk with Simone. Simone had a play in rehearsal, but it wasn't going well. He was thinking of calling it off and doing Wylie's play. Also he had found a girl for it. Bassett did not know anything about her except that her name was—for stage purposes, he supposed—Mavis Horne, and that Simone had seen her in some stock company. The fact was, Simone wanted to do the play right away, but he didn't like the title Lady Flora and he wanted Wylie to come back for rehearsals. I told Bassett that I doubted if Thayer would come home and I was sure he wouldn't consent to change the name. It was ridiculous, Bassett said; a title might go far to make or break a play. And Simone simply wouldn't consent to have someone who knew nothing about the theater—"That's you," Bassett explained—sit over him. I asked him if Simone would agree to some suitable person—Bassett himself, for example—taking Wylie's place at rehearsals, with carte blanche from Wylie. Bassett said yes, he thought so; it was certainly unusual, but Simone seemed to have this girl on his mind and really was keen to do the play. I then asked Bassett if he would act in such a capacity for Wylie, and he said that he would do what he could, because he was interested in the play.

I believed that Thayer would not agree to have the play produced under any other title than the one he had given it. Assuming that he would not return, but would accept Bassett's offer, it occurred to me that if Bassett knew the whole story, he might prevail on Simone to let the title stand. I sent Thayer a long cable explaining the situation. He replied that he could not return, that I could tell Bassett anything I chose, and that he was writing to Simone giving Bassett authority to represent him.

I told Bassett then what I thought was Thayer's real purpose in writing the play and why he insisted on keeping the title Lady Flora. Bassett said that whatever the impelling motive had been, it was unimportant beside the fact that Wylie had written a play and that it should be produced as such, and for no other reason. So, he said, even if the title Lady Flora were the best possible title, he, for one, would choose another less good; he would also change the name of the girl.

I said, "But you wouldn't change the play, and that—the first act, anyway—is actually a transcript of an incident in their lives."

There was no rule against that, he said. But you shouldn't label—or libel—a living person.

I pointed out that it certainly wasn't a libel so far as the girl was concerned, and he agreed, explaining that the alliteration had suggested an epigram.

He said, "As it is now, the play is nothing more than a notice in the agony column. You know the sort of thing: 'Robbie, come home. All is forgiven.' And George Simone's not in the advertising business. There is also the question of taste."

I said I thought a writer took what he wanted, taste or no taste; if he had heard Thayer tell the story he would realize that it had gone beyond a matter of taste. And Thayer had not used her real name; no one else had ever known her as Flora. As for the rest, the play was Thayer's tribute to her. It was, in a sense, a way of making amends.

"For what?" Bassett asked.

(Continued on Page 146)

A Virginia Landscape

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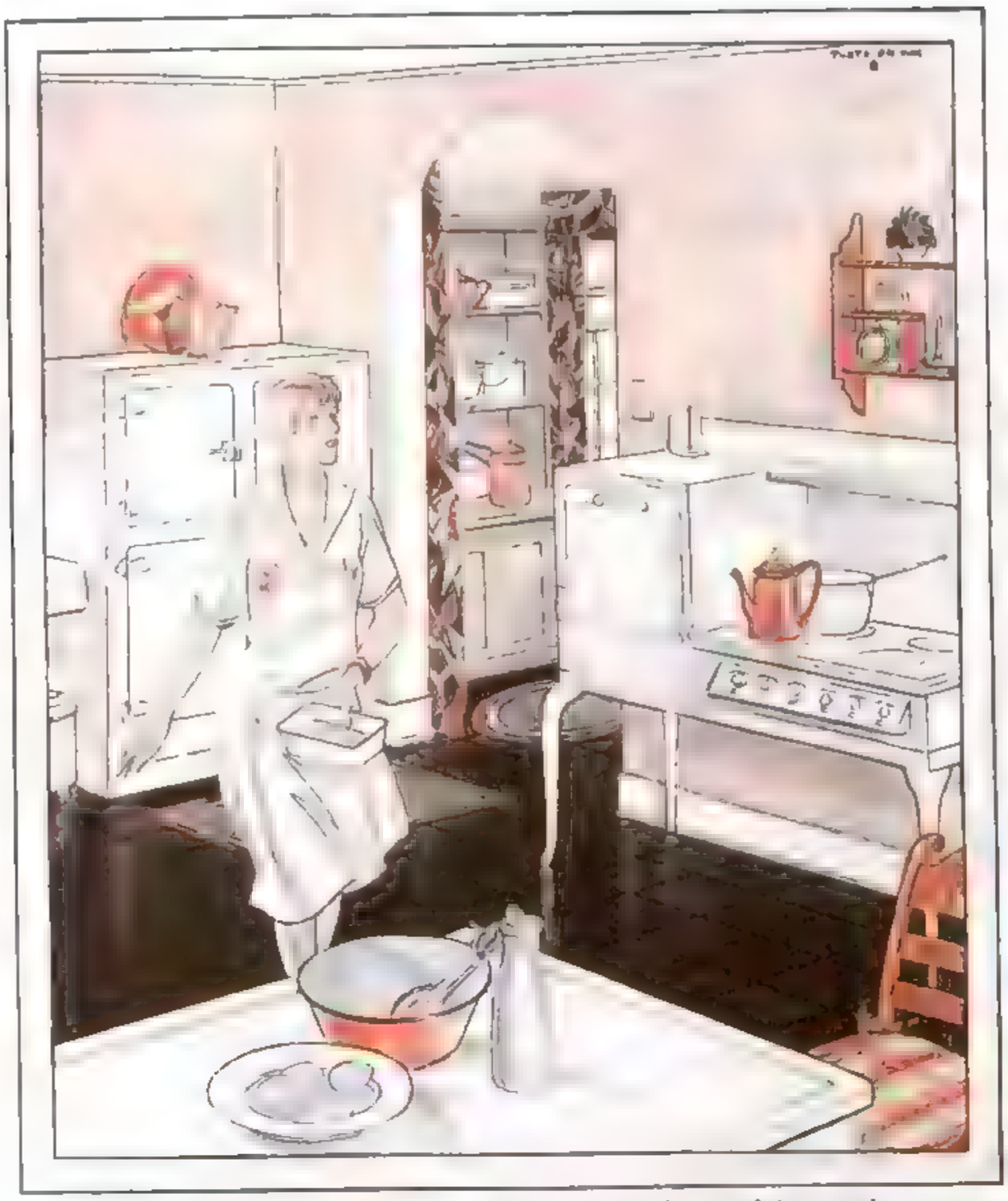

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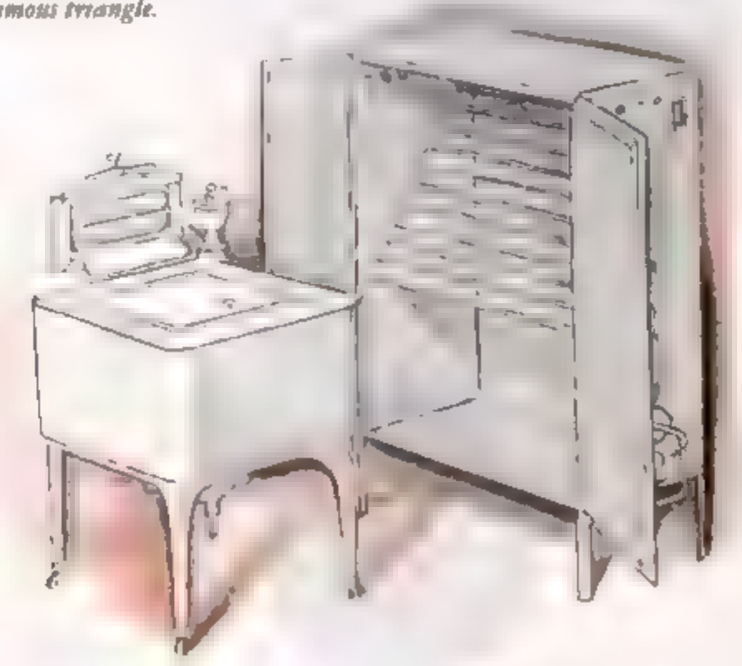

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(Continued from Page 144)

I answered, "For not having done what his heart told him to do—married her."

Bassett said, "Rot! If what you tell me is true, he wants to see her again. As if that would do any good. And it happens he has written a play because of that."

During rehearsals the play was known as Flora, and Bassett and Thayer exchanged considerable correspondence on the subject; in the end Thayer won. George Simone capitulated—possibly because no one could think of a better name—and when the play opened in Hartford it was called Lady Flora. It played for a week on the road and came to New York in January.

It arrived under auspicious circumstances. The season had been marked by its failures, and Lady Flora had received enthusiastic reviews in three cities. Not that that meant anything, the wise ones explained. New York was different. But people who had already seen it were talking about it and about Mavis Horne, who played the part of Flora.

I went to the opening in New York. It was a queer thing to sit there in the crowded, silent theater and hear that story begin for the second time. And suddenly it struck me that we had all done a wrong—an utterly wrong and intolerable thing. In manuscript the play had been at most a moving story of the irrevocable past, a printed record of something done with and finished. On the stage the first act was a resurrection. Thayer and Flora lived and moved before my eyes, spoke the same words again, except the words at the end of the first act, which Thayer, in real life, had never spoken. The second and third acts did nothing to relieve me of that feeling. They, it is true, were not biography, but Thayer had been wise enough to foresee what would have happened had that marriage taken place, and to follow it to its logical end.

For me the play had an added poignancy because Mavis Horne gave actual life to the girl Thayer had tried to picture to me. It was as if George Simone had gone out and found the real Flora and set her on the stage to react a few brief moments of her life. As the hackneyed phrase is, she lived the part. To me, she even looked like the girl Thayer had described. I wondered if her short brown hair could be called bronze. No one seemed to know where Simone had found her. She was tall, with a slim, delicate loveliness. She was, I thought, all and more—much more, really—than Thayer could have hoped for.

The play may be described as an intellectual success, due chiefly to Mavis Horne. The critics hadn't had much chance to be kind that winter, and they concentrated all their stored sweetness on her. They also said a few good words for Thayer; it was a sincere, serious, at times a beautiful play. But chiefly it was an excellent vehicle for the greatest find in years. Mavis Horne was the play. She was, if the critics had anything to say about it, made from that night. I sent the reviews to Thayer and wrote him that he must come home in the spring and see her in it. After the first two or three performances I think we all expected that it would run well into June and might even last through the summer.

But strangely, in the third week the box office began to fall off. An intellectual success is one thing, but the public may be another. And all the critics and all the associations for the betterment of the drama are of no more avail than were all the king's horses and his men on another occasion. Bassett told me that Simone was talking of moving it to a smaller theater.

He said, "It's too good for them. I might have known it, since I know so well what's good for them."

The next week was worse. I went to see Simone and found him in a black temper. He told me that his next production was going to be The Viper's Fang, or something very like it.

He said, "It's going to have shooting irons, daggers, dope fiends and gags—lots of gags. Otherwise I'll have to sell my car. I've been wondering if that title is responsible. Lady Flora—it sounds like a costume play—white wigs, stomachers and a minuet in the last act. Well, it's too late now."

A few days afterward Bassett told me Simone would probably keep it on two more weeks. I wrote Thayer a long letter telling him that if he wanted to see the play he would have to come before the spring after all; in fact, he must come at once. I wrote also that even the critics couldn't do justice to Mavis Horne and that I thought he owed it to her—as he did to Simone and Bassett—to come home. I said that to me she was so much more lovely in the play than any girl could have been in real life, and a good deal more to this effect.

He cabled back: "Am returning to go down with the ship."

He landed in New York on a Thursday, and that night I went with him to Lady Flora. I had told Miss Horne that I was bringing the mythical and mysterious author, and although there were gaps in the audience and inevitable catastrophe in the air—Simone had decided to take it off the following Wednesday—she gave the best performance I had ever seen her give. If the people there that night could have bestowed long life on the play —— That, to me, was a strange thing. Each time I had gone—and the night with Thayer must have been the fourth or fifth—I saw an audience profoundly moved. I thought that even if the play were wholly without merit—which it was not—the personality of Mavis Horne alone should be sufficient. Simply to see her move, to hear her speak, was enough. Yet it had failed. There is no explanation for such things.

Thayer sat beside me, still as death. I glanced at him once. His face was white, harrowed. When the curtain fell at the end of the first act he said in a queer voice, "She's wonderful."

During the intermissions he remained in his seat, reading the advertisements in the program.

Roger Bassett had a small party for him afterward—Simone, some of the cast and myself. The occasion was not a gay one. Mavis Horne came in late. Simone introduced Thayer to her.

Thayer stammered, "I needn't tell you—I can't tell you ——" and could find no words to finish.

She said, "I'm glad you came home, Mr. Wylie. I'm glad you saw the play. Perhaps you'll write me another."

Thayer said, "I'm afraid that's all I have." The rest of the evening he never left her.

I did not see him or hear from him again until the following Tuesday morning. Then he telephoned me and asked me to dine with him that night. Also I was to go with him to the next day's matinée, that being the final performance.

At dinner he told me he was engaged to be married to Mavis Horne. I sat there with my mouth open. Her real name, he said, was not Mavis Horne. My heart jumped.

I said, "It is ——"

Suddenly it was as if the whole thing was some crazy dream. For one wild moment I thought that somehow, in some way, Mavis Horne was that other girl. Thayer was looking at me, with the faintest smile.

"Not Florence Lauria," he said. "Her name is Mary Hughes." He went on: "So, you see, the play, in one sense, is not a failure, after all. Very much the opposite as far as I'm concerned. If there had been no play, perhaps I should never have met her. However, I'm through with writing plays. It might not always be pleasant to see one's dreams come to life."

I stared at him. "Dreams?" I said.

He answered, "Mary gave life to an image—the hypothetical girl whom I had endowed with a special loveliness. And now she is Flora. Don't you see?"

I told him I didn't see. I asked him what he meant by hypothetical.

After a moment he said, "Did it ever occur to you that the story I told you that night was just—a story, and nothing more?" I said, no, it hadn't. He went on: "That Florence Lauria was a wholly imaginary person? You never suspected?"

I asked him, "Why did you insist on the title then?"

He said, with a grimace, "We artists ——" and did not finish. He gazed at me, smiling steadily. "Mary gave life to an image, an idea."

We never mentioned the subject again I wondered about it the next afternoon as we sat together at the last performance. The theater, for some reason, was almost full; I suppose there had been a cut in the price of tickets. Mavis Horne—or Mary, as Thayer preferred to call her—was never more charming. Thayer, I reflected, was a lucky man. Things had turned out well for him, and for her. A good match. And if she wanted to keep on with the stage—well, they would all be after her now. George Simone had lost, but that was part of the game. He would make it all back, and more, the next time. I thought of all these things as I watched the play draw to its close. I thought, too, that there was something infinitely sad in the passing of the girl Flora, the girl on the stage, the lovely, gallant figure to whom Mavis Horne had given life. We should never see her again. If the play were published we might read her lines and try to recapture the memory of her. But it would not be the same. She herself—her voice, the way she looked and moved, the living girl—would be gone. It would be like reading the letters of someone we had loved who was dead—reading her words while we longed to hear her speak.

The play ended. Thayer and I went quickly behind the scenes to Mavis Horne's dressing room, where I said my piece. She seemed happy, but not very, for I knew how much she had loved the play. We waited back stage, watching the scenery come down, while she changed.

Some months later I saw George Simone at a party. He had a big hit running again and was feeling friendly and talkative. We stood in a corner for a moment and spoke about old times.

"The title was the trouble," he said. "You know we picked up a little the last week—and I mean before we cut the prices. Damn Wylie, anyway! He insists on a rotten title, ruins a good play and then takes the best actress there is off the stage."

I said, "Well, they always come back."

He shook his head mournfully. "No. She's in love—very much so. And that's the end of her, so far as I'm concerned. But it was a good play. We even had 'em fainting!"

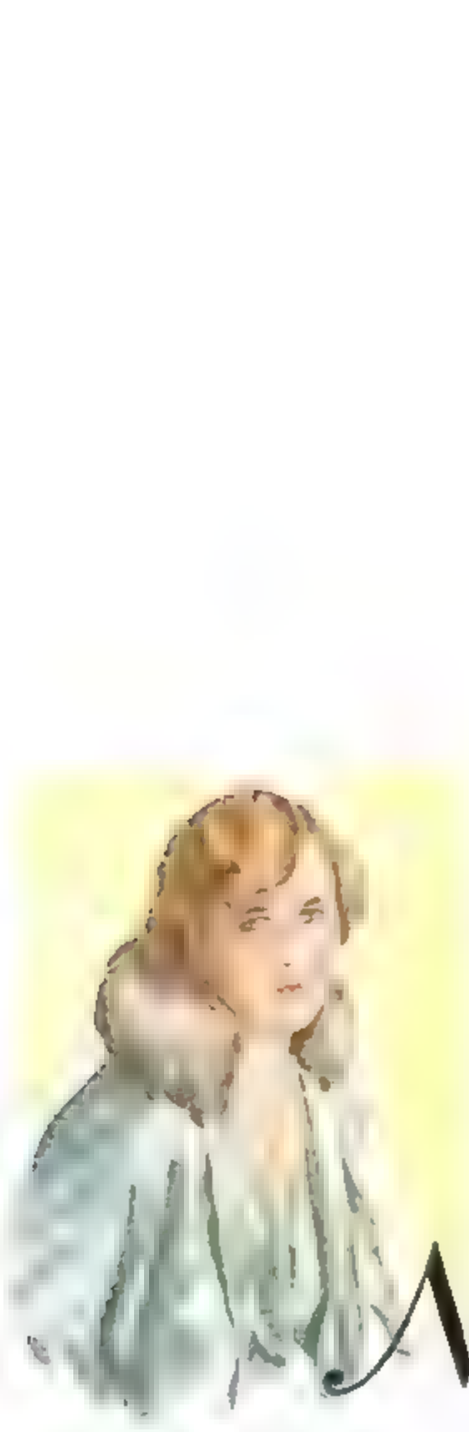
"Fainting?" I asked.

He said, "Well, you heard about the girl at the last matinée." I told him I hadn't heard anything. He said, "When the play was over one of the ushers found a girl still sitting in the balcony, alone. She was crying. Just sitting there. They took her down to the box office and gave her some brandy. She came to and apologized, said she was sorry to have been a nuisance. She guessed it must have been the play. I tell you it did get to them! Baxter said she sat there for some time talking about the play, asking about Wylie, and Mavis Horne, and everything. Baxter told her about the engagement. . . . How about a drink?"

Simone motioned toward a table on which stood bottles and ice and glasses.

"Who was she?" I asked.

Simone said, "I don't know. What of it? She was all right after a little while and went away. She didn't leave any name or telephone number; though Baxter, I presume, tried to get them both. . . . You don't know Baxter, do you? They have to keep him in the box office—behind bars. He said she was pretty and—in his words—looked like a lady. Rather cheaply dressed. She reminded him, he said, a little of Mavis Horne. But Baxter's an enthusiast. . . . Let's get that drink."



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THE RAIN OF RIGHT

(Continued from Page 19)

Not one week later, when Jonah came down off the mountain in the afternoon, he was surprised to see one of those new-fangled autos out in the road. Jonah had been after partridges. He was in his overalls and his brown felt hat. He was tired and out of sorts, because he couldn't tramp through brushwood as easy as he had once. As he came around the woodshed, walking slow, he saw a man and a woman standing by the well. They belonged to that auto; they were city folks as plain as day. The man was a stoutish party, dressed in those golf pants. The woman was stoutish and middle-aged, too, in a fur coat and gloves. It was late November, you recollect, and getting mighty cold.

"Oh, Richard!" the woman was saying. "Isn't it just too sweet? We'll put the sun dial here."

It gave Jonah a kind of turn when he heard her. He recollected what Jim Heath had said. It came to him that maybe Jim was right. It was certain those two acted as though they owned the whole, blamed Wiggin farm.

"Afternoon!" says Jonah through his whiskers.

The woman gave a jump when she saw him. "Oh!" she said.

Maybe Jonah was a sort of surprise. He was scratched up by the brambles and his beard was all uneven and, maybe, that old muzzle-loader of his gave him a sort of air. Up in the Wiggin farm the city and everything seemed kind of far away.

"Have you lost your way?" asks Jonah.

Then the man spoke up with a sort of grin.

"My name's Rich," he says—"Richard Rich."

"Is it so?" says Jonah.

"And you're Mr. Wiggin, aren't you?"

"Yes," says Jonah, "that's my name. There's always been Wiggins here."

"Is it convenient to see the house?" asks Rich.

"No," says Jonah, "and the house ain't much to see."

"That's what the young woman in the kitchen said," says Rich.

"Well," says Jonah, "Susie's right."

"We like it just the same," says Rich—"Mrs. Rich and me."

"Do you?" says Jonah. "I want to know."

"Oh, yes," says Mrs. Rich. "It's a dear old house. It's awfully quaint," she says.

"Well," says this Rich, "I don't want to make things inconvenient. Will it be all right for you to move out a month from now?"

Now that made Jonah mad, and could you blame him? His face went black as thunder and he hunted a cake of plug out of his overalls and took a bite.

"Me move out?" says Jonah. "Mister, who sent you here?"

"Why, Judd," says Rich. "Mr. Abel Judd. He suggested we make our own arrangements."

Jonah tucked the wad of tobacco inside his cheeks.

"I'll talk to Judd," he says, "and not to you. Send over Judd—and you tell Judd I don't get out of here till I go feet first. No, sir!"

If they said anything more, Jonah didn't know it. He turned his back on them quick, so they couldn't see his face, and walked to the kitchen ell and slammed the door behind him.

"Pa," said Susie, "you're awful shiftless. Don't you know no better than leave your gun on the kitchen table?"

"You leave it lay!" said Jonah, and made an odd noise back in his nose. "It's waiting for Abel Judd when he comes in tonight."

Jonah was hot, you understand, and can you blame him? Jonah had a way of getting awful hot. He kept walking up and down the kitchen till suppertime. Then he went out and watered the horse and cow, but he didn't eat his supper, and Susie couldn't get a word out of him, and she didn't try too hard. Now and again Jonah would have those odd streaks when you least expected it.

"Pa," said Susie, "won't you get some wood?"

"No," says Jonah; "it'll be hot enough here without getting wood tonight."

When Abel Judd came in around lamplight time, Jonah's face was still as black as thunder.

"Awful sharp tonight, ain't it?" says Abel Judd.

"Not as sharp as you," says Jonah, and Abel knew he was mad.

"Now, what's all this?" said Abel, all smooth like that. "First you tell about prayers and now you commence to blaspheme. Well, what's the matter now?"

Susie was at the sink, washing up the dishes; she looked around and laughed. She was used to Jonah's carryings on.

"You know what's the matter." Jonah stood up straight behind the table and pulled the tobacco plug out of his cheek. "What's this about making me move off my farm, when you told me I could stay on it as long as I lived? Answer that, you dirty, lying skunk!"

"Goodness!" says Abel, and scratched his head. "Did I ever tell you that? I don't recollect it now."

"Don't you?" says Jonah.

"Land's sakes!" says Abel. "I don't recollect at all. Seems I would have put it down in writing if I'd said a thing like that. I ain't got it down in writing." Abel spoke nice and smooth and commenced to shake his head, and that made Jonah hotter still.

"Of all the lying skunks!" yelled Jonah.

"Now wait a shake," says Abel. "It won't help you to blaspheme. It isn't down on paper. Now wait a shake. I don't wish to be hard. Easy-going's my nature, as everybody knows. Sit down, Jonah. You're awful hot and wild. This comes hard on me—dreadful hard. I was just about to sell the farm to those city people who were here today, but I want to do the right thing. Yes, sir, I want to do right. We're all friends here together, ain't we, Jonah? Ain't we, Susie?" Abel smiled and nodded just as pleasant as could be.

Just then Susie turned around from the sink and wiped her hands.

"I guess that's about all from you," she said. . . . "There's no reason why you shouldn't know it, pa. Guess what he's been doing."

"Hey?" says Jonah, and Abel gave a gasp.

"Now ye keep quiet, Sue," says Abel. "It wasn't nothing, Jonah—just a sort of joke."

"Was it so?" says Sue, and she commenced to laugh. "Pa, guess what Abel's been after the past three weeks. He's been trying to get me to go to Boston with him, pa."

"Hey?" yelled Jonah.

"It ain't so!" yelled Abel. "I never meant a thing!"

"Oh, didn't you?" says Sue. "Wasn't it kind of Abel, pa—'just a few days,' he said. Yes, Abel was dreadful generous. He was all set to sign a paper saying you could stay on here, if I just went to Boston, pa. I was waitin' till we were all together to tell you. I guessed you'd be interested."

"Now don't get hot," says Abel. "Honest, it wasn't so!"

It was the same old story; you've seen the like of it a dozen times in the city theater; the dime novels are full of it. But it made Jonah awful hot; he wasn't one to stand for that, or Susie either. Jonah gave a jump into the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Get out!" he yelled. "You leave this house!"

"Easy, Jonah," Abel said, "or you're the one who'll do the leaving."

"Will I?" yells Jonah, and up he grabbed his gun and jerked the hammer back, and Abel must have guessed it was time to go, for he made a dive over to the door.

"Look out, pa!" yelled Susie. "I can fix him better." And Susie hove the whole pan of dishes straight at Abel's head. They hit him, those dishes did; they knocked him over like a tenpin, and maybe it was just as well, for just that minute Jonah let off his gun. If Abel hadn't been down, Jonah would have got him. Jonah must have been mixed up in his aim by the noise of the dishes, for the whole load of shot went into the kitchen door. It made an awful noise in that room when the gun went off, and all the air was full of smoke and Jonah commenced to yell.

"Hold him, Sue!" yelled Jonah. "I'll be loaded in a minute!" But Sue had some sense; she grabbed Abel by the collar and shoved him out the door. "Get out!" said Sue. "Go running! Pa's awful determined when he gets aroused."

Now, after all, Geoffrey Corners is a pleasant, quiet place; none of the folks like murders out at Geoffrey Corners, or shootings or shotgun weddings. Something had to be done about it plain enough when Jonah began shooting folks around his place.

As soon as we heard of the trouble, Jim Heath and six or eight of us went right up to Jonah's farm and pounded on the door.

"Who be ye?" yelled Jonah. "Nobody comes in here unless they're friends."

"We're friends, all right," said Jim. "Just a friendly call."

Inside the kitchen the floor was all a litter of broken dishes. It was like the Wiggins never to tidy up. Jonah was by the kitchen table doing an odd thing: he was tearing leaves out of the family Bible when we came in, and rolling them for cartridges; he had a bag of powder on the table and a saucepan of buckshot. It gave you a sort of a turn to see him. Like the Revolutionary War in the storybooks it was, and the British troops, and what not.

"Now, Jonah," says Jim, "it isn't right to use the Bible so."

"It's used in a good cause," says Jonah, "and it's stronger than newspaper too. If they're going to put me off my farm, well, let 'em try. That's all."

"Now, I'm not arguing, Jonah," says Jim. "Friendly though we all be, law's on the other side."

"To blazes with the law!" yells Jonah. "Let 'em try to do it."

"The law's on the other side," says Jim, "and you better go peaceable when the time comes, Jonah. There won't be shooting here while I'm the sheriff. Fellers, take his gun."

It wasn't a nice thing, but what else was there to do? We took the old muzzle-loader, we took the powder and the shot, no matter what Jonah said to stop us. It made you feel bad to see that poor old man, kind of ashamed to hear him, because he commenced to cry just like a kid when we took that gun away, and Jim Heath was more ashamed than all the rest of us.

"Jonah," he said, and mopped his face, though the weather was awful cold. "It's your fault, Jonah. You ought never have trusted Abel Judd, but now you've done it, Jonah, only the good Lord can help you. We can't at Geoffrey Corners. When I get the papers I'll have to evict you, Jonah. On the next clear day. I'm awful sorry, Jonah, but only the Lord can help you now."

That was our state law, you understand. You can't evict folks from their dwellings unless the weather's good. There was no doubt about it. Jonah had to get out once the papers were fixed right and everything sworn to as was proper. It seemed he had sold out the Wiggin farm free and clear, and put his name down on the deed as easy as he used to sign the pledge. Maybe Jonah wasn't so much, but he had never done anybody harm, and it was hard—the

(Continued on Page 150)

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(Continued from Page 148)

trick that Abel Judd had put over on him. We didn't like Abel Judd any the better for it, but the law was the law just the same. That was what Jim Heath said, though he felt worse than any of us. Jim was a hard, steady feller, but you could see that he was worried, for Jonah was a friend of his. Maybe we never knew how bad Jim felt until the night before Jonah Wiggin was put out. Jonah hadn't listened to reason, right up to the end.

Jim Heath had done his best that very afternoon. Two or three of us went with him to the Wiggin farm; just neighborly, you understand.

It was cold that afternoon, and snow was on the ground, and the sky was dark, and so were the trees back on the hill. Jonah must have seen us coming; though we had to wait a long while at the door before getting any answer.

"Are you comin' friendly?" old Jonah yelled, and we all told him yes. "All right," says Jim. "Susie, help me hand away this bureau."

You couldn't help but feel bad when you saw Jonah. He was looking peaked, but he still was chewing his tobacco.

"What are you doing here," says Jim, "setting all alone?"

"Thinking of the ways of providence," says Jonah, "and its ways are mighty queer."

"Jonah," says Jim, "won't you listen to sense? You and Sue can come to my place and stop as long as you've a mind to. I don't want to take you out of this house, but I've got to tomorrow. Won't you listen to sense?"

Jonah moved his tobacco inside his cheek and stuffed his hands deep inside his overalls.

"Jim," he said, "I've had a lot of arguments in my time ——"

"Darnation!" yells Jim. "This is no argument. It's a fact."

"Yes," said Jonah. "I've had a lot of arguments in my time and no one's heard me leave off an argument in the middle, and I won't stop now. The right's on my side. Come tomorrow and try to get me out. You haven't got me yet."

Now what could you do when anyone was set like that?

"Jonah," says Jim, "you make it mighty hard."

"Aye," said Jonah, "the way of the transgressor is always hard. 'Remember this, that the enemy hath reproached, O Lord. . . . O deliver not the soul of thy turtledove unto the multitude of the wicked: forget not the congregation of thy poor for ever.'"

"My sakes!" says Jim. "Where'd you get that from—out of your head?"

"From the Bible," says Jonah. "I read it when you took my gun away. I read it—and the right is on my side."

"Are you the turtledove?" asks Jim.

"Yes, sir," says Jonah, "I'm the turtledove—that's me."

"And there's no wonder," says Jim, "that the whale couldn't keep you down. I can't. Tomorrow if it doesn't rain or snow."

Then he tried on Susie, but Susie shook her head. Susie wasn't laughing any more. She was very tired and pale.

"No," Susie told us. "You can't do anything with pa when his mind's made up. He says he's standing for the right. It's hurt pa awful, Mr. Heath, but he's standing for the right—and he's acting queer. He's praying all the time."

"Praying?" says Jim. It gave us all a turn, because Jonah was not a praying man.

"Yes," said Susie, "pa's acting awful queer."

The whole thing was queer, you see—the quiet woods and the snow and that house, all dark and quiet. It did seem as if we weren't doing right. Everybody felt it when we walked back down the hill.

"Godfrey!" said Jim Heath. "It don't seem right to back up Abel Judd. Godfrey, I wish it would come on to storm!"

Jim Heath was standing by the stove in Leon Carroll's store with his badge on his coat, looking so sour that no one cared to speak to him, when all at once Abel Judd came in, seeming kind of worried.

"Jim," he said, "have you been up there?"

"Where?" asks Jim.

"Up to the Wiggin farm."

"Yes," said Jim, and he said it very short.

"And what's he say?"

"He says for me to come and get him. Jonah—he won't go."

"You gave him warning he'd be put off tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Jim.

"Well," says Abel, "I'm sorry as anybody here. I want it understood. I don't know where he got the idea that he was to stay on as long as he lived. I would let him stay except I've got to sell out to a party by the name of Rich, and give him possession first of the month. Honest, I feel awful bad."

"You must," says Jim.

"Don't you believe what I'm telling you?" asked Abel.

"No," says Jim, and Abel very likely knew that nobody believed him.

"But you're going to put him out?" says Abel.

"I'm putting him out because of the court order and not because of you."

"As long as you put him out," said Abel, "does it matter? Have you got your deputies to move the household goods? I want the place all clear—cows, chickens, hay—everything has got to go."

"I've got 'em," said Jim. "We go up there at seven o'clock tomorrow if the weather's clear."

"How do you mean," asked Abel—"if the weather's clear?" Now, it was funny that Abel didn't know his law better than that.

"The law reads," said Jim, "that you can't evict in this state unless the weather's clear, and that's in my discretion. Do you understand?"

"As long as you do your duty," said Abel, "it doesn't make much difference what I understand. I want them out. That's all. And if you can't do it, I know lots of others who'd like to be the sheriff."

Jim walked up to Abel very slow. Though Jim was getting old, he was six feet two, and strong.

"Are you threatening me?" asked Jim.

"No," said Abel, "goodness, no."

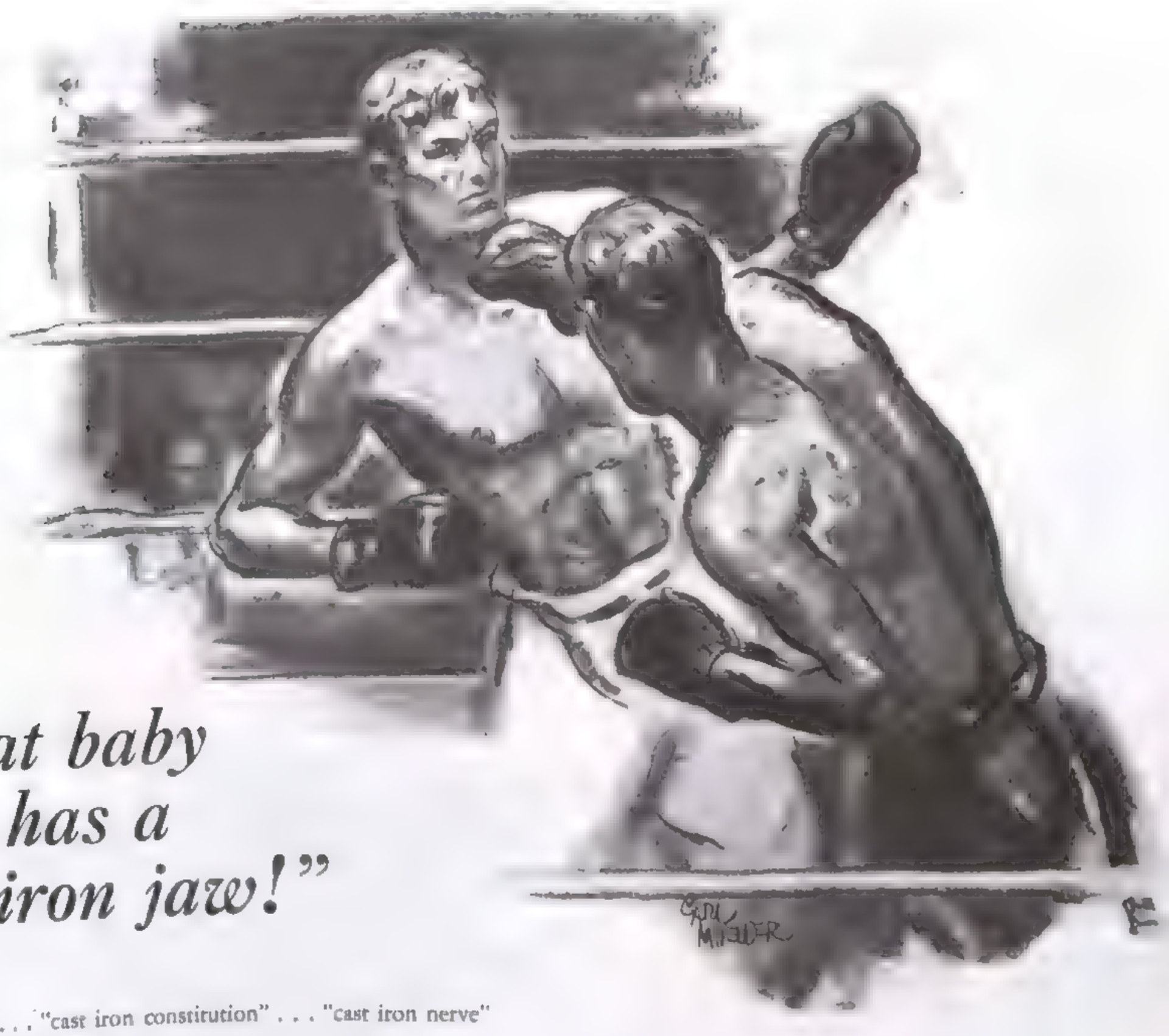
"Well, don't!" said Jim. "I never knew, when I took this office, I'd have to do your dirty work. I'm a public servant and not your servant. Don't talk to me any more." And Jim stood there by himself, looking at the stove, and you could tell what he was thinking—of the times he and Jonah had been fishing and shooting, of all the times they had talked and drunk hard cider, of all the times when they were younger, it may have been.

"Yes," said Jim Heath, "he was a friend of mine. It's hard on me, boys. I never knew I'd have to do an act like this to any friend. Godfrey, I wish it would come on to storm!"

Yes, Jim took it awful hard; it seemed as though he were taking it harder all the time—what with his last talk with Jonah and his last with Abel Judd. He kept pacing up and down Leon Carroll's store, long after he should have been home to supper, and everybody sat still and watched him, or maybe talked in easy voices about the Wiggin farm. It didn't seem right; no, sir. It didn't seem right to anybody to think of Jonah Wiggin up there in his kitchen praying because Abel Judd had told a lie. Jim Heath must have been thinking of the same thing, for the matter of that.

"A turtledove," he said—"did you hear him call himself a turtledove after trying to do murder? It'll be lonesome when there aren't any turtledoves up there on the farm. Godfrey, I wish it would come on to storm!"

(Continued on Page 153)



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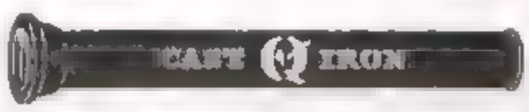

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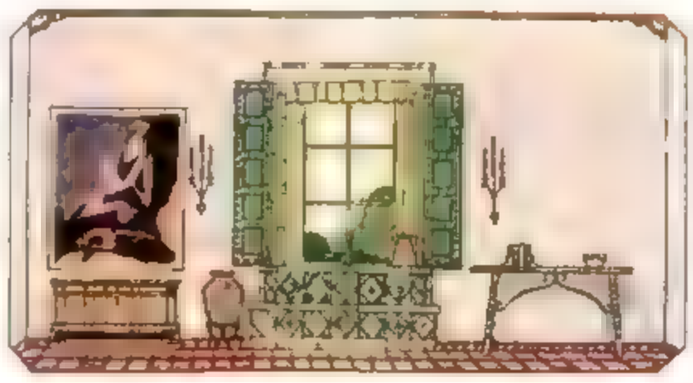

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KERAMIC TILES

(Continued from Page 150)

When you came right to it, Jim was not the only one who wished it; we all wished it could be put off somehow, for certainly we weren't doing the decent thing. But you know how it is when you want the weather bad—something always seems to spite you. Come seven o'clock next morning, the sky was clear as a bell; I mean, so clear there seemed to be hardly any sky at all. And the sun was coming up over the hills as bright and clean as a five-dollar piece. Yes, sir, the sun came up and made all that new snow dance and sparkle as fresh as could be—as the sun might rise on the start of a new world. Jim Heath had to do what he had set out to do; it wasn't going to storm that day.

There was quite a crowd walking to the Wiggin farm—the sort of people who are curious, and lots, too, who felt hot and bitter. The Friendly Society had come from the church with hot coffee and overcoats, in case Jonah and Susie were cold, and Leon Carroll had sent two wagons to haul out Jonah's furnishings, so they wouldn't be damaged any by the snow. Everyone was neighborly because everyone was mad, you understand, and nothing makes folks as neighborly as being mad all at the same thing at once. When Abel Judd drove up in his buggy no one said a word to him, though he was as cheerful as could be. He walked up to Jim Heath and waved his hand as though Jim Heath was the best friend Abel ever had.

"A great morning for evicting," says Abel. "Do your duty, Jim."

Jim Heath didn't answer; he didn't seem to hear. He just beckoned to six or seven of us and walked up to the L. Though the yard was full of people, there had not been a sign of life there in the Wiggin house; it was cold and quiet as the hill above it, no smoke from the chimney, no sounds of footsteps in the dooryard. It didn't seem right, when the yard was full of people, that Jonah should take no notice.

Jim walked up to the kitchen door first, you understand, because he was the sheriff, and behind him came the rest of us with a couple of bars and axes to force the door, in case Jonah should hold it. And Jim doubled up his fist and brought it down hard on the panels; there wasn't any answer till Jim beat on the door again.

"Open in the name of the law," yells Jim, "or I'll have to break it down!" And then he turned and beckoned to us for the bars and axes. Jim took an ax himself, since it wasn't like Jim to do anything by halves; he was just squaring off and getting the blade above his shoulder when the door opened of its own accord before anyone could hit it. The door opened so quickly that everyone in the yard made a sort of gasping noise, and Jim looked sort of comical, standing with the ax above his head.

Susie Wiggin was standing in the door in her gingham dress; Susie always had a sort of comical sense, and even then she smiled.

"Morning, Mr. Heath!" said Susie, and then she looked out to the dooryard, where everyone was crowding near. "Morning, everybody!" said Susie. "And it is a lovely morning."

"Where's your pa?" says Jim.

Susie nodded her head behind her in the kitchen. "He's in there praying," said Susie.

"Praying?" said Jim, and everybody looked kind of queer.

"Yes," said Susie, "saying his prayers. You better wait here till pa's finished. You can't very well put him out of his home when he's praying, can you?"

Jim looked kind of queer; he set down his ax and commenced to scratch the back of his head and looked around to us, and we all looked at him.

"How long will he be praying?" said Jim.

"Goodness knows!" says Susie. "He's been praying an awful time already."

"It isn't like him," said Jim.

"I know it," said Susie, "but you never can tell what pa'll be like when he makes up his mind. I don't know when he'll finish praying. Pa's shiftless that way; he's no idea of time. Listen, you can hear him now." And sure enough, back in the kitchen you could hear Jonah's voice, high and through his nose, the way a revivalist prays at meeting.

"You can't put him out when he's praying," said Susie, "and, all you folks, I think you ought to take off your hats and be respectful when someone says his prayers."

Everybody looked sort of queer and sort of awkward; we were decent people, you understand. Lots of the men commenced to take their hats off, but not Abel Judd. Abel looked kind of irritated and walked up to Jim Heath again.

"Look here!" he said. "This is a pretty pickle, ain't it? Are you going to wait all day because Jonah says his prayers? I can't wait all day. That city party, Rich, who's buying the place, will be up here. I don't want him seeing this." Abel Judd did look sort of worried, because everyone was commencing to mutter, you see. And everyone was commencing to look mad.

"You can start moving the furniture," said Abel Judd, "even if he is praying."

Jim Heath looked ashamed of himself, sort of, because it was awkward for Jim—now, wasn't it?—standing there and waiting for Jonah to finish praying. It was awkward for everybody, because it wasn't altogether comical. I know I can't say it right, but it seemed as though there were something stronger than we were all around the house—something you couldn't understand.

"Say," said Jim Heath to Abel, "you're not the sheriff here. I'm not a church member—that is, regular—but you mark my words, nothing's taken off this place while Jonah says his prayers."

"Well, you can give him a time limit'" yells Abel. "I don't want goings-on like this when this city party comes here. It isn't right, I tell you. Holler in the kitchen and give him fifteen minutes."

"No," says Jim. "Anyone who wants to pray can pray as long as he's a mind to, without my stopping them."

"But it's all faking!" yells Abel Judd. "You know and I know he's not a godly man!"

"Abel," says Jim Heath, "one more word out of you and I'll arrest you for disturbing the peace. If Jonah's got a mind to pray, he can pray and I won't stop him."

And we all stood there for a while and everyone stopped talking.

You could hear Jonah praying in the kitchen; his voice was getting louder, and the odd thing about it was no one wanted to talk so very much, because it was solemn, sort of, standing in the snow and listening to Jonah praying.

"What's he praying about?" said someone in a whisper. Those nearest the kitchen door passed back the word. "He's praying for a storm," they said. You can understand it. Old Jonah was in there praying for a storm so they wouldn't put him out that day, and it gave you a turn, sort of, to think that, because the sky was just as clear as a bell and the sun was shining down. Old Mr. Wingate, the minister, was there, and he looked up at the sky.

"Brothers and sisters," said Mr. Wingate, "it's a worthy petition he is making. I suggest we all unite in prayer." And now it gave you a sort of turn. Everyone began to pray—Jim Heath and everyone—right there in public in the morning. Yet it hardly seemed worth while, you understand, for there wasn't a cloud up in the sky. Out of the kitchen door came Jonah's voice, louder and still louder. "'Remember this,'" you could hear him call, "'that the enemy hath reproached, O Lord. . . . O deliver not the soul of thy turtledove unto the multitude of the wicked: forget not the congregation of thy poor for ever. . . .'

O Lord, I'm an ordinary old feller and I haven't been pious all my days, but if there's anything in praying, listen to an old sinner's prayer, O Lord, and make it rain or snow, and make it keep on raining and snowing for forty days and forty nights, so my enemies won't put me off my farm. I've drunk hard cider all my days, O Lord, and I've fished for trout on Sunday and I've played checkers at the store, but help a poor old feller now and make it come to storm. Amen and hallelujah!"

Yes, sir, it gave you an awful turn to hear him praying in the kitchen, because there wasn't any storm at all.

Jim Heath commenced to mop his forehead and lots of fellers began to cough and some of the women commenced to cry; but that wasn't the worst of it, for all at once Jonah's voice went louder. "Praise the Lord!" hollered Jonah. "Praise the Lord!"

Then the next minute everyone saw Jonah standing in the kitchen doorway, his old white beard rough and twisted and the sun striking his old bald head. It gave everyone a turn when they saw Jonah, because he didn't seem to be looking at anyone; he seemed to be looking straight up there at the sky. "Praise the Lord!" yelled Jonah. "It's coming on to storm!" Now, was he pretending or wasn't he? Honest, I don't know, and that was the worst part of it. Maybe Jonah thought it was storming—folks get that way now and then—maybe he thought it was storming, though the sun was just as bright as ever. Jonah walked right into the yard, and looked like an old party in a religious chromo, in spite of his overalls and the tobacco on his whiskers.

"Folks," says Jonah, "you better go away, for it's surely commencing to storm." And then he turned to Jim and nodded his old head. "It's snowing," said Jonah, "ain't it, Jim?"

It made you kind of creepy up and down the back, because it wasn't snowing, and yet he must have thought it was. Then Jim Heath did something for which we have always been proud of him here in Geoffrey Corners. He looked around at everyone and mopped his face with his red bandanna handkerchief.

"Yes, Jonah," he said, "technically it's snowing." And as he spoke his voice got louder: "And what's more, it will be snowing or raining technically as long as I'm sheriff here."

"You heard him, folks?" said Jonah. "Jim Heath says it's snowing."

"Yes, sir," said Jim Heath, "and while it's snowing no one in Geoffrey Corners will put you off this farm."

Now, that's almost all I'm trying to tell, but it wasn't quite all, either, for all at once there was a murmuring noise in the crowd and a strange party broke through and came up to the kitchen door. It was that city feller, Mr. Rich, in his short golf pants and in a raccoon-skin coat.

"What's all this?" says Mr. Rich. "Why didn't someone tell me about this? Why didn't someone say it was promised he should stay here?"

"But it wasn't down in writing!" yelled Abel Judd. "Your lawyer saw the deed!"

"Confound it, man!" said Mr. Rich. After all, he was a nice, reasonable party, you understand. "I don't care whether it's down in writing or not. I don't throw people out of houses. As far as I'm concerned it's going to keep on raining as long as Mr. Wiggin lives, or snowing if it's winter. None of you here need think I'm like Mr. Judd, even if I do business with him."

Then everyone commenced to yell and shout and hit this Rich party on the back, just like he was a neighbor, and it was comical to see them. And Jonah stuffed his hands down in his overalls and nodded his old head up and down. Jonah was always like that when he got the better of an argument. "Yes, sir," said Jonah, "it was what I was saying down at the store. Yes, sir, I'll always say it. Up to now I haven't been a religious man, but there's something in praying if you say it right."

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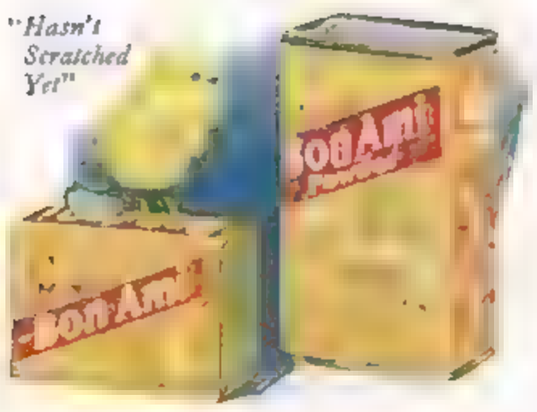

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THE NICARAGUA TRADE ROUTE

(Continued from Page 29)

waterway would offer the advantage of utilizing the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua. In proportion to the length of the canal, comparatively little dredging or digging would be required. By actual comparison the Nicaragua canal as contemplated would be approximately 183 miles in length as against the forty-nine-mile length of the Panama waterway, but actual digging would be necessary only through the twelve miles separating Lake Nicaragua from Brito, on the Pacific coast. The San Juan River, connecting Lake Nicaragua with the Atlantic Ocean, would require dredging and excavation, a feat presenting no extraordinary engineering difficulties. Suggestions that earthquakes might destroy the work appear to be answered by the fact that the city of Granada, founded in the sixteenth century, still stands intact in what has been described as the earthquake country. Modern reenforced locks could doubtless resist whatever tremors occurred, as the city of Granada has resisted them for four centuries.

Construction of the canal involves difficulties no greater—if as great—than those encountered in the building of the Panama Canal, and probably none so serious as the famous Culebra Cut. The Nicaraguan route would pass through the lowest gap in the Cordilleras. Its elevation would be 155 feet above sea level, as compared with more than 800 feet at Panama. Of the total length of 183 miles, seventy would be lake navigation and about forty on lake level extended above a dam, as in the upper end of Gatun. Nor is the route unhealthy. It has been reported as unusually free from malaria and other endemic diseases. Unquestionably there are still other advantages for constructors, or the distinguished engineers of the 1901 Commission would not have recommended such a canal. These features must, of course, be studied in the survey which will precede construction, and cannot be adequately discussed at this time.

What can be presented, however, are the economic, military and diplomatic advantages offered by the project. It is axiomatic to say that an interocean canal makes traffic and increases commerce. This has been proved by both the Suez and the Panama canals. Construction of the Nicaragua canal, I am convinced, will prove of incalculable value to both our industrial and our agricultural industry, as well as to a great portion of Latin America, the west coast of the United States, the Orient and various American territorial possessions.

A Saving in Days and Dollars

Consider, for example, the advantage it would afford vessels traveling from our Atlantic and our Gulf ports to the west coast or Alaska. Because of its more northern location, the proposed canal would open to those ships a route 434 statute miles shorter than the one now available through the Panama Canal—a saving in time alone of from two to three days. This estimate allows for the fact that because of greater length the passage through the proposed canal would consume approximately twenty-two hours instead of the eight hours required to traverse Panama. The advantage would not apply, of course, to vessels between our Atlantic coast and the west coast of South America, for which established sea lanes make the Panama route shorter. Recent reports show, however, that only 21 per cent of the present canal traffic is in this category. The remaining 79 per cent of the vessels are bound elsewhere. For the majority of vessels included in this 79 per cent the proposed canal could effect a tremendous saving in money as well as in time. The United States Shipping Board estimates that the average operating expense per sea day of a cargo shipper is $500; varying, of course, with the size and other characteristics of the vessel. It may be estimated that if 79 per cent of the ships now using the canal could save two sea days, an annual saving in operating expenses alone amounting to $3,400,000, or about 3½ per cent on $100,000,000 would be effected.

It is, of course, logical to assume that traffic through the new canal will far exceed such estimates. Our trade with Latin America and other countries and territories is expanding at an unprecedented rate. There is, further, every indication that American shipping will increase to meet the new demands. The provisions of the Jones-White Act, offering substantial compensation to American steamship owners and operators engaged in foreign trade, through mail contracts over important trade routes, promise a new stimulus to both shipbuilding and ship operation in this country, and a revival of America's former status as a leading maritime nation..

Markets Within the Americas

These facts answer any suggestion that a Nicaragua canal might divert business from the Panama Canal to such an extent as to impair the latter's usefulness. Consideration of the increasing commerce between the east and west coasts of the United States and the east and west coasts of the South and Central Americas will show that before many years there will be ample business for both waterways. My judgment, based upon a thorough survey of our trade conditions, is that we shall require two interoceanic arteries most urgently in the not very distant future if we are to cope adequately with the increasing imports of our manufactured products alone by the South and Central Americas, as well as by our territories, the New China and the rest of the Far East. To delay too long in building the Nicaragua canal would invite the risk of hampering our future industrial, commercial and agricultural interests.

A study of the enormous intercoastal, Latin American and foreign trade of the United States reveals how profitable an investment the Nicaragua canal could be. In 1928, our water-borne commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts—the greater part of which would benefit by the shorter route offered by a Nicaragua canal—reached enormous figures. In the Pacific district the total intercoastal trade from Atlantic and Gulf ports amounted to 2,382,170 long tons inbound, and 7,290,534 outbound. In this trade California records show 1,873,055 tons of inbound freight and 4,611,874 of outbound; Oregon, 191,053 inbound, 563,448 outbound; Washington, 318,062 inbound, 2,115,212 outbound.

Latin America, in 1927, enjoyed 22.2 per cent of our total trade with the world. Exports then amounted to $932,197,000, imports to $1,116,135,000. Our exports to Argentina were valued at $163,485,542, our imports at $97,239,662. With other countries of Latin America our trade ranged as follows: Bolivia exports, $4,941,681, imports, $217,500; Brazil exports, $88,737,268, imports, $203,027,137; Chile exports, $37,888,165, imports, $61,857,438; Colombia exports, $48,693,747, imports, $87,803,351; Ecuador exports, $5,531,467, imports, $5,193,466; Paraguay exports, $1,316,632, imports, $913,421; Peru exports, $24,869,505, imports, $20,091,158; Uruguay exports, $25,060,001, imports, $10,894,565; Venezuela exports, $34,744,133, imports, $28,597,511; Guatemala exports, $10,632,215, imports, $10,179,303; Honduras exports, $8,486,848, imports, $9,310,642; Costa Rica exports, $7,297,743, imports, $6,035,398; Nicaragua exports, $6,949,830, imports, $4,226,835; Panama exports, $34,051,031, imports, $5,383,941; Salvador exports, $6,869,147, imports, $1,545,353. With this large and ever-increasing stream of inter-American trade, and with the steady growth in American investments in Latin America, which were estimated a year ago as between $4,500,000,000 and $5,500,000,000, there has developed a broad community of interests between the Latin American nations and the United States, and a growing realization that in the sound development of those relationships lie the peace and prosperity of all the American republics.

From Latin America we demand raw materials and foodstuffs. To it we send in increasing quantities such products of American industry as the automobile, the radio, the phonograph, aeronautical equipment, sewing machines, typewriters, industrial and agricultural implements and machinery, electrical equipment, moving-picture films and similar manufactures.

When, in addition to these factors, the interest aroused by President Hoover's Latin American travels, and recent developments in highway, railway and airway projects are considered, it becomes apparent that our trade with both Central and South America is destined for still greater expansion than even the past decade has witnessed. Mr. Hoover's visit to Nicaragua and Costa Rica has in fact done much to create sentiment for the canal project not only in the countries involved but in the United States as well.

Another significant example of trade expansion interesting to those concerned with the development of oceanic canals is furnished by a number of our own possessions outside the territorial limits of the United States. Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Guam, American Samoa and the Panama Canal Zone have all shown great increases in imports and exports from and to the United States during the past ten years. These exports were exceeded in 1927 only by our exports to the United Kingdom, Canada and Germany. During that year the territories and possessions purchased American merchandise totaling $273,181,000 and supplied the United States with raw materials, tropical foodstuffs, textile products, canned fish and other imports worth $371,639,000.

For the Territories

Exports from these territories and possessions showed similar striking increases. Our commerce with the Far East, particularly since the establishment in China of a stable government, sympathetic to the American people, seems also destined for a marked expansion. In 1927 our exports to Japan were valued at $257,581,581, our imports at $402,105,134; our exports to China proper, exclusive of Hong-kong and Kwangtung, at $83,510,912, our imports at $151,679,897; our exports to Australia at $159,125,666, our imports at $38,626,656; our exports to New Zealand at $32,517,214, our imports at $12,670,536.

It is not asserted that a new canal would necessarily augment all this commerce, but the statistics should serve to show both the volume and the growth of a trade utilizing to an appreciable extent our interocean canal.

Thus, apart from the advantages the Nicaragua canal would offer our Atlantic and Pacific ports, the project looms increasingly important when considered in relation to our foreign and territorial commerce; particularly if the possibilities of congestion at Panama are considered. As is generally known, the United States Government has already invested $3,000,000 in Nicaragua-canal rights under the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty and need anticipate no difficulties in obtaining whatever other rights are necessary. The example of Colombia and Panama, whose difficulties with the United States were solved, whose commerce expanded and whose material well-being greatly improved as a result of construction of the Panama Canal, emphasizes this point. Nicaragua and Costa Rica

(Continued on Page 157)

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PHILLIPS—JONES, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 156)

would undoubtedly welcome a similar invasion of American capital. Both the president and the president-elect of Nicaragua, in discussing the plan after a visit to Mr. Hoover aboard the battleship Maryland, last November, strongly advocated the canal; describing it as "a bulwark of freedom and a demonstration of liberty."

There is no reason to doubt that a Nicaraguan canal zone would be transformed into an American zone like that at Panama, with a military reservation, and be administered by the War Department. The benefits which would follow for both Nicaragua and the United States are obvious. As an element in our national defense its value would be great. At the last session of Congress there was much discussion of the old problem of "freedom of the seas." During debate on the construction of fifteen additional cruisers for the United States Navy, the emphasis was on methods of protecting our growing maritime commerce. It is apparent that if we are to maintain a mobile force of swift, well-armed cruisers for the protection of our trade, it would be to our advantage to place at their disposal not only one but two canals, to facilitate their movement between the Atlantic and the Pacific. A glance at the map will show naval bases of other nations now in the near vicinity of the Nicaragua area. In view of the great expansion of air forces, an additional aviation base in Central America would also prove of tremendous strategical value.

From the Time of the Spaniards

Other nations have long realized the military value of the Nicaragua project. As long ago as the sixteenth century the Spaniards explored the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua with that idea in view. England, too, became interested and on one occasion Lord Nelson, when a lieutenant, headed an expedition up the river. Humboldt, after extensive explorations in Central America in 1799–1800, stressed the importance of the proposed Nicaraguan route in a report which is believed to have inspired a Spanish decree ordering it to be dug. The prospect of the Spanish flag flying over the proposed canal was terminated abruptly by the revolt of the Spanish colonies on Central American soil. The idea persisted, however, and in 1825 Central American republics went so far as to invite proposals for construction. A New York company, headed by DeWitt Clinton, and a Dutch company both entered into contracts with this end in view, but their plans failed to materialize. In 1835, the United States Senate passed a resolution which favored a Nicaragua canal so strongly that President Jackson dispatched an agent to the site to negotiate with the responsible government. This and subsequent proposals also proved futile. It was at this time that a distinguished foreign observer, Prince Louis Napoleon, in discussing Nicaragua, described "the existence in the New World of a state as admirably situated as Constantinople," and pointed out that there could be developed a great waterway, emphasizing the thought that Central American waters are as important, commercially and strategically, to the Western Hemisphere as the waters of the Mediterranean and of the Red Sea to the Eastern.

Rejected Routes

Public attention again centered upon the natural advantages of the Nicaragua route when, in 1847, British expeditions occupied Nicaraguan territory, despite the opposition of the United States, and continued to hold it until the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was signed in 1850. During the same year Commodore Vanderbilt established a steamer route on the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, with coaches running over a stone road from the lake to San Juan del Sur. The Vanderbilt short cut across Central America was used until the opening of the Panama railroad in 1855. Before that railroad was operated, however, Vanderbilt, too, had organized a company to construct a canal across Nicaragua. The surveys for this project were accepted by engineers as so practical that they formed the basis for all subsequent plans. Other surveys were made by United States naval officers in 1872-73, and then, in 1877, De Lesseps sought to construct a Nicaragua canal, but found the Nicaraguan Congress preferred to have the United States build it. It was then that he decided upon the Panama route and the French undertook their experiment.

The Nicaraguan project was revived again in 1884, when President Arthur attempted to negotiate a treaty for the purpose with the Nicaraguan Government. Three years later the Nicaraguan Government granted a concession to a private canal company which worked unsuccessfully for five years. The work ceased after about $3,000,000 had been expended. In 1895, President Cleveland appointed a board to determine the feasibility and cost of the canal. This commission approved the project, but recommended that it be given more study. When the lesson of the battleship Oregon was being impressed upon the American people, President McKinley authorized another survey to be made by an engineering staff commanded by Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N. After the commission had completed a detailed study and report, in 1899, it was continued as the Isthmian Canal Commission, with authority to make extensive studies of all feasible canal routes. In 1901 it formally recommended the Nicaragua route, but when the French Panama Company cut its price for the Panama Canal work already accomplished from $100,000,000 to $40,000,000 the commission recommended the Panama route instead. The United States Government then concluded a treaty for the construction of the Panama Canal and began work in 1904. It should be remembered, however, that the Panama Canal, as constructed finally by the United States, was not the canal recommended by the commission in its report, any more than it was the canal contemplated by the French Panama Company in 1901. It was constructed according to plans which were modified materially as the work proceeded and the scope of the project widened.

During this period a number of other Central American canal routes had been proposed and, for various reasons, rejected. Among them were the Tehuantepec route across the southern plateau of Mexico, by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which was to have been part canal and part railroad; the Honduras route from the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific, to the Gulf of Honduras, on the Atlantic; the Chiriqui route depending upon two excellent harbors, Golfo Dulce and the Chiriqui Lagoon, which would also have involved a railroad; the San Blas route where the Central American isthmus is narrowest, at the point where it makes its final bend to join the South American continent; and the Darien route, which was first suggested by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century and recommended again in 1870 by Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., who had been authorized by the Secretary of the Navy to report on a suitable canal route.

Earning an Income

Like the engineering possibilities, the financial aspects of the Nicaraguan project seem, at this time, encouraging. A glance at the records of the Panama Canal will illustrate this point. When finally completed, the waterway cost $390,000,000, of which $275,000,000 represents the investment in a commercial sense, and $115,000,000—including the $40,000,000 paid to the French as reimbursement for the work they had done—has been charged to the national defense. In 1928 the net annual revenue from the canal amounted to approximately $20,000,000—an income representing about 7½ per cent on the $275,000,000 commercial investment. There seems to be no reason why a parallel waterway should not, in time, become to a comparable degree self-supporting.

The legislation approved by Congress neither authorizes nor appropriates for a new canal. It provides, instead, for a thorough survey which will enable the Government to act intelligently on the project. With this information at hand, the United States will be in a position to determine whether or not it should approve a plan which, in the light of present knowledge, seems highly important to her future commerce, her diplomatic relationships and her national security.

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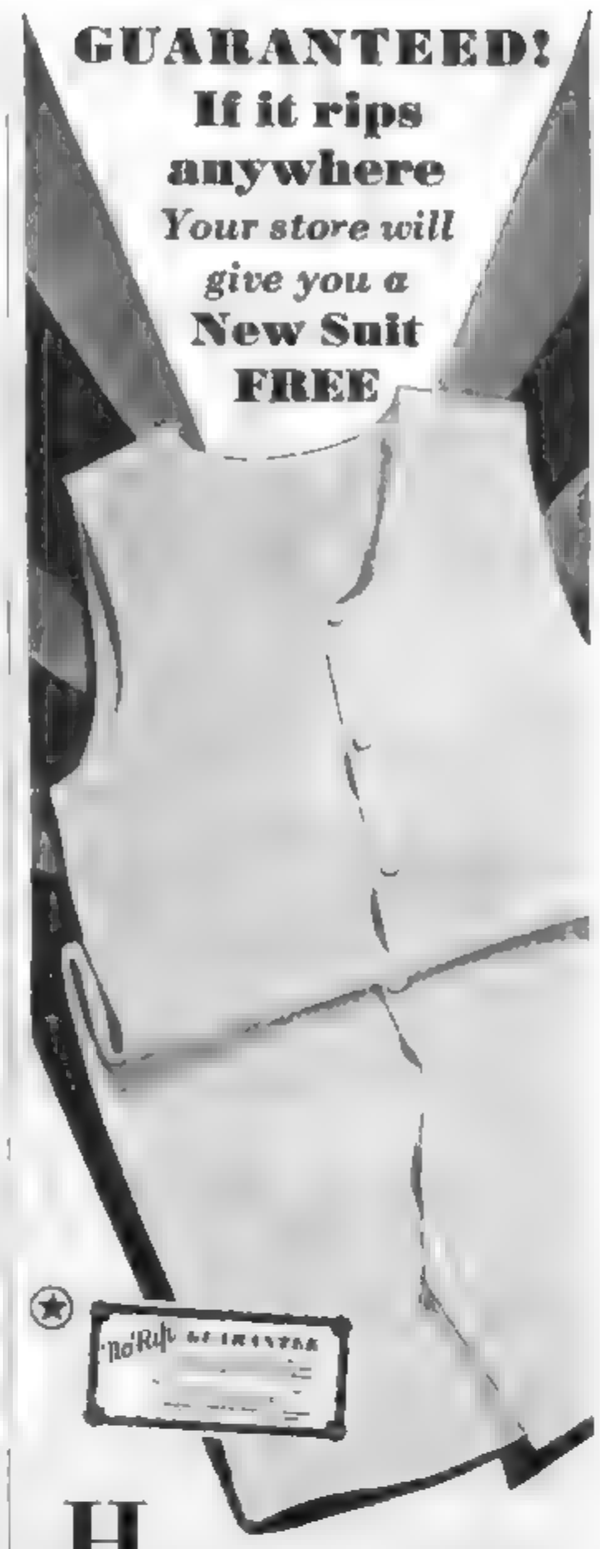

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THE NEW PICTURE OF AGRICULTURE

(Continued from Page 5)

population's share in the total national income should be less than that of the industrial population, or that the income per worker engaged should be less, or that the return upon the capital invested should compare unfavorably with the earning power of capital in the world of business!

Statistically it is true. There is that disparity. But when a one-mule cotton grower in Georgia and a machine-power cotton grower in Texas are put together for purpose of making an average, or in Iowa the earnings of a shiftless hillside corn-grower are added to those of an efficient producer on bottom land and divided by two for the same purpose, statistics lose a great deal of their sacred meaning.

Let it stand, however, that the share of agriculture in the total national product of divisible wealth is relatively less than that of industry. As a matter of truth it undoubtedly is. The reasons are various and deep-running. Industry sooner met and sooner solved many of the problems that remain to be solved in agriculture, such as stability of production, control of cost, association and organization. From greater use of machine power and method the output of wealth per person industrially engaged has increased much faster than the output per person agriculturally engaged, so that one is able to live better and at more ease than the other. But that agriculture has been oppressed and is being slowly fed to industry because urban people want cheap food is an emotional conclusion, and untrue.

In the first place, agriculture is not basic in the sense of the saying. Industry and agriculture are mutually dependent. The idea of agriculture's primary importance is one that continues from the old textbooks on economics. Once it was roughly true. Agriculture was self-contained. It could live without cities and industries. It could not have been dependent upon industry, as now is the case, when industry was non-existent. Its tools were made by the smith and wheelwright, who were also of the soil; it provided itself with its own animal power and transportation. Land and the means to work it with were what people meant when they spoke of capital, and almost nothing else.

A New Essential Wealth

One hundred and fifty years ago the founders of what we call the science of economics treated artisans as parasites, classing them with servants, nobles, intellectuals and idle rich, who were all alike in one respect—namely, that they produced no wealth and nevertheless lived. How did they live? The answer was that they lived on what the agricultural class produced over and above its own wants; this surplus was collected as rents, taxes and feudal exactions. It did seem very clear to the first economists that in agriculture was the origin of all wealth and they laid it down so as dogma.

The artisan becomes the industrial worker, industrial workers plus management and capital constitute modern industry, and the notion continues that industry is by nature parasitic and that urban life, as was anciently the case, still exists at the expense of agriculture. But the wealth now produced by industry not only is greater than the annual output of agricultural wealth in terms of money; it is very largely in forms essential to the existence of agriculture in modern circumstances. Railroads, locomotives, terminal storage facilities, refrigerator trains, road-building machinery, tractors, combines, automobiles, motor trucks, electricity, internal-combustion engines, telephone and radio communication—these things do not grow out of the soil. Agriculture could not produce them. Yet, cut it off from them, and what would it do? What would a bushel of surplus wheat be worth in Montana? Nothing.

In this scheme it is absurd to say there is any one kind of primary wealth. You might as well try to scale the different vital functions of the body by degrees of importance. It is all one system of production and exchange with one purpose—namely, to increase the satisfaction of human wants. And as for agriculture being fed to industry because the cities and industrial centers want cheap food—that also is an example of what might once have been true coming now to be untrue. Historically it has often happened. It seems to have happened in Great Britain, possibly because England too soon became a food-importing country and saw no way to feed her low-wage factory workers but to let in foreign food at prices that were ruinous to her native agriculture.

The Motive Removed

It cannot happen here. Fortunately, we were able to develop American industry to first place in the world without importing food, and while we were yet free of that problem we found a new economic philosophy. Having by machines, science and method achieved the power of unlimited industrial production, we perceived that the next problem was how to get the product consumed. In order to get it consumed the standard of living must rise, and the standard of living can rise only provided the buying power of the individual is continuously increased. Suddenly, in this light, the individual begins to be regarded primarily as a consumer. That aspect of him is foremost, and this is true whether he is engaged in industry or in agriculture. The meaning of this strange truth has yet to be completely comprehended. It is a new economic condition.

So long as production was the world's anxiety, with never enough of anything and a surplus unimaginable, the individual was primarily regarded as a producer. Never until now was the problem of unlimited production solved. It is no sooner solved than the problem in place of it is one of consumption. Logically it follows that industry's highest concern is how to increase the buying power of the total population in order to have continuously expanding market for its products. The product being indeterminately expansible, so must the demand be likewise, else goods will be unsalable, capacity will lie idle and machines will rust. If any occupational division of the population, say specifically, agriculture as a whole, is deficient in buying power for any reason whatever, industry cannot be indifferent to that fact. Its desire to change the fact will be equal to that of agriculture itself, since industry's necessity to sell more equals agriculture's wish to be able to buy more. What else follows is that even down to the individual industrial worker the cost of food is of less importance than a continuously expanding market for industrial goods among the producers of food; since from this will come continuity of employment and stability of wages. Thus, under the economic philosophy we now work with, it is impossible to establish a motive for feeding agriculture to industry.

And it is not merely to say that such a motive is absent; a contrary motive is acting. The demand for farm relief is by no means confined to agriculture. Almost any plan that might seem economically sound would have the support of business. The United States Chamber of Commerce takes a referendum on the question, "What shall be done to improve the position of agriculture?" A very large majority of all the chambers of commerce in the country

(Continued on Page 161)

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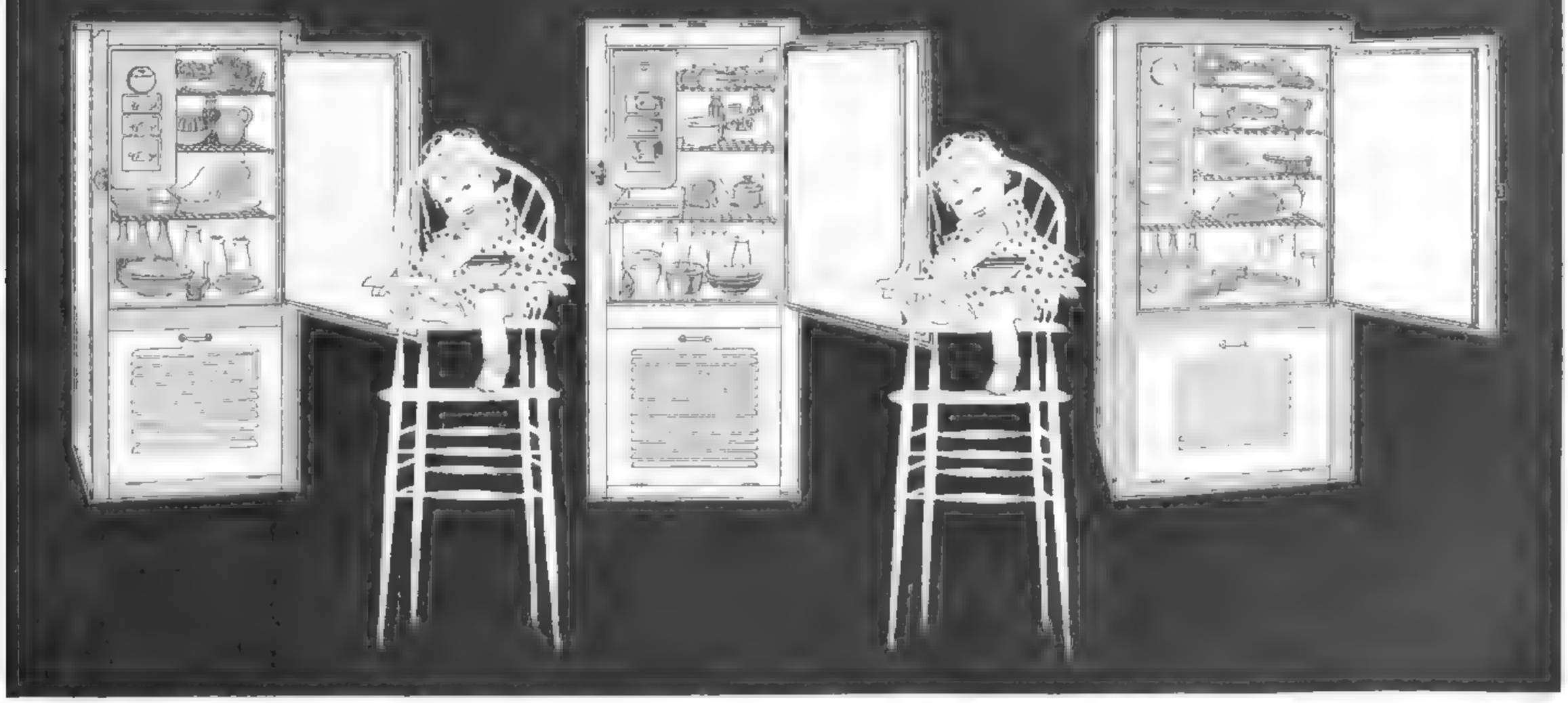

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Continued from Page 158

are for taking measures to improve it. The president of the United States Chamber of Commerce appears as the principal speaker at the annual convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation and suggests common councils between business and agriculture. The Industrial Conference Board, a private organization representing business, has produced the single best study of agricultural economics, wholly sympathetic.

A great deal of sound thought is thus running back and forth, and this is all gain. Nevertheless, understanding again and again is suddenly limited by the emotional obstruction. As the mentality of successful business brings itself to bear on the problems of agriculture a certain wistful expectation begins to rise. Now at last the secret of success that business knows will be disclosed and adapted to farming. But there is no such thing as a secret of success. And when presently it appears that no magic formula or plan will be forthcoming, the wistful expectation is violently cast down. If an economist who has made a survey of the facts from the point of view of business says there is nothing for it but to let a million or two marginal farms disappear from agriculture, no matter how reluctantly he may have arrived at that conclusion, no matter if he adds that the Federal and state governments ought to assist them in their exodus, the immediate reaction is irrational. Abandon the farms! Is this the benefit of business mentality? Its solution is to starve out the inefficients!

The Old Oaken Bucket

And such reactions are not confined to agriculture. The thought of leaving it thus to a law of survival does violence to the tradition among us that the soil is refuge and farming a way of life with independence and security. Must that tradition be abandoned along with two or three million farms simply because the farmers on them are inefficient?

For reasons alike in all of us, the sight of an abandoned farm is much more depressing than the spectacle of an abandoned factory. We forget that since the tradition was founded economic conditions have greatly changed. Nor is that all. As conditions external to the individual have changed, so also and no less our ideas and desires have changed. There is still opportunity for such as are so inclined to reproduce upon the soil the kind of life our forbears were content to live, with all its freedom, hardship and safety. The faster marginal farms are abandoned, the greater that opportunity will be. But where are these people who wish to draw their water from a well by hand, warm themselves all at one fireplace, process their own food, make their own clothes and live the solitary, self-contained life?

Nothing has happened to the soil. Handled in the old-fashioned manner, it will still support that old-fashioned kind of life. Only, nobody wants it, least of all the farmers. And they cannot have what they have learned to want—automobiles, movies, plumbing, radiant heat, silk stockings for the women, electric appliances in the kitchen, telephones and radios—without impressing the soil in a scientific manner, increasing their power upon it by mechanical extensions, and adopting the methods of sound business management—that is, to be efficient. And the fact is that agriculture contains a very large number of farmers who are not equal to it. They are the problem. They are unable to meet the new conditions of success, and at the same time are not content with the kind of life represented in the mural decoration. That kind of living is out of date. Well, so are their methods out of date. They have not held their place in the scheme. They are a problem to themselves; then to agriculture as a whole, because they keep up a wasteful competition with efficient producers; and lastly to the Government in a political sense, because of the temptation they offer to the demagogue who will promise to make everybody's farming profitable.

So you see we are all the time talking about two things in confusion: One is the change that has taken place in the conditions that determine success in agriculture; the other is the change that has taken place in people themselves—in their wants and desires and expectations of life.

At almost no point is the argument for farm relief free of emotionalism. People are continually thinking of what agriculture ought to be, and thereby keep alive the delusion that there is something to be done, if only someone could happily hit upon it—some plan to be conceived in a second of inspiration—that would all at once elevate its economic condition.

Looking for the Right Thing

One may encounter this phantasy even in the world of business. Politicians, of course, hold it forth to farmers. It has deep roots also in the United States Department of Agriculture and in the state agricultural colleges. At the annual convention of the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities at Washington last autumn, the director of scientific work for the Department of Agriculture said: "For several years this association has been undertaking in its programs to consider forward-looking policies regarding agriculture. A concrete result of this survey was the appointment of a special committee to study and report on the agricultural situation. That report was submitted. . . . It has been useful to all those who are endeavoring to find the right thing to do to stabilize the agricultural industries on as high a plane as possible without violating the letter or the spirit of our Constitution and without taking away from the farmers themselves the control of their industries."

The right thing to do. The thing. There is the phantasy. Seeking the thing to do that will make agriculture prosperous and happy is a romantic quest.

What farmers complain of really is contrast. Not that their state of living is low; only that another state of living is higher.

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The rewards of industry are superior to those of agriculture. Human satisfactions are in greater variety and obtained with less effort on the urban side of life Grant it to be so. But now suppose you should ask what was the thing that raised the industrial life to this advantage. Such a question would hardly make sense. There was no one thing.

Industry has had one revolution after another. One may say it exists in a state of revolution, meaning by that word to suggest radical changes in means, methods, circumstances, ideas, point of view, and conditions of success. The failures have been enough to break an old country. Success has swallowed them up.

What is the history of that success? It is of many thoughts running together, many forces in tension, a new technic of conflict, a realistic way with facts, persevering trial and error, here and there a high pragmatic example, presence of mind in the face of great change. All the same, industry is full of problems, some of them chronic, some of them acute. No solution has ever been perfect, no difficulty has ever been overcome but just in time for the mind to turn and face another. Yet one does not speak of the industrial problem, as we speak of the agricultural problem, nor would it make sense to ask what was the right thing to do to perfect industry as a whole.

Ask industry what it needs. The answer will be: More intelligence, more power, more science, more research and fact-finding, a faster way to make its mistakes and leave them behind, new ways of reading the face of change. Then ask those who are seeking the right thing to do for agriculture what agriculture needs and they will begin at once talking of a law, or a plan, or something to be done to it for its own good.

The annual expenditures of industry on scientific research are at least ten times greater than those of agriculture. Owing to the individualistic character of agricultural enterprise, there is no way of matching industry's purposeful and increasing activity in scientific research but by public expenditures, Federal and state. That is not the point; it is only a difference. The point is that agriculture does not purposefully demand that benefit of government. Such as there is of it, that it receives and makes use of more or less. It does not determine for itself what its major problems are and then insist that the resources of science and research shall be made to bear upon them. That is to say, the scientific contributions to agriculture are from the outside and represent various individual or institutional notions of what is needed and what the problems are.

What Needs Relief?

What agriculture does demand is relief by law. Relief from high freight rates by law, relief from high taxes by law, relief from the competition of foreign agricultural products by a high-tariff law, relief from the antitrust laws so that farmers' associations may legally do many things that are forbidden to business corporations; relief from its own surplus by some kind of export-bounty law, relief from the difficulty that many farmers will not submit to discipline and control, in the form of a law authorizing an organized majority to tax an unwilling minority for what is conceived to be the general good. Relief, that is all to say, by benefit of legislation, as if the state of agriculture could be regulated by public intention.

No one will deny that under the head of public policy and within the sound function of economic lawmaking certain benefits may be extended. It is true that the rise in freight rates has adversely altered competitive conditions for great divisions of agriculture, particularly that of grain-growing for export; and upon this ground is advocated the development of waterways at public expense. It is probably true that the general property tax puts an unfair burden on farm land, now as never before, owing to the rise in public expenditures for roads, schools and civic purposes. It is obviously true that in a high-tariff country agriculture, equally with industry, should have preferred rights in the domestic market and that a revision of the tariff schedules with that end in view would have beneficial results.

But in the controversy that turns on relief measures the main view is lost. First, why does agriculture need relief? Secondly, what does it need to be relieved of?

It needs relief because its income is inadequate. You may take it as roughly true, on the findings of the Industrial Conference Board, that agriculture just as it stands, with all its six million farms, needs five billions of dollars more gross income annually to be reasonably prosperous and solvent as a whole.

So the question is: What does it need to be relieved of in order that it may have this increase of gross income? High freight rates? High taxes? The competition of foreign producers?

To the Dumping Ground

You may answer this by supposing that freight rates are abolished and agricultural products are hauled free; that farm taxes are reduced to the very lowest point of fairness, and that the tariff law is revised to exclude the importation of foreign soil products.

Now, have you added five billions of dollars annually to the gross income of agriculture? No, nothing like that sum. Not so much as half of it.

If what agriculture needs to be relieved of are disparities and maladjustments in economic circumstances external to itself, these may be changed by law, very properly. If, on the other hand, what it needs to be relieved of is increasing obsolescence of land, methods and men, from forces acting within itself, that is a problem that cannot be solved by law, properly or improperly. Nor can it be solved by subsidies. You might subsidize agriculture directly out of the United States Treasury and presently its next state would be far worse than this.

Regard what has happened to agriculture in the last ten years. It emerged from the war, just as industry did, with a capacity enormously overexpanded—that is to say, a capacity created to meet a world-wide wartime demand for food. Nevertheless, since then in the top third of agriculture the productivity per man hour of labor has been doubled, trebled, in some cases quadrupled. This from the use of machine power, such as tractors, tractor tools, combines, engines and motortrucks. That is not all. In the same time the productivity per acre of ground and per head of livestock has amazingly increased. This from technology, methods of management and scientific knowledge.

Says the Secretary of Agriculture: "Technical progress in American agriculture has taken place at an extraordinary rate since the close of the war, and in consequence the productivity of the individual farmer has increased. More productive crops have been planted. Livestock of increased productivity has become widely dispersed. Farm management has become more efficient. . . . The result is an increase in farm production more rapid than the rise in the country's population."

Increasing thus the productivity of both the land and the man upon it has the same effect as if you should add millions of acres of new land and millions of farmers to an agricultural capacity already overexpanded. And as if that were not enough to happen, it happened also at the same time that Argentina, Australia and Canada enormously increased their output of surplus grain and livestock, so that in the world at large the food supply rose faster than population. For that reason the export market as an outlet for the surplus of American agriculture became a dumping ground only, and not a source of profit.

(Continued on Page 165)

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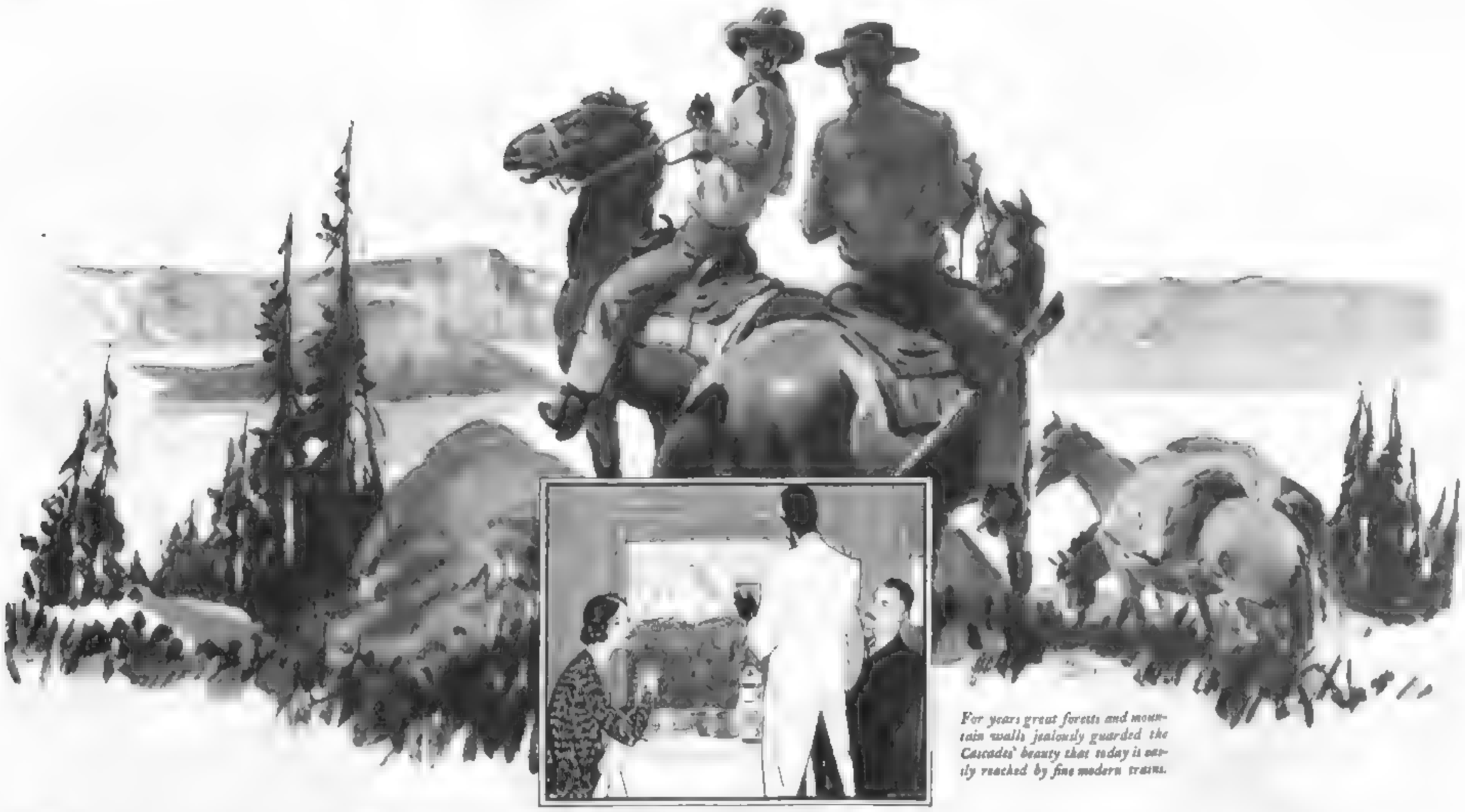

For years great forests and mountain walls jealously guarded the Cascades' beauty that today is easily reached by fine modern trains.

Crater Lake—*Nature's mystery*

See this and the whole Pacific Coast—
Low summer fares start May 15

In southern Oregon is one of the scenic wonders of the world. This is Crater Lake, blue as indigo, round as a saucer, six miles wide.

Ages ago a volcano, probably 15,000 feet high, held its flaming torch above the Pacific's shore. Then it grew cold, glaciers took form, and great rivers sprang away to cut the Klamath, Rogue and Umpqua river valleys of today. At some later date a cataclysm engulfed the upper half of this vast mountain. *Seventeen cubic miles* of stone sank inwards—the mountain had swallowed itself. In time, rain and melting snow gave the pit a living lake.

In 1853 a party of prospectors were ranging over the Cascade Mountains in search of a lost mine. The mine was not to be found. But the horse of one rider stopped suddenly, his feet planted at a steep brink. A thousand feet below lay this round, weird, flashing lake of deepest blue. For years the magic lake remained almost inaccessible, although stories of its mystery and beauty spread around the world. But today it is readily reached from Southern Pacific's Shasta Route—a most enjoyable stopover between Portland and San Francisco. Comfortable motor stages in the travel season, July 1 to September 20, connect with Southern Pacific at either Medford, Klamath Falls or Chiloquin to bear the visitor through virgin forests to the Lake's craggy rim. Good accommodations are available at the Lake.

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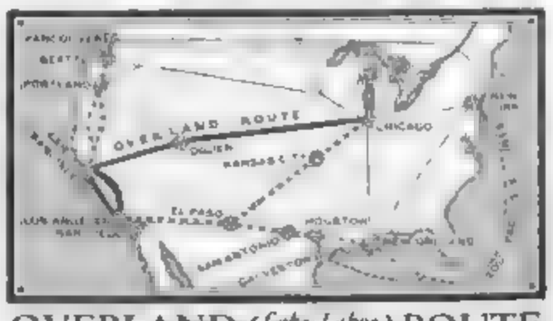

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(Continued from Page 162)

In agriculture as in industry, and for the first time in the history of the human race, the problem of production has been solved. There is no longer any anxiety about enough food. A surplus of it is the immediate enigma. And the potentiality of this surplus, as far as we can see, is unlimited. Thus the fundamental relation of people to agriculture, of life to the earth, is altered. That the full event has overtaken us since the war is merely an accident of time. Postwar conditions undoubtedly did urge it forward, and yet it was bound to occur.

During the war the beginnings of machine power were demonstrated; at the same time the application of scientific knowledge to agriculture was carried further than ever before. The object was production only. The true advent of machine power, with the sound economic motive of reducing costs, belongs to the last ten years. At the close of the war the tractor was still regarded simply as a substitute for the horse; it was used to drag the old horse implements, and farming otherwise was in the same pattern as before. Few realized that the tractor would transform the pattern.

The agricultural-machinery makers were the first to see this possibility. They designed equipment and tools for the tractor primarily, such as plows, cultivators, corn pickers, and the small mobile threshing machine called the combine because it combines all the old harvesting operations by cutting and threshing grain in one continuous movement.

It is necessary to remember that agriculture's postwar dilemma was the same as that of industry, and had these three terms—namely, excess capacity, high costs, falling prices. Industry met it by reducing the cost of production, and it was industry that held out to agriculture the means to a similar solution—that is to say, the instrumentality of machine power. Enterprising farmers seized it. Instead of waiting for the price of wheat to rise again, they undertook to produce it at a lower cost. If wheat is a dollar a bushel and it costs you a dollar a bushel to make wheat, there is no profit in it. Take that to have been the case. The popular notion was that the Government would have to do something to raise the price of wheat. Many ways of doing this were proposed, not one of them likely to add more than twenty-five cents a bushel to the price, if it worked at all.

A New Limit of Farming

But a farmer possessing the pioneer mentality said: "If I can reduce the cost of producing wheat by twenty-five cents a bushel, there is my profit, no thanks to government."

And he could. Machine power intelligently employed made just about that difference. Moreover, the agricultural-machinery makers were themselves so sure of it that they were willing to deliver the equipment to his hand on a small down payment and wait for results. In hundreds of cases machine farmers in the wheat country paid for their new power in two seasons, out of profits, with old-fashioned farming all around them going from bad to worse.

But no sooner does the farmer discover the way to get a profit by reducing his cost than he begins to think of giving his operations a wider base. For this he has two reasons. One is that the margin of profit per bushel is small, so that to make a reasonable income and to support the capital cost of power equipment you have to extend the scale; the other is that machine power makes it possible to handle many more acres with the same amount of labor. Thus enters the idea of mass production. It will, of course, increase what we call the surplus. Only now you have to say what shall be called surplus. Is it the increasing low-cost quantity produced by efficient means, or the old high-cost quantity produced and sold at no profit or actually at a loss?

Change in any case has a course to run. Under the old system of farming, the size of a farm was fairly standardized by types of organization and use. There was a standard in the wheat country, another in the Corn Belt, another in the Cotton Belt, and so on. In the new system the size is still experimental, and will be until the optimum unit is proved. In any case it will be much larger. Where it was 160 acres, it may be 320 or 640; in the wheat country where it was 640, it may increase to 5000 or 10,000.

At this point, you see, machine power begins to affect the structure of land values, and changes deeply the whole scheme of farm organization. With agriculture as a whole in a state of economic distress, still in the last ten years enormous areas of land have passed from range grazing to machine cultivation, because of the necessity to organize the new method on larger tracts and because, also, under machine power cheap submarginal land hitherto fit only for range may become more profitable to work than richer land in small tracts belonging to the old system. Since 1920 power farmers in Texas and Oklahoma have added eight millions of acres of land to the total area under cotton, simply because on a large scale they could grow cotton at a cost per bale much lower than the one-mule farmer with an eight-inch plow in the Old South.

Blocked by Obsolescence

The Old South, therefore, is obliged either to abandon cotton or change its methods. It is doing both. Surviving cotton culture is passing to the machine method, and where cotton is abandoned for other crops the new farming tends to become modern. The Progressive Farmer, November, 1928, says:

> Last year a solid trainload of tractors went into the delta section of Mississippi, and they are being operated successfully all over the South. In many small towns it is nothing unusual to see a carload of them drive down the streets in different directions, and all of them headed for cotton farms.

Until only three or four years ago it was thought that although machine power might revolutionize grain and cotton growing, still general farming, as, for example, in the Corn Belt, would keep its old pattern. Now the horseless farm appears even in the Corn Belt, and there also the farm unit is changing as a man sees that, whereas before he was equal to a quarter section or maybe a half section, this mechanical extension of himself makes it possible to handle a whole section, maybe two, ultimately perhaps four.

The decline in animal power since 1920 is represented by the disappearance of more than six million horses and mules from farms. One consequence is that eighteen million acres of land formerly in hay and oats and other feed for animals are suddenly released. The rise of machine power is represented by the addition of nearly one million tractors to farm equipment. Tractors eat gas and oil, not hay. And still it is much less than the top third of agriculture that is so equipped. The revolution is in midcycle, which means that much change has yet to take place before the blessing of stability may return.

Given the facts as inevitable, one would have known ten years ago what the problem was going to be. The name of it is "obsolescence." What agriculture needs to be relieved of is a great number of obsolete farmers. Not only are their methods out of date; the number of them is excessive, since we are able to get our food with much less human effort than before. With one-third fewer farms and a corresponding decline in the number of people agriculturally engaged we might easily produce all we want from the soil. Then what shall be done with that surplus of food producers? Shall they be kept on the soil?

And one might have known beforehand also what some of the human aspects would be. Against those of the pioneer spirit who could save themselves by seizing

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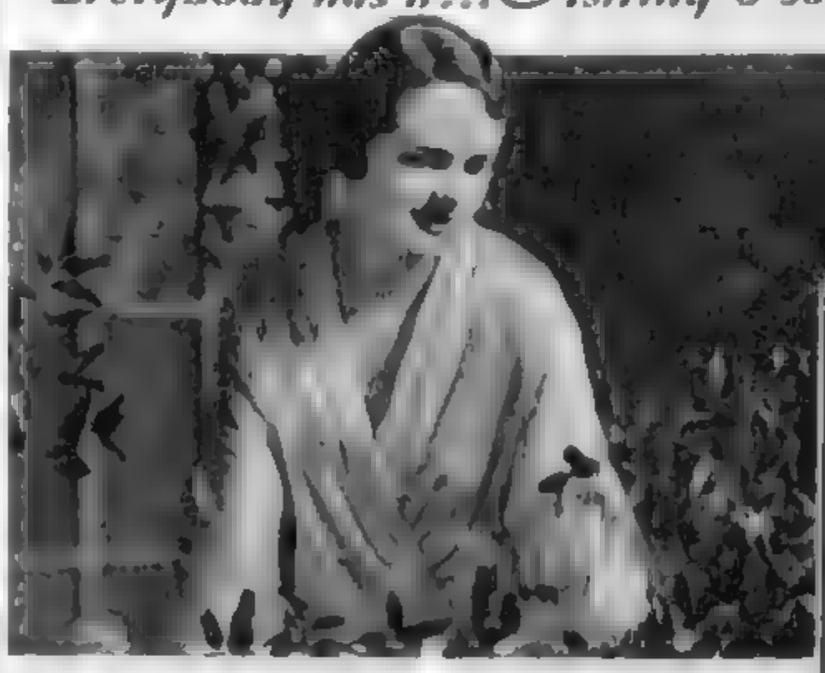

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Profits From the Start

the idea of mechanical power, were others in great number who must either wait for it to be proved or who rejected it altogether, unable to believe that the conditions of success were not simply skill of husbandry and very hard work. These moved themselves, their wives and their children to greater physical exertion, thinking only to increase production at any cost. Thus the surplus was augmented both at the top by machine power and below by heroic manual competition.

Seeing this, the editor of a farmer paper wrote: "What part of our bumper crops is the product of the unpaid labor of women and children? An Iowa subscriber writes: 'As our boy of thirteen and I stopped to rest our teams in plowing this summer, I looked around and counted ten of us in sight cultivating. There were three grown men and seven children—one girl and six boys—all plowing corn. The ages ranged from eight to fourteen years.' Farmers like this man are not working their children because they want to. They are doing it because they see no other way of keeping the farm going and turning out the volume that seems to be necessary in order to get by. Child labor on the farms is one of the factors that put real fire into the farm-relief movement. Men will fight harder to save their children from hardship than to save themselves."

Now ask what these farmers are really doing. They are pitting the strength of women and children against the power of internal-combustion engines, thinking all the time that what makes such exertion necessary and then defeats it is the price the ruinous price! Believing also it is the duty of government to mend the price.

One is reminded again of the guild workers and how tragically they resisted the machine. Feeling against machines was running very high in England when the first railroad was opened. The distressed handcraftsmen, who had been mobbing machines in the cities, selected a high hill and posted there against the sky, for the railroad's distinguished guests to see as they went by, a solitary weaver working his hand loom. Dramatic picture! Futile gesture!

Other Uses for Released Soil

No law, no subsidy could save the handcraft workers. They were obsolete. Nor can any law or subsidy save the marginal farmers—those who demand a higher standard of living than their use and method will bring from the soil. What will become of them? What became of the old handcraftsmen? Industry will absorb most of them. Others will go on with a low standard of living until this generation passes. And as to the rest, if we are intelligent and resourceful enough we may found upon the soil new industries to employ them.

The demand for food is inexpansible except by increase of population. This is a fact, but it may be too much stressed as a difference between industry and agriculture. Food is by no means the only product of agriculture. Rubber is from the soil. We buy two-thirds of all the crude rubber produced in the world, and produce for ourselves none. It is an enormous item. Rubber culture here is feasible. It is still in the experimental phase, but that is only because we did not think of it sooner, and then, having thought of it, did not give enough mind to it. The Department of Agriculture has been working on it slowly. Now private enterprise is at it. Agriculture itself has never been impatiently interested. It is apparently unaware that one of the right solutions must lie in this direction. For otherwise it would have been all this time demanding not a McNary-Haugen Bill, not a valorization scheme to raise the price of agricultural products, but, instead, large annual expenditures for scientific research and discovery, with the one end steadily in view of founding new industries on the soil. Rubber is but one of the indications. We do not know what the possibilities are, since we have never explored them by organized intention. Nor is it necessary to think of them in relation to domestic markets only. With the highest-paid farm labor in the world, we now produce rice and sell it to Japan in competition with rice produced with cheap Asiatic labor. Ingenuity does it. So we might do with such products, besides rubber, as jute, flax, vegetable oils and sugar, all of which we now import in great quantities.

Stimulated by Difficulty

In agriculture there are no great private corporations that can afford to spend millions on scientific research. Precisely for that reason public funds are freely devoted to the support of colleges, laboratories, research bureaus, experimental stations, demonstration farms and educational activities in the field, all tending to promote agriculture's welfare. A weakness running through all this work is that it acts upon agriculture from without and represents many different ideas of what will be good for it. Another weakness is that the fundamental thought is somehow to keep people on the soil. A drift of population from rural to urban life is treated with dismay and foreboding, as a sign of decline in agriculture. What it really signifies is that problems tend to solve themselves. Agriculture is not declining. It is becoming only more efficient. With fewer men and fewer acres, the output increases. As agriculture releases its marginal members they gravitate to the cities and industrial centers. What else should happen?

The crucial question is: Can industry profitably absorb people as fast as agriculture now releases them? That remains to be seen. So far it has done it. If only it can continue to do it, the problems of agriculture will perhaps tend to become specific, like the problems of industry, and then as industry's absorption tends to relieve agriculture of its marginal farmers, those who remain will find it easier to extend among themselves the uses of organization, association and trade discipline.

But whatever else may be, there is no going back. Man has delivered himself from that bondage to the soil represented in the mural decoration. Having found his way to plenty, a way of getting his food with much less toil and time, a way of transferring the physical drudgery to mechanical beasts, he will not abandon it. A vast amount of energy hitherto absorbed by the earth is suddenly set free. Is that in any sense a disaster? He will find other things to do with that energy, and the necessity to do other things with it will entail such further changes as we have not imagined. The difficulties we make so much of are necessary to move the mind. It is as if we had received suddenly a gift of liberation and could not imagine what to do with it.

HALLS OF ILLUSION

(Continued from Page 17)

The second blow was actually the heavier. Movie palaces guard jealously their audiences—and with reason. In these days of close competition the manager is engaged in selling motion-picture entertainment only incidentally. He is selling his theater. The objective of all his advertising, his exploitation, his costly decoration, his concern over the audience's comfort, is to develop a patronage which will not go just to the movies but to his particular show-house. And he has succeeded to an extraordinary degree. My orchestra leader complains that with every change of program he stumbles over the same feet on his way to and from his stand. Sometimes such loyalty to a theater can go too far,

(Continued on Page 168)

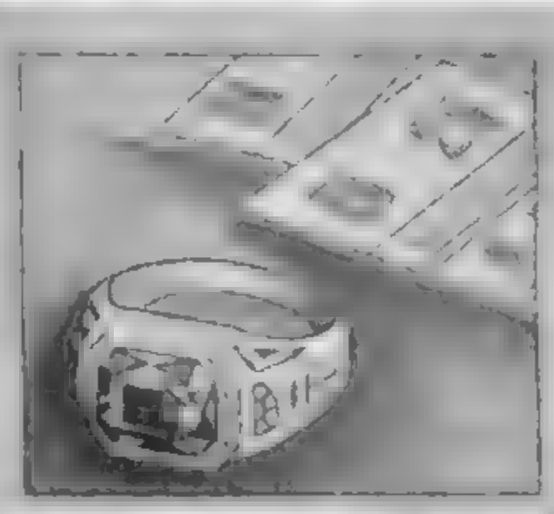
Gloriously MODERN! *these new colorful rings by* LA FRANCE

COLOR...color...color! Modern life demands it...modern styles glorify it...modern men and women welcome it!

La France, famous creator of exquisite rings, has interpreted the happy vogue of color in presentations of rare beauty and charm . . . has captured the very spirit of modernity in stunning stones and striking settings!

Go to your jeweler today. Ask him to show you his wide selection of beautiful, colorful La France creations. There you will find handsome rings for men, rich with massive, deep-carved settings of green and white gold... in designs that you will find nowhere but in a La France Ring. Dainty, charming rings for women, delicately wrought in the smart, modern manner...some exquisitely engraved, others with inlays of colorful, contrasting enamel.

A dazzling profusion of unusual settings...enhanced, glorified by precious stones of vivid, glowing *color* . . . regal rubies, sparkling sapphires, aquamarines, appealing amethysts, topaz, alexandrite, kunzite, zircons, real pearls, cameos—and a host of others . . . at prices so reasonable you would hardly believe them possible!



LA FRANCE *Rings*

LA FRANCE JEWELRY COMPANY
JACKSON BUILDING, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES

The "Commodore"
In contrasting Black and White Calfskin
Combination Lasts

$5

These smartly styled Friendly Five Sport Shoes are suitable for most all warm weather wear ••• They are as comfortable as bare feet in warm sand ••• And their friendly price leaves something in your pocket for other things ••• *Try them, sir!*

Trade Mark

An illustrated booklet showing the summer styles of Friendly Five Shoes will be mailed on request. Write for it.

Jarman Shoe Company, *Manufacturers,* **Nashville, Tennessee**

$6.00 EXTRA In One Day

GEORGE T. MACKLIN teaches mathematics and history in the high school of a good-sized Delaware community. The work pays him a worthwhile salary, but, like most of us, Professor Macklin finds that taxes, insurance premiums and similar bills have a habit of coming due at the most inconvenient times.

So he has arranged to look after our subscription interests in his locality.

In one day recently, just in his *spare time,* he earned $6.00 extra.

Do you find, at the end of the month, that you could use an extra $25.00 or $50.00? Do you have an occasional spare hour which you could spend in pleasant, dignified work representing the big, popular *Saturday Evening Post?*

Then you, too, may have the same sort of opportunity Mr. Macklin has. You, too, may have ready cash in your pocket with which to pay extra bills.

We'll mail you all the details of our money-making offer. There's no obligation. Just mail the coupon.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
293 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Send me all the details of your extra-money offer.

Name *Age*
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)
Street
City *State*

Continued from Page 166

producing hold-overs. I remember one woman who for weeks came to our theater every morning with the cleaners and remained until the evening performance, regardless of the fact that she was seeing the same show over and over again. I think that she would have stayed with us until the closing hour if we hadn't gently discouraged her from bringing a package of sandwiches with her.

Holding One's Patrons

To protect his clientele from the inroads of competitors, no motion-picture manager will, if he can avoid it, retain a film for more than its regular weekly or semiweekly run, except where exploitation is the object. He knows that many of his patrons make a habit of attending the theater once or twice a week, frequently on specified nights. If a patron who selects, let us say, Saturday night for regular attendance sees the same film advertised for the following week-end, he will go to the rival house. If this happens often enough, he will get the habit of going to that rival and be permanently lost to the manager who failed to offer enough variety.

In houses where the show is changed twice a week, the same precaution must be observed, for it has built up a clientele which has geared its entertainment habits to each change of program and will go to the same theater on the same nights of the week regardless of whether the feature is a super-sophisticated triangle drama of sin in Sussex or a Western horse opera. The invasion of sound pictures, which has necessitated some changes in equipment and methods, hasn't altered this feature of exhibition a bit. The dominant object of modern motion-picture-theater management remains the same—to hold and to increase its regular, dependable, income-paying patronage.

To achieve this desideratum the manager has built up a complex organization, with great emphasis on service. That is why he has separated theater activities into various departments, with trained and responsible executives at the head of each. These departments he divides into two general groups familiar to the legitimate theater: The front, or business, end, and the back, or production, end. Thus the front will include the bookkeeping, advertising, sales, service, maintenance and engineering departments, while the back is responsible for all entertainment features. Chief among these is, of course, projection. Without clarity and the proper degree of light the best photoplay can be ruined. The modern theater has a projection staff of several trained men under the direction of a chief. Before the picture is shown, the chief projectionist must check it on the screen for time and for freedom from blemishes. He must time also the perfect succession of one reel after another in a long feature without break or interruption. It has been years since the once familiar legend, "One moment for change of reels," has flashed on the screen of any big theater. Trailers used in connection with organ solos or announcements of future features must be similarly studied. In a presentation house he is responsible for the proper spotlighting of stars. In almost all large theaters he is prepared to throw on a locally generated house current should the regular city current fail. Sound projection has brought him many new and complicated problems which double his responsibilities and his importance.

The musical director has a similarly responsible rôle. In a large theater he may be leader of a symphonic orchestra of fifty or more pieces comparing not always unfavorably in ability and training with some of the famous orchestras of the East. Metropolitan orchestra leaders have indeed complained that the movies are constantly tempting their best men away from them.

In coöperation with the production manager, the musical director plans a program carefully synchronized with the film or stage presentation. Virtually every large theater carries a large music library from which he selects the scores after previewing the screen. In many theaters this director is as much an attraction as the featured film or player, and sometimes wins local fame as one of the leaders of the community. To thousands of women and girls he is as romantic and inspiring a figure as is the leader of a great metropolitan orchestra to their more fortunate sisters who hold season tickets. In the smaller neighborhood houses, the organist, with his flexible white-and-gold instrument, holds much the same position in the eyes of his public. What the popularity of sound production may mean eventually to the musical director, the orchestra leader and his men is still an unsolved problem. Most managers of my acquaintance believe the largest theaters will retain their orchestras. The public has learned to expect the impressive overture, and, where presentations are an important part of the program, an orchestra remains, of course, indispensable.

The production manager is employed by only the largest type of motion-picture theater. His duty is to produce all stage offerings, or presentations. In some houses these presentations assume the form of numbers blending with or supplementing the feature picture. In others they are actual vaudeville acts, sometimes starring the most famous actors of the legitimate stage.

To be successful, the production manager must be an expert in his line. He plans the acts and hires the actors. Many theaters carry a large permanent staff of actors on their pay roll, including a ballet which might grace any opera. Others raid the vaudeville circuits and the musical comedies for their acts. This is easier than it sounds. Favorite players have been paid as much as $10,000 for one week's appearance in a vaudeville-picture house. Many are paid five and six times as much as any legitimate producer can offer. Such salaries are possible because in the course of one day's performance they appear before not one audience, but five or six. Apart from the added income such appearances offer the famous star, they assure him something far more valuable—a new and appreciative public. Thousands of persons who customarily would not think of paying from two to four dollars to see the legitimate show in which he appears will learn to like him at fifty-cent prices and thus increase his popularity and his drawing power when he takes part in a regular production the following season.

Stars That Set on Schedule

Some of the most interesting problems of motion-picture-theater management have developed as a result of the star system. In most well-conducted houses, for example, the star can never take an encore. A few seconds of applause is permitted, and the show goes on. There is excellent reason for this. A motion-picture program is planned not only to the minute but almost to the second. If a five-minute encore is permitted at the ten o'clock morning show, it means that the next show will be five minutes late. If the encore is permitted not only then but at succeeding shows, the final performance may end thirty minutes after the scheduled closing hour. This can cost the management both patronage and money. Patrons coming in for the later shows will be annoyed because they fail to start on time. Musicians, stage hands and other organized employes will be entitled to overtime pay. When it is recalled that an orchestra may have as high as fifty or sixty members the total of this pay can readily be imagined.

The stage presentations, whether films or vaudeville acts, constitute, however, only one element in the work of building theater popularity. The departments concerned with service, maintenance, engineering, advertising and auditing can exercise almost as great an influence toward success or

failure. Because it is the branch most intimately in contact with the public, the service department, which includes ushers, doormen, footmen, cashiers, as well as check-room and rest-room attendants, is probably the manager's greatest concern. The prepossessing appearance and meticulous courtesy of the staff of ushers now noticeable in all large movie palaces are evidence of the attention which management has given to this one branch of exhibition. Several large chains of theaters conduct schools for the training of ushers. Others put the youths through a prolonged training and probationary period before intrusting them with the delicate and important task of representing the theaters' personal touch with the public. Once accepted for permanent positions the boys are welded into militarylike organizations with corporals, captains and chief ushers directing them, sometimes with daily drills, and generally with unlimited opportunities to perfect themselves in the technic of their calling and eventually to rise to higher positions. The great majority of service chiefs, floor managers and theater managers have risen from the ranks of the ushers' organizations. That modern youth appreciates the opportunities for advancement offered by these jobs is evidenced by the fact that every big theater has on file hundreds of applications for appointment. Naturally, under these conditions it can be most fastidious as to whom it selects, and confronts, in fact, each applicant with a questionnaire more detailed in its demands for information than those used by many banks. That is because to most patrons the usher represents management itself. Probably in no vocation open to very young men is a higher quality of diplomacy and patience required.

The usher works not only in comparative darkness but in silence. To communicate with his colleagues or superiors he usually depends on signals. The significance of a click of the heels has already been explained. But there are other signs similarly unobtrusive, similarly informative. In one theater, for example, if difficulties are experienced with a patron already in his seat the usher can summon his corporal by raising one finger—denoting a one-striper. Two fingers—for a two-striper—will bring the captain of ushers; three, the floor manager. The right hand placed over the left breast—symbolizing the badge of authority—summons the house manager. Two fingers to the forehead—denoting a cap—brings a porter. Sometimes a discreet cough from an usher can convey a world of meaning to his immediate superior. Different theaters vary the signals, but they are roughly similar in all and are designed with the same purpose in view—to conduct the necessary business of the theater and to meet unusual situations promptly, effectively and in silence.

From Private to Captain

Within recent years, girl ushers have been replaced by rigidly trained youths in almost every big modern theater. Managers have discovered that masculine authority is generally more respected than is feminine; particularly by women patrons, who constitute the great majority of motion-picture patrons. They have learned, too, that when there is crush against the ropes from the crowd waiting in back for seats, girls are frequently not strong enough to hold them fast. Many theaters—particularly the smaller neighborhood houses—still employ girls, but the modern trend is toward boys of high moral and educational characteristics capable of being trained for the more important administrative positions. As a result, high-school graduates are numerous and college graduates by no means unknown on the service staffs. In cities containing a university, students invariably make up the supplementary force hired for late afternoon and evening shows.

Salaries paid to members of the service staff vary according to the theater and the community. In a typical modern picture house of a large Eastern city, an usher receives eighteen dollars in addition to his carefully tailored uniform. His linen also is supplied and laundered. As a corporal he receives two dollars more. The senior captain is paid thirty dollars a week, the chief of service fifty dollars, the floor manager up to seventy-five dollars. Doormen and streetmen, who are generally promoted from the ushers' ranks, receive about thirty dollars. Like the ushers, their methods with the public can make or break the theater. Their responsibilities are greater, however, because they have less supervision. The cashier—often a girl—receives twenty-five dollars a week. She, too, has a far more important duty than the mere selling of tickets. As the first point of contact with the public, her voice and her manner can influence a patron's entire attitude toward the theater before he enters its wide and glittering lobby.

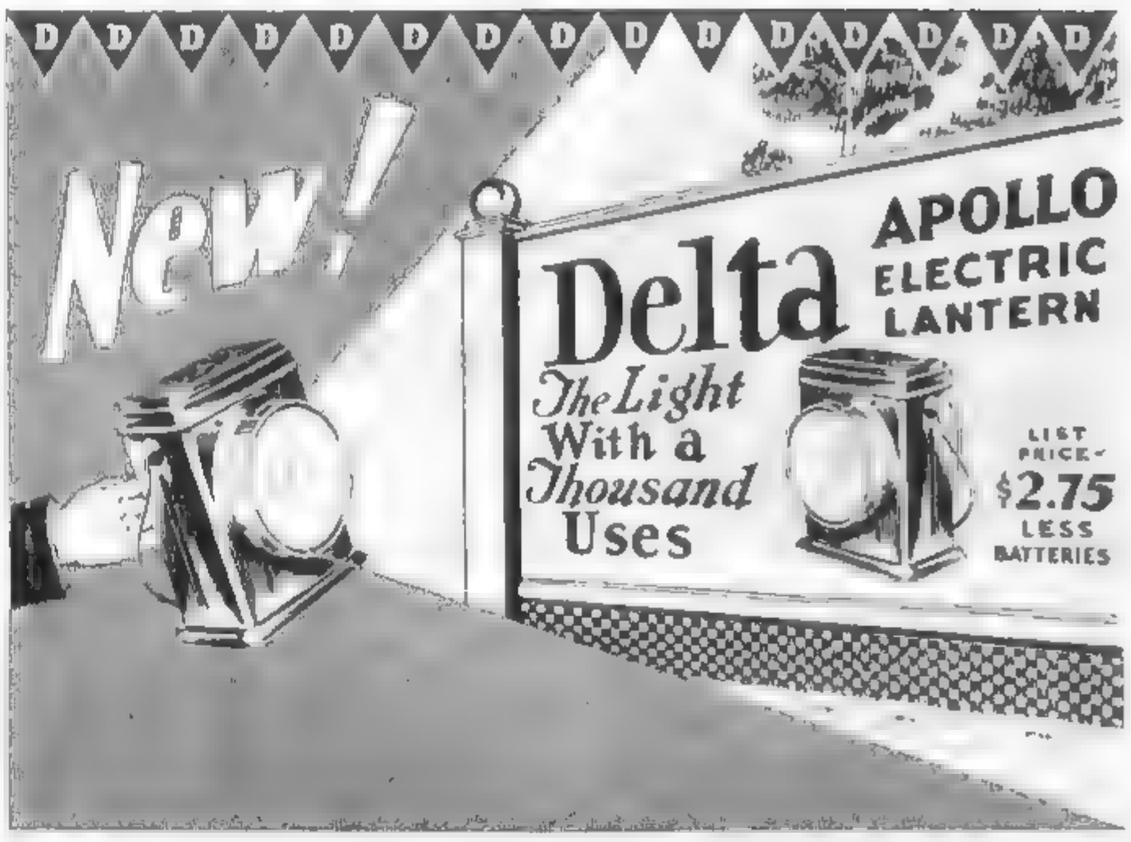
The Goodwill Account

Quick wits are often needed in the island booths, which house most motion-picture-theater cashiers. Recently the girl at my own establishment had an interesting situation to meet. While a long line waited, a woman purchased her ticket, then, as the cashier passed it through the cage, turned, as women will, to fumble with her handbag. A gust of wind lifted the ticket from the glass counter and whirled it to the street. The patron refused to go after it, demanding another. Yet the ticket was registered as sold. The cashier attempted to explain. Her efforts were useless and the line of waiting purchasers fumed. There was only one course to pursue. The patron was given a new ticket and the cost was charged, after involved accounting, to goodwill.

There is in many cashiers' accounts an interesting item known as the "over." It represents the money due patrons who have thrown down a bill, grabbed a ticket and rushed away without change, ignoring the girl's efforts to call them back. Sometimes they remember and return hours later to ask for it. Always it is ready if they can prove ownership. An ingenious method of checking the "over" hourly makes identification of an honest request certain and recognition of a fraud just as positive.

The maintenance, housekeeping and engineering departments have less actual contact with the public, but they, too, can determine whether or not the motion-picture theater will show in the red or in the black when books are audited at the end of the year. Under the general head of maintenance may be grouped all inspections and repairs. These duties are by no means trivial. Failure of an inspector to note and repair a screw or other projection on a seat can run up a heavy bill for torn stockings or gowns. Failure of the housekeeping department to keep the theater spotlessly clean can cause more damage claims for soiled dresses. Such claims are usually paid promptly, except where attempts at fraud are obvious. They are rare, however. Motion-picture architects and owners have learned that equipment designed to avoid any possibility of injuring clothes is, in the long run, the best economy.

The engineering department can be another builder of goodwill. It is responsible for ventilation at all times, for heating the house in winter and for cooling it in summer. Together these constitute an interesting problem. In both the heating and the cooling of the theater, the natural heat emanating from the bodies of an audience must be considered. Mere circulation of air is not enough to assure comfort in the bigger houses. The air is actually laundered in many theaters by passing it through chambers in which refrigerated water is sprayed. Usually this washed and dehumidified air is diffused through the theater by a system of circulation depending on outlets under the main balcony and mushroom openings under the seats. Because of the large audience, the air when admitted is actually lower in temperature than the standard set for proper heating of the theater.



HERE'S a light that is a light! There's a host of uses for this handy helpmate In the basement . . . In the attic . . . Fishing Camping . . . Touring . . . Hunting . . . Etc Etc Uses two ordinary No. 6 Dry Cell batteries and they last from six months to a year or more. Gives five times more light than a good flashlight. Not a frail light to be used in an emergency, but a rugged, substantial, hard-working lantern for everyday use

"Be sure it is a genuine Delta"

The New Delta Presidout Automobile Spotlight is a light built for modern motor cars Extremely handsome, finished in chrome nickel, easily installed and throws a strong light 'a way down the road and just where you want it

Gentlemen I would like to know more about Delta Apollo Lantern Please send me complete information and the location of my nearest dealer

Name

Address

Town

State

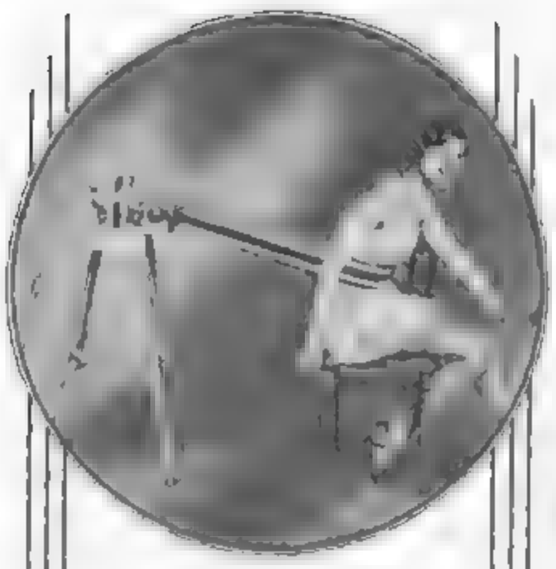
Delta ELECTRIC COMPANY
DEPT. 501 MARION, IND. U.S.A.

ROOMY—ROLLS WITHOUT INJURY WATERPROOF

SMART people choose Alligator Outergarments for distinctive tailoring, gay or conservative colors *and* complete protection against weather. Exclusively styled—featherweight—different!

THE ALLIGATOR CO., St. Louis *Sales Offices* New York, Chicago, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles
Models for men and women, $7.50 to $25.00. Boys and girls $5.00 to $15.00. Sold only at best stores

ALLIGATOR



Overweight? Vitality low?

TOWERIZE!

Thousands are now enjoying this modern way to new health and vitality—with the Tower Exerciser and Reducer! Its gentle vibratory massage quickly eliminates unhealthy fat from any part of the body, stimulates the internal organs to renewed action, and acts as an excellent remedy for constipation, nervous disorders, insomnia, poor circulation and general ill health.

Special Tower Features:

A better health machine—light, portable, compact, easily operated. Special reducing gears control vibrations to 860 per minute, the speed most soothing to nervous system. Fully adjustable—allows any degree of vibration desired. Normal weight, new vitality and new health—these are the unfailing benefits to all who "Towerize."

Insist on the Tower Exerciser and Reducer. On sale by leading stores. Write us for your nearest dealer's name and an interesting illustrated booklet containing full information.

TOWER MFG. CORP.
100 Brookline Ave. Boston, Mass.

Tower
EXERCISER & REDUCER
$79.50
Complete with stand
Fully adjustable

From seventy to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit is the approved temperature, maintained by automatic devices which not only regulate heating and cooling but eliminate the possibility of drafts.

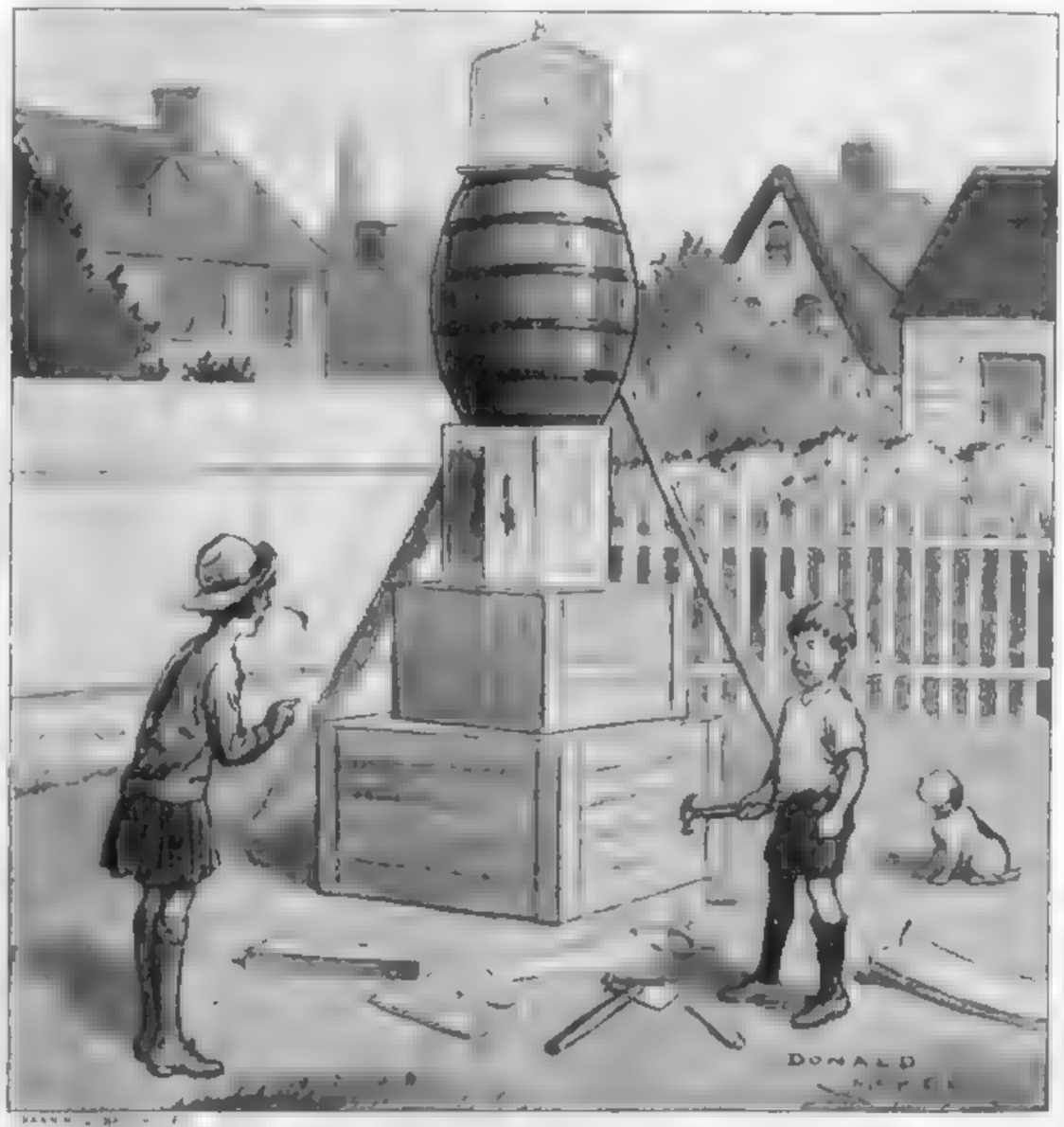
Usually the engineering department assumes responsibility—jointly with the city—of protecting against any fire hazard. The precautions taken against this contingency are too numerous to list. In my own city municipal inspectors detailed to a theater can stop any show instantly if they suspect a fire hazard. Virtually everything in the theater is fireproof. Even the scenery used in presentations and the draperies which decorate the auditorium are so treated that a blow-torch flame could be directed against them without causing them to ignite. No electric wire may be strung close to a water pipe, lest a break in the pipe short-circuit the line. In most cities the transformer room cannot be beneath any room in which so much as a spigot is situated.

Advertising and publicity establish a less personal but highly important contact with the public. In the modern theater every attempt is made to emphasize the attractions of the theater itself as well as of the feature film. Yet advertising, clever as it often is, cannot cover up an inexpertly managed theater or a poor program. "A big crowd on Monday," runs an exhibition axiom, "means good advertising. A good crowd on Tuesday means a good show." The advertising manager, with all his clever lines and ingenious publicity and exploitation stunts, is held responsible only for the Monday crowd. The picture, the presentations, the service staff and, above all, the manager, must see that they keep coming for the rest of the week.

All advertising comes under five general heads: Publicity, newspaper ads, billposting, exploitation and miscellaneous. In chain theaters it is generally directed from the central office of the system. There are prepared and forwarded to local publicity men the layouts for the advertisements, the stories to be offered motion-picture editors, the posters for lobby and billboard use, the exploitation ideas. An important film may be preceded by a twenty-page booklet containing not only the information listed above but suggestions on methods of cooperating with newspapers, local merchants and civic organizations in putting the publicity across. A scene from the film showing a traffic tangle may be suggested for use with any safety-first drive; a serial story of the feature may be offered to local newspapers free of charge; a special campaign against divorce in cooperation with reform associations may be proposed as a method of arousing interest in a picture which deals—as many do—with this modern problem. National holidays, local celebrations, football or baseball victories by the home team and similar events are all blended into exploitation stunts designed to increase theater patronage

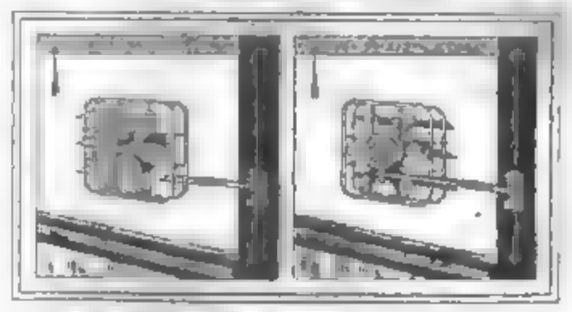
Ultimately, however, the responsibility for heavy attendance rests on the manager. To assure it he studies more than his theater, his community, his staff and his program. He studies his audience. And, if he is observant, he can find in it as thrilling and as interesting a spectacle as any on stage or screen. If a picture is a real B. O. A.—Box Office Attraction—or a Natural, he will note that the audience is silent and leaning forward in the seats during the dramatic parts and laughing spontaneously at the wise-cracks and comedy bits. If the picture is a foreordained bust the audience will be restless and the house will buzz faintly with whispered conversations. The same reactions to stage presentations and vaudeville acts can be noted and recorded by the manager in the little black book he keeps for future guidance. At the conclusion of each performance the astute manager learns to take an inconspicuous place in the lobby as the turnover occurs. By thus eavesdropping on his patrons he learns enough to determine whether he will run that type of presentation again. That explains why certain types of theaters specialize in pictures, as, for example, the shooting-gallery house, which runs only Westerns, or the movie palace in a new apartment-house district, which may plunge heavily on the many variations tortured out of the triangle theme.

These observations help, but they are by no means certain guides. Ultimately there is one positive and incontrovertible test which determines whether or not a motion-picture theater, whether in the million-dollar-entertainment-cathedral class or of the more modest neighborhood type, is a success. It is the quantity of quarters, halves and dollars that pours into the box office for admission slips to feed the ticket chopper's hungry maw.



Tessie. "What's All This?" Oscar: "What D'ya Think? It's My Singing Tower"

$19.50
Delivers this
COMBINED FAN AND VENTILATOR
to Your Home



HERE'S the fan that you have long been wishing for—a fan that may be used either to cool or ventilate—a fan that permits you to direct the air up, down or straight out.

The new Peerless Utility Fan is mounted on the window frame by a swinging arm. Draws stale air out through partly opened window or draws fresh air in, as preferred. Wonderful for kitchens—removes injurious gases, grease and smoke. Keeps sick room, bedroom or nursery cool and comfortable. *Out of reach of children.* Cannot tip over.

Plugs into ordinary light socket. No special wiring necessary. May be transferred from room to room In new popular shade of French gray

Hot days are on the way. Decide now to enjoy a Peerless Utility Fan this summer. A modest price—$19.50—puts it within reach of all. If your favorite hardware or electrical dealer cannot supply you, we will ship direct from factory, freight prepaid, on receipt of price. Prices slightly higher in Canada

DEALERS *Utility Fans are only one of several profit makers in the Peerless line. Write for complete list and description*

Write for *FREE* Information
THE PEERLESS ELECTRIC COMPANY
746 Market Street, Warren, Ohio
Fan Makers for 36 Years

Peerless
FANS · MOTORS QUALITY GENERATORS

Bert Lytell
Says Hair Counts!

"Dame Fortune is a girl that must be won like any other girl," says the popular screen star, Bert Lytell. "And you can't go courting any girl if you look like a tramp. One of the indispensables to a gentlemanly appearance is a neat head of hair. For that reason, you'll find Hair Groom a fixture on my dressing table."

A little "Hair Groom" each morning keeps the hair combed all day in any style you like without making it look greased. Even shampooed hair stays neatly in place.

"Hair Groom" comes in two forms—cream and liquid. Both are clean and nice to use. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., New York City. A sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip coupon.

Wyeth Chem Co., Inc., Dept. S 511
578 Madison Ave., New York City **FREE**

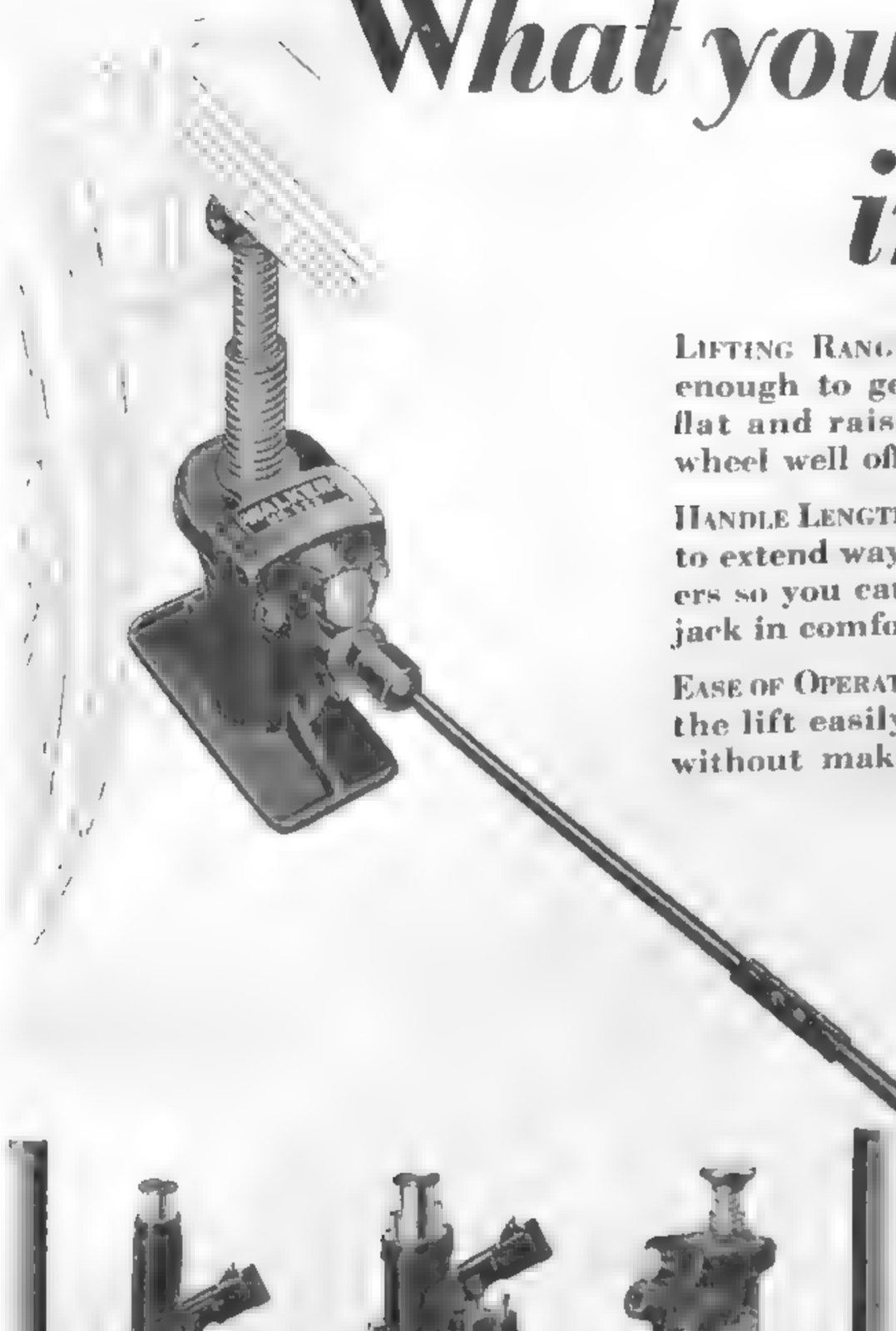
Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

Name

Address

City.....State

What you've always wanted in a JACK!



LIFTING RANGE—a jack that goes low enough to get under when a tire is flat and raises high enough to lift wheel well off the ground

HANDLE LENGTH—a handle long enough to extend way out beyond the bumpers so you can place and operate the jack in comfort

EASE OF OPERATION—a jack that makes the lift easily—and always works—without making you exert yourself.

CAPACITY—a jack with the capacity to lift your car easily and safely—and with ample over-capacity for any emergency

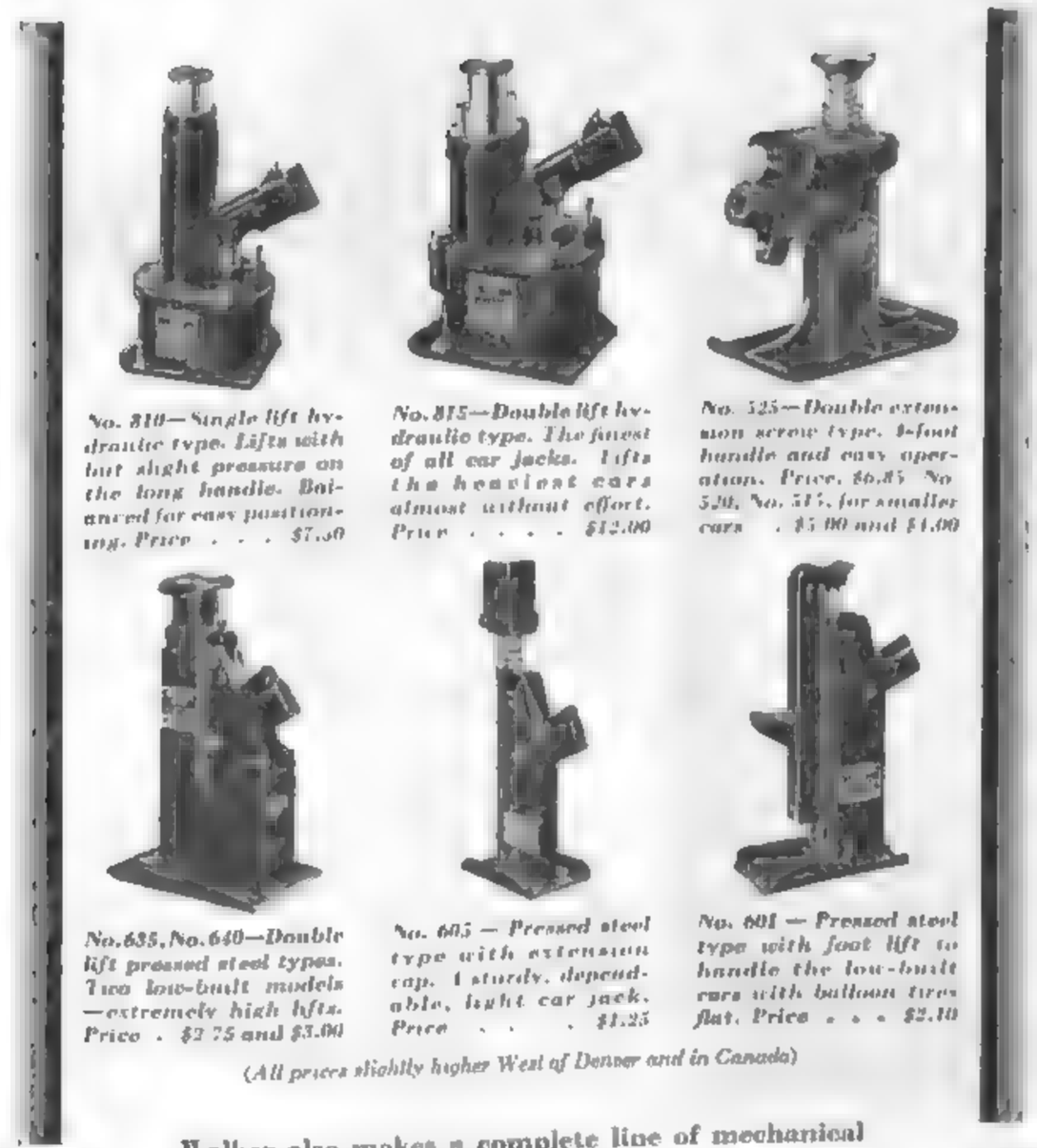
BROAD BASE—a big, broad, substantial sled-base for easy positioning and a firm, steady footing on any kind of road surface

STURDY CAP—a strong cap that grabs hold of the axle or spring with a sure, firm grip, so the car will not slip off.

You get all these requirements of a *really good* jack when you buy a Walker—and you overcome all the trouble you've had with jacks. There are many different types of Walker Jacks and your dealer will show you the various models designed for your car. The price you pay depends on the size of your car and the degree of lifting-ease you want. From the luxurious hydraulics down to the lowest-priced models, they're all Walker quality jacks. Most accessory dealers sell Walker Jacks, but if by any chance yours does not, write us . . . To make tire changing easy insist on a Walker Jack—identified by the blue color and the Walker nameplate. Twenty years of specialized experience is back of every Walker Jack.

WALKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Racine, Wisconsin



No. 810—Single lift hydraulic type. Lifts with but slight pressure on the long handle. Balanced for easy positioning. Price . . . $7.50

No. 815—Double lift hydraulic type. The finest of all car jacks. Lifts the heaviest cars almost without effort. Price $12.00

No. 525—Double extension screw type. 4-foot handle and easy operation. Price, $6.85. No 520, No. 515, for smaller cars . $5.00 and $4.00

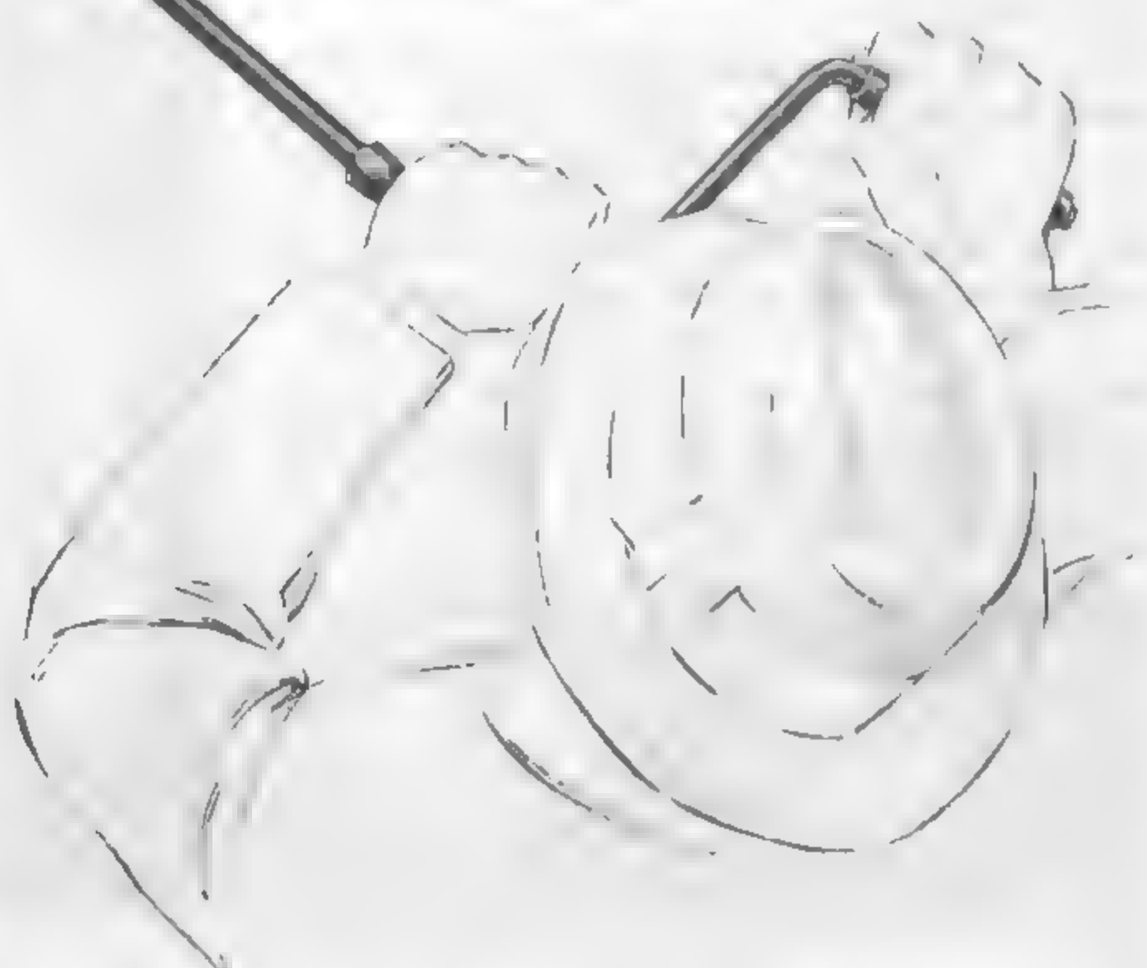
No. 635, No. 640—Double lift pressed steel types. Two low-built models—extremely high lifts. Price . $2.75 and $3.00

No. 605 — Pressed steel type with extension cap. A sturdy, dependable, light car jack. Price . . . $1.25

No. 601 — Pressed steel type with foot lift to handle the low-built cars with balloon tires flat. Price . . . $2.10

(All prices slightly higher West of Denver and in Canada)

Walker also makes a complete line of mechanical and hydraulic jacks for trucks, buses, garages and all types of service stations.



Walker Jacks

MAKE TIRE CHANGING EASY

AN INSPIRATION FOR BETTER MEALS

Newly Created Book by Alice Bradley to brighten your menu every day . . .

One trial of Pabst-ett suggests so many fascinating possibilities that women say, "Tell us more ways to use it."

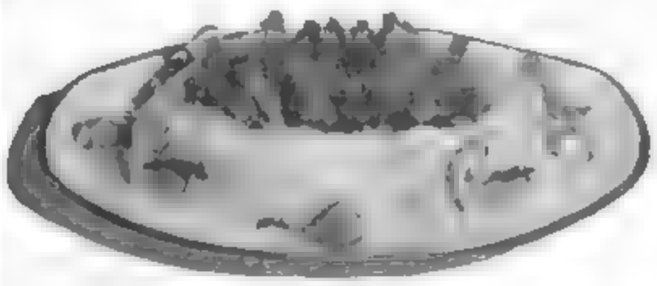
Here they are! Workable recipes by Alice Bradley, noted authority on cookery. Dishes for every occasion, from breakfast to midnight supper. Nine sections, each with typical menus to show how this new dairy food fits into a correctly planned diet.

The story of Pabst-ett, briefly told in the introductory pages, is a revelation in itself. There you learn how the idea of Pabst-ett originated at the famous Pabst Dairy Farm, also the birthplace of the well-known Pabst Cheese—and why Pabst-ett takes a place beside butter and milk for daily use in the kitchen and on the table.

Pabst-ett contains all the elements of whole milk, and digests just as easily. It has a delicious flavor all its own; and a pleasing tang that everyone likes—the result of proper ageing. And so many things can be done with Pabst-ett. It spreads like butter on bread or crackers. Melts smoothly and pours readily. Toasts a rich appetizing color. Can be used in a variety of ways to surprise and delight the family.

This book suggests countless opportunities for more interesting meals—soups, sauces, salads, desserts, main dishes. It is printed in full colors and bound with a stiff cover. Sent to you with a full-size package of Pabst-ett for 25 cents (or the booklet alone for 10 cents). Mail the coupon.

"Breakfast to Midnight Recipes," by Alice Bradley, Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery. 32 pages of suggestions for every occasion. All recipes are kitchen-tested and fully practical. They'll lead you to new adventures in planning daily meals.



PABST-ETT NOODLE RING

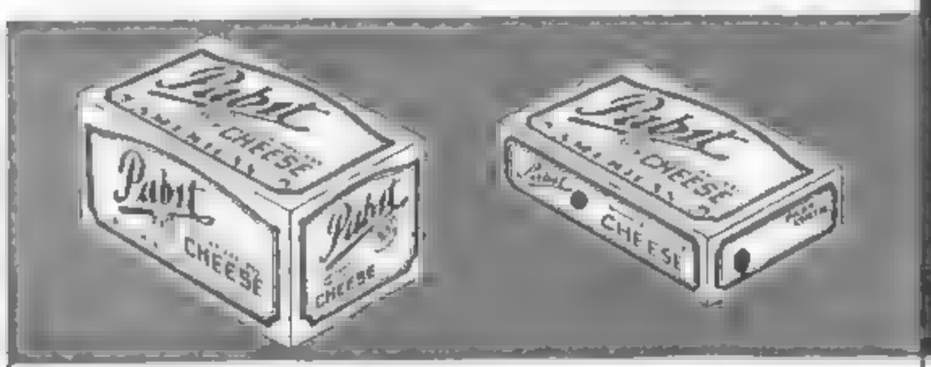
Break in small pieces ⅓ cup noodles and cook in 3 cups boiling water until tender. Drain, add ¼ cup Pabst-ett Sauce and 2 eggs well beaten. Grease a ring mold, pour in ¼ cup Pabst-ett Sauce, and turn in the noodle mixture. Bake in a moderate oven or at 350° F. thirty minutes or until firm. Turn out on chop platter and pour over remaining Pabst-ett Sauce. Fill center with hot asparagus tips, cooked or canned, and garnish with lemon slices, chopped parsley, and radishes.

PABST-ETT SAUCE

Melt 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika. Stir until smooth and add slowly 1½ cups milk. Stir until mixture boils, add 1 package Pabst-ett and stir until melted. Add ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, if desired. Use this sauce in almost any recipe which calls for White Sauce.

Pabst Cheese (below), deliciously aged and easily digested, is made in these varieties: American, Pimento, Swiss and Brick, packed in quarter and half pound packages and in five pound loaves; and Limburger in quarter-pounds only.

Pabst-ett (at right, comes in a round box, packed two ways—in the regular family package, and in individual triangular portions.



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☐ 25 cents for your booklet, "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes," and a full-size package of Pabst-ett.

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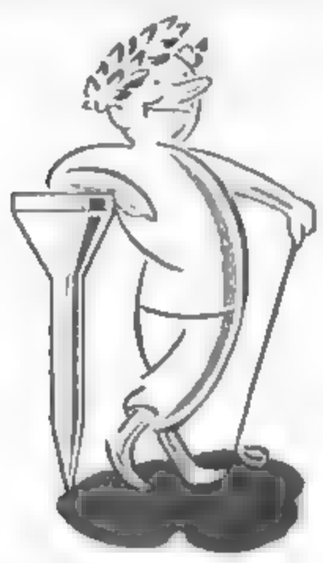

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These fellows who cop all the prizes use Reddy Tees. They know that a Reddy sets the ball just right for a good, healthy whack — the kind that makes galleries exclaim, "Look at it ride out past the 200 yard mark." Tee up to just the height you like—with Reddy Tees. Keep the hands free from wet, sticky sand that spoils your grip.

REDDY TEE

Buy from your "Pro"

THE INTERNATIONAL DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 41)

cent interest on a $100,000,000 loan underwritten by the Morgan syndicate. The decline in yields tells the story of the march of a once-distracted universe to security and coördination, and also how the American investor has adapted himself to the changed conditions.

In 1921 a certain South American issue was floated on a basis to yield 8.20 per cent. Five years later the same government got a loan in the American market on a 6.25 per cent basis. A European government was able to refund a $25,000,000 issue originally put out in 1920 on an 8 per cent basis out of the proceeds of a $30,000,000 issue underwritten in 1925 on a 5½ per cent basis. A Scandinavian kingdom refunded its $20,000,000 loan offered in 1920 at 8 per cent with a new loan on a 5.70 per cent basis. Two South American 8 per cent loans floated in this market in 1921 to yield 8.11 and 8.21 per cent respectively to maturity were redeemed out of the proceeds of a 6 per cent loan offered early in 1928 on a 6.48 per cent basis.

The whole face of the foreign security map has undergone a complete change since the war. During the first years of the postwar period the largest foreign capital demands came from European governments such as England, France, Italy and Belgium. They were in the earlier throes of physical and economic reconstruction.

Of the total volume of foreign securities outstanding in the United States on January 1, 1919, 85 per cent comprised loans to governments. During the past four years this percentage has been reduced and corporate issues—mainly bonds—now predominate.

Foreign Debts in Dollars

As Europe settled down to normal conditions the field for the American investor extended elsewhere, so that now South America, Australia and the Far East occupy important positions. Europe, with the exception of Germany, is becoming more self-sufficient in the matter of capital.

What is known as the foreign dollar bond is now a standard and accepted security. Expressed in the simplest terms, it is a bond issued in the United States, secured by a foreign government, municipality or corporation, free from any of the taxes to which the borrower is subject, and payable in dollars. This means that the American purchaser gets the full interest rate. The only tax is the one exacted by Uncle Sam on American incomes.

The same state of affairs does not obtain when the American buys, let us say, a bond issued by a German state or concern in Germany in marks. In this case the interest is subject to a 10 per cent tax known as the *Kapital-ertrag*, which means capital revenue. On a French franc bond the rate is higher.

The marketing of foreign dollar bonds has become a tremendous new American business, into which the romance of selling enters to a large degree. Before 1914 the foreign department of a big New York bank consisted of a desk stuck away in a corner, usually presided over by a transplanted alien whose chief asset was his familiarity with foreign exchange. Today it occupies whole floors, with hundreds of clerks and branch offices in all the leading European capitals as well as other financial centers.

The competition for foreign business is as keen as the scramble for the underwriting of prime securities at home. Every outstanding New York bank and some of their mates in Chicago have scouts traveling throughout the world on the constant hunt for investment opportunities. I have encountered them from Berlin to Shanghai. This competition works both for good and the reverse. In the dash for a piece of financing the precaution, "Is it good?" may be subordinated to the eternal query, "Will it sell?" The latter, however, is becoming the exception to the rule. It is only fair to say that, with the resources at their command, American investment concerns doing business overseas take every precaution to insure safety. Here, as in other types of investment, one of the guaranties of soundness lies in the good name and reputation of the issuer.

An Order by Wireless

So vast has become the scope of foreign investment business that many American banks have subsidiary security companies which specialize in it. The case of one great New York company of this kind will serve to show the extent to which the bond business in general and the foreign end in particular have gone. In 1908 it had eighty-three bond buyers on its mailing list. Today the monthly bond investment sheet goes to 150,000 actual investors, many of them owning foreign securities. This concern has become one of the largest originating and bond-selling institutions in the world. Since 1919 it has either originated or participated in issues aggregating $3,500,000,000. They include many foreign securities.

The company has branches in more than fifty cities in the United States and Canada and maintains offices in Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Geneva, London, Shanghai and Tokio. In addition, it draws upon the facilities of the many branches of the parent bank of which it is an offshoot. It has been known to chase a client halfway around the world by wireless to give him investment information. Upon one occasion it located a customer who was cruising on his private yacht among the coral islands in the South Pacific and obtained an order. It keeps in communication with customers on ocean liners and sells to them by wireless. The foreign department is in constant touch with the over-sea press. Articles from daily papers and periodicals in fourteen different languages are translated into English for the information of its buying and selling staffs.

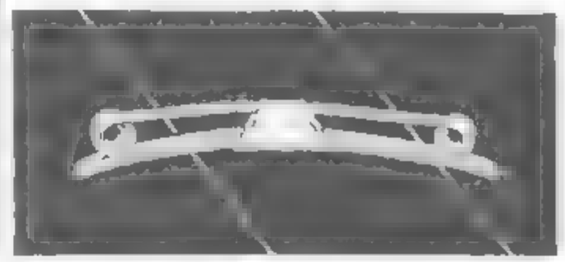
These and kindred activities have recruited the biggest army of security owners that the United States has ever known. It has been stated that there is one shareholder in American corporations of one kind or another for each owner of an automobile in the United States. Since the motor-vehicle registration is 21,750,000, exclusive of trucks, the "legion of American capitalists," as it has been well called, is therefore considerably beyond the 15,000,000 mark.

It is difficult, however, to arrive at any accurate estimate of the number of our foreign security holders, because the intelligent investor does not put all his eggs in one basket. Diversified investment now means a much wider range than ever before. For one thing, it has stimulated interest in universal affairs. Obviously the moment a man acquires the bond of a foreign country or corporation he naturally becomes interested in its internal well-being. The march of the dollar is internationalizing us in more ways than one.

Dollar penetration is matched by another manifestation of American financial influence abroad. I refer to the growing sphere of our money doctors, who have prescribed for a variety of economic ailments in many lands. Here is a case where there is no clash between allopathic and homeopathic schools. The disease of currency depreciation usually requires a standard remedy—namely, sound technical advice and then the gold cure. In all cases we have provided the first essential and in some instances paved the way for the second, as well.

Though the task of foreign economic adviser is not new—China had them for many years—the business of financial diagnostician on a highly organized scale is a development of the past few years. Formerly he was called in during a crisis, felt the

. . . On the bureaus of well-dressed men . . . these smart accessories



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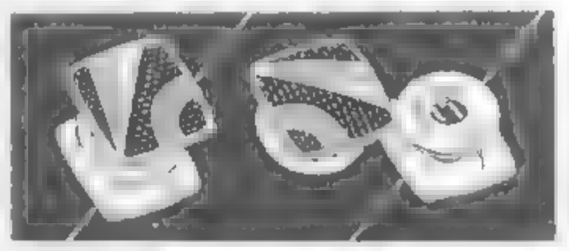

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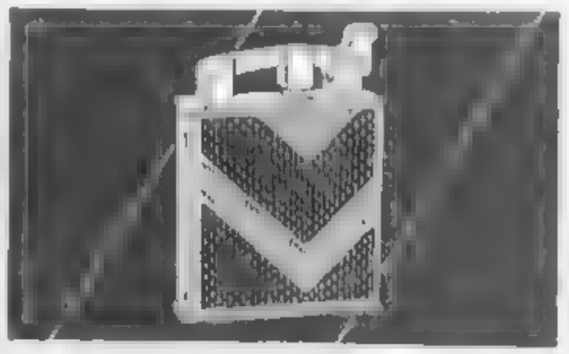

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Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Massage vigorously . . . then comb while wet. No dandruff . . . no itching . . . no unnatural dryness. Keeps your scalp healthy . . . invigorates the hair roots. Get this safe reliable Hair Tonic at any druggist, barber shop or department store. It is guaranteed. Accept no substitute. When you shampoo always use Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. After a shampoo apply Wildroot Hair Tonic.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo

pulse of a run-down monetary system, delivered his dictum and departed to let Nature and events take their course. Today it is a much broader proposition. Men like Dr. Edwin W. Kemmerer, who has operated in eleven countries, head a full-size commission, including tax, budget, banking, tariff and efficiency experts, who overhaul every phase of governmental fiscal activity and lay down a formula for complete national financial reorganization.

There are two types of advisers. To differentiate between them we can continue with our medical analogy. One is the general practitioner, who diagnoses the trouble, indicates the medicine, and assumes the care of the patient until he has recovered. Money doctors of this type have been Jeremiah Smith, Jr., who brought order out of Hungarian chaos; Dr. Arthur C. Millspaugh, who performed a similar service in Persia, and Dr. W. W. Cumberland, who revived Peruvian and Haitian finance. Such administrative posts as these are long-time appointments, because the adviser must see the job through.

The second type is the consultant specialist. He prescribes the treatment and then goes away, leaving the care of the patient in the hands of his own nationals or of advisers whom he has recommended to carry out the regimen. Ordinarily he is not an administrator. His term of service is from three to six months instead of several years, as is the case with the general practitioner. Doctor Kemmerer is the outstanding example of this kind.

Confidence in Outsiders

Why do governments engage foreign financial advisers when, in cases like Germany and Poland, there is ample talent at home? Since it gives a concrete explanation of the underlying principle, I will give Doctor Kemmerer's version:

"The resolution to look abroad for expert advice opens up to any country a wide field of choice. It has the world from which to pick, instead of being limited to a small number of its own nationals. Most of the countries are economically new, with small populations in which there has been little development of scientific economics. The foreign economist can view the problems with absolute objectivity because he is disinterested. He has no political ambitions and is therefore free from local political bias. He probably has no investments or business connections in the country, and he is therefore free from bias of business interests. As a rule he also has no relatives and few, if any, personal friends in the country, whose interests are likely to warp his judgment. He goes abroad a free man, without commitments and without local prejudices. It is chiefly for this reason that the public places so much confidence in him. As a matter of fact, if identically the same advice were given by their own economists, it would have nothing like the chance of being adopted that it has when given by foreigners."

Because Americans predominate in the money-doctor field let us see the provocation for this marked preference. In the first place the rest of the world believes—and there is ample basis for it—that the United States has no political axes to grind abroad, with either men or money. Exploitation of economic representatives by Washington is therefore out of the question. Though our advisers are chosen by alien governments, they have no official connection with the United States Government. They are employed as private individuals.

Our complete political disinterestedness was one reason why Americans took such an outstanding part in the framing and the operation of the Dawes Plan, the most conspicuous illustration of our new economic leadership. Reparations constituted a European problem pure and simple, because our stake was almost too trifling to mention. Such passions had been engendered over the issues involved that only neutrals, so to speak, of the cast of General Dawes, Owen D. Young and Henry M. Robinson could exercise a predominating influence. For the same reason S. Parker Gilbert, an American, was made Agent-General once the plan was put into effect. When the time came to revise the scheme and fix the German indemnity this year, Young was made chairman of the experts' committee, with J. P. Morgan, Thomas W. Lamont, Thomas N. Perkins, and Jeremiah Smith, Jr., as associates.

Even Latin America is coming around to the conviction that our desire is for constructive service. This about-face is largely inspired by the work of our money doctors south of Panama. During the last decade no less than ten Latin-American countries have had Yankee financial advisers.

The second reason animating the choice of our experts by foreign countries is their desire to emulate the remarkable industrial progress made in recent years by the United States. They seem to think that our advisers, by remaking national finances, will also formulate a code of productive efficiency, as well.

Finally there is the hope in foreign lands that, having had their financial houses set in order by Americans, they will be in a position to attract American capital. In some instances this aspiration has been realized, but only when the American banker is convinced that the reorganized national structure does not depart from its new ways.

Foreign economic adviserships, as far as the United States is affected, owes its origin to the New World problems that confronted us after the war with Spain in 1898. It made us a colonial power. We had to rejuvenate the financial system of the Philippines, and likewise of Cuba, which was temporarily our ward. This set a precedent for other countries not under our flag or sponsorship.

The pioneer of the profession was Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, whose work as currency reformer, in connection with Charles A. Conant, began in the Philippines in 1900. Since that time he has successfully doctored money in China, Mexico, Nicaragua, and been an adviser in Germany. He started an unofficial school of foreign experts because one of his earliest disciples was Doctor Kemmerer, who carried on some of his work in the Philippines in 1903.

Our Financial Doctors

The half decade immediately preceding the World War saw a number of our advisers drafted by various countries. In 1911 Morgan Shuster went to Persia, antedating Doctor Millspaugh by some years. Following the Armistice there was urgent need of currency first-aid throughout the European Continent.

I have already shown how Jeremiah Smith, Jr., reorganized Hungarian finance and how Americans helped to formulate and carry out the Dawes Plan. Doctor Kemmerer revised Polish finance. When the Irish Free State got under way one of its first steps was to engage H. Parker Willis, formerly secretary of the Federal Reserve Board, to readjust its finances. Charles S. Dewey is now adviser to the Bank of Poland and to the Polish Government generally. Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes heads a commission to establish a modern budget system in Santo Domingo.

Though all our foreign economic advisers have impressed themselves upon the fiscal history of the countries in which they labored, there must be a special word about Doctor Kemmerer's work. Although he has scarcely rounded into the fifties, he has overhauled the finances of the Philippines, Mexico, Guatemala, the Union of South Africa, Colombia, Germany—he was currency and banking expert to the Dawes committee—Chile, Poland, Ecuador, and Bolivia, and is now engaged on what in some respects is the most important of all his tasks—the rehabilitation of the tangled Chinese money system.

Doctor Kemmerer's chief labors in China will be devoted to the centralizing of the

(Continued on Page 176)

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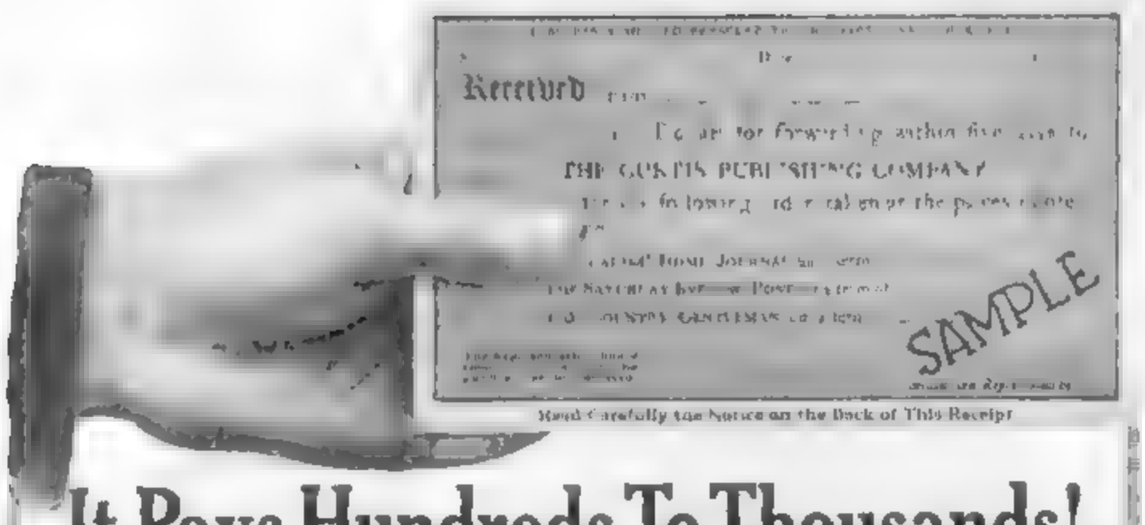

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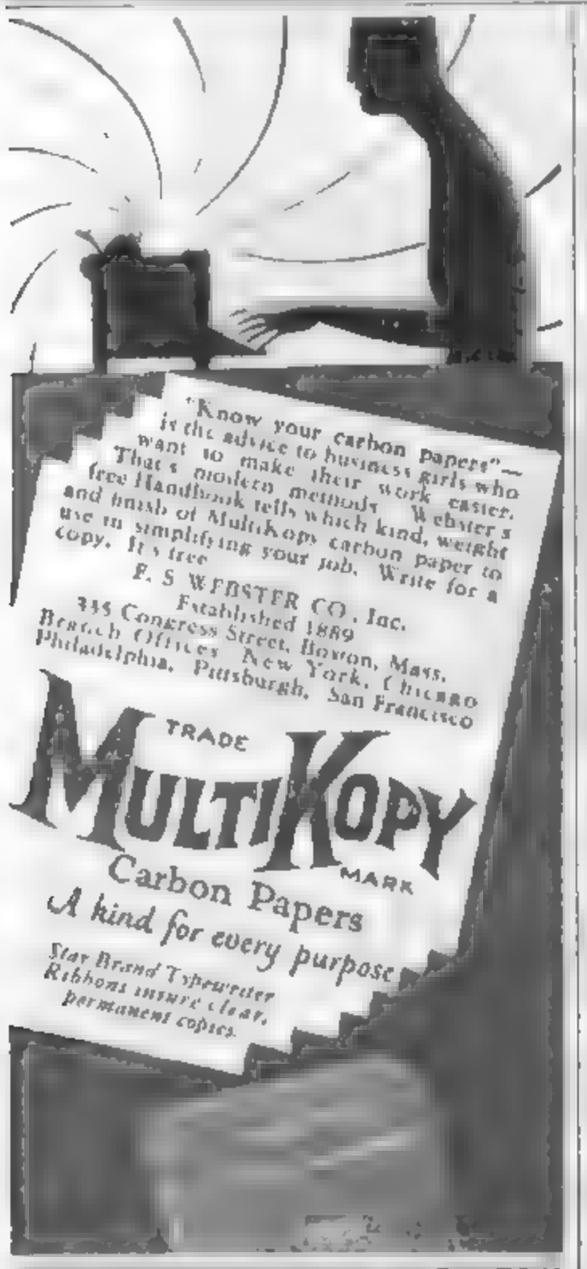
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(Continued from Page 174)

federal control of revenues and the establishment of a uniform currency of the same exchange value throughout the country. This will mean the abolition of the historic tael system. A tael is one ounce of pure silver and has been the basis of exchange. It makes necessary a double transaction when changing foreign currency into Chinese money or the reverse.

The Kemmerer mission to China may be part of a stupendous task of national regeneration. The new Nationalist government has proposed a Dawes Plan for the one-time Flowery Kingdom, and asked Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, Major General James G. Harbord, Doctor Jenks, and Professor E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia University to act as general economic advisers. The tentative scheme is to make a survey for a program of road and railway construction, flood control, scientific farming and wide industrialization. With the exception of Russia, no other country presents such possibilities for development as China. She may become in time the great field for the future employment of American brains and capital.

Far-flung employment of capital in security investments is not the only factor that has contributed to the advance of the dollar. The bankers' acceptance created a market for dollar exchange in all foreign centers, expanded the relations between our banks and foreign institutions and gave us an international financial status for the first time. Its development is, in many respects, the outstanding feature of our world financing during the past five years.

In previous articles of this series I have defined the credit instrument known as the acceptance and fixed its place in the mechanism of international banking. It is such an important internationalizing agency that a review of its progress is in order. The bankers' acceptance, or the bill, as it was more commonly known, was legal in this country before the Civil War. The practice was then discontinued. Under the existing law a bank was not permitted to accept bills. An accepted draft not only enables a seller of goods to get his money before the buyer is ready to pay—the draft is guaranteed by the buyer's bank—but the document is eligible for purchase by Federal Reserve banks and thus creates a discount market.

The period between the Civil War and the outbreak of the World War was the dark age of American credit. The need of the acceptance was shown by the fact that every suggestion for banking reform between 1908 and 1913 included its adoption as a vital remedy. The Federal Reserve Law brought it back to life.

Paying With Pounds Sterling

Fully to understand what has happened during these past few years and to appreciate the dent that the acceptance has made in commercial paper, you must be told that before the Federal Reserve System functioned, the bulk of our paper was in simple promissory notes kept to maturity by the bank or corporation that discounted them. If rediscounted at all under the primitive conditions that prevailed, they remained more or less rigid. Our paper was used for domestic purposes such as seasonal requirements for raw materials, additions to plants, or to build up a cash reserve during a low-interest-rate period to tide over a productive period, when money rates would be high. Expanding American exports and imports had to be financed through London in pounds sterling.

All the while European banks, especially in London and Amsterdam, obtained their quickest and most liquid assets through the turnover of a vast volume of acceptances, which included many American deals. We might be buying coffee from Brazil, silk from Japan, rubber from the Malay States, or selling cotton to England or automobiles to Argentina. Whatever the operation, we were obliged to finance the over-sea business with sterling bills, which gave the British banks the cash and credit that really belonged to us. Vast acceptance transactions made London the hub of world trade.

The Federal Reserve Law changed the situation. It enabled our banks to accept bills of exchange, in other words to lend their credit, thereby serving the chief purpose of any elastic credit system, which is to facilitate current commercial business. It is now possible to carry on a complete transaction involving imports and exports through an American bank and in terms of American exchange. We can buy the rubber, coffee and silk, or sell the cotton and motor cars to which I have referred, without invoking foreign banking assistance anywhere along the line. The dollar gets both the prestige and the profit. Financially it is an all-American proposition. The dollar is recognized for its full worth, whether in Bombay, Shanghai or Liverpool.

Although the Federal Reserve System was born with the World War, it was not until after the Armistice that the dollar acceptance got under way. Many of our banks remained glorified pawnbrokers with a provincial outlook. During the war a few large acceptance syndicates had been organized to finance the exportation of munitions and other material. Uncle Sam, however, did not take his place as acceptance banker until 1918, when the American Acceptance Council was formed to popularize the new credit weapon.

A New Scope to Our Banking

Under the stimulation of four or five great New York institutions the acceptance began to expand. By 1920 the volume had reached $900,000,000. At that time the old-line commercial paper reached a total of $1,296,000,000. At the end of last year our acceptances stood roughly at $1,284,000,000—an increase of $203,905,215 over the previous year—while commercial paper had dropped to $421,000,000. Of the huge acceptance total only $187,000,000 was employed in domestic business. Practically all the rest had gone into the financing of our imports and exports. Thus a considerable portion of our foreign trade has become financial master in its own house.

This upset in the commercial-paper line-up has put New York on a parity with London. According to the latest reports, the acceptance total of the big British banks was about $1,800,000,000, or only $16,000,000 in excess of New York. We outdistanced Amsterdam, the third great acceptance center, a few years ago.

Moreover, a large amount of foreign money has been employed in dollar acceptances. It is difficult to get the exact figure because of the money channels through which these funds reach the market. It is safe to say that not less than $400,000,000 is at work in this way. This is a reversal of the prewar situation, when our money was flowing into British acceptances.

Through use of the acceptance the scope and vision of American banking has been broadened. In the early stages of its development the acceptance was confined to half a dozen institutions in New York which had foreign branches or connections. I have before me a list of forty banks in the order of their acceptance business at the close of 1928. The first six were located in New York. The seventh, however, is in Boston. A San Francisco bank ranks twenty-seventh, while a Chicago trust company is twenty-ninth. Significant of our growing financial world-mindedness is the fact that a New Orleans bank and trust company is in this roster of the forty institutions doing a large acceptance business. Worthy of note also is the increase in acceptances dealt in by Chicago banks. In 1926 the total business approximated $25,000,000. In 1928 it was more than $43,000,000.

The dollar acceptance may therefore be regarded as established. In addition to helping to bring about a more elastic credit system, it has made hundreds of our leading banks well known in every world-trade center. Instead of employing London as intermediary, they do business direct.

But, as I have already intimated, conditions are changing. Among other things, the old European powers are reasserting their strength. Between 1920 and 1926 Great Britain added more to her net foreign holdings than the United States. Her oversea stake is still near the $20,000,000,000 mark. France, with her franc stabilized and the second largest gold reserve, has again become a lender. Behind the penetration of these two countries, Britain in particular, lies a century of successful money employment wherever the trade winds blow.

The permanency of our present international status is assured because we have stabilized our prosperity as far as it is possible to do so. A large amount of surplus capital will therefore be available for work both at home and abroad. The foreign end, which interests us most in this appraisal, will need support if we are to hold our premier trade position, because commerce follows the loan. Various factors are at work, however, which are likely to curtail our oversea operations unless a halt is called.

The bankers' acceptance provides a case in point. You have seen how it put dollar exchange on the map and fortified our exports and imports. It is a short-term investment, which means that funds must be put constantly into it. At the time I write, capital, which should be doing its full part in acceptances and other constructive activities, is being poured by the billion into the maw of speculation through the call-money market. Here is a situation which demands drastic revision.

Against Their Interests

Corporation funds loaned to Wall Street, whether to aid the big plunger or the piker speculator, are not paying the farmer, moving crops, or helping manufacturers to buy raw materials and convert them into finished products. On the oversea side it is equally disturbing. Obviously the bankers' acceptance at 5½ per cent cannot compete with call money at from 10 to 12 per cent. Unlike the Bank of England, the Federal Reserve banks are not permitted to rediscount loans growing out of stock-exchange operations. At the same time rates for legitimate requirements are raised. The whole fiscal structure is deranged.

In this connection a statement made by one of the great New York banks in its February circular is relevant. It reads:

"There can be no disagreement over the proposition that the managers of our corporations and of all business are interested primarily in stability of financial and industrial conditions. The practice of diverting money from the banking system, which is the common reservoir of funds from which business is supplied, to a fund which is devoted only to stock-market purposes is disadvantageous to general business. It is lessening the supply of funds available for regular business purposes, and for which business is given a preference, and making it more difficult for the banks to continue the policy of affording an ample supply at rates which to some extent are independent of rates ruling for brokers' loans. The existing low rates cannot be maintained unless the supply of bank funds is maintained."

For a United Europe

From without loom forces that may be aligned against our new world position. Europe's three elder statesmen—Sir Austen Chamberlain, Monsieur Briand and Doctor Stresemann—are working for a union to make all Europe a close-knit economic domain through the lowering of customs barriers and the creation of big units in raw materials and finished products. The widespread trustification, which has assumed international proportions, notably between Germany and France, may be regarded as a step in this direction. Though no official intimation is made that the Pan-European scheme is aimed at America, you need no diagram to discover that it would be a concerted offensive to rebuff our growing commercial and financial power.

This revival of an old idea is partly inspired by Europe's grouch against our tariff. She argues that if European countries give one another reduced tariff rates for mutual concessions we will inevitably seek favored-nation privileges, thus lowering our own customs rates.

The preceding reference to a possible European economic coalition against us brings to mind an observation made to me not long ago by one of the greatest of international bankers. He said:

"Affluence always begets envy. The United States has prospered so enormously and raised the dollar to such eminence that the rest of the world is casting about for some means of combating her. Heretofore there was such need of American money abroad and such an obligation to it that acquiescence was imperative. Today currencies in all the major European countries are stabilized and a degree of financial self-sufficiency obtains.

"The inevitable tendency through all history is to unite against the strongest entity. Napoleon went just so far and then

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Towers

Sally Blane, 1929 Wampas Baby Star and "Starlet" of the R. K. O. Studios, Hollywood, finds it so easy to remove spots with Energine that she sees no good reason to ask for help.

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found himself up against a mass effort that overthrew him. More recently Germany drew the lightning and her imperial structure crumbled. The same state of mind may develop in a bloodless war in which the United States might find herself with all Europe economically and financially arrayed against her. She is strong enough to hold her position, of course, but the possibility of a united move against her exists."

The Emigrant Dollar

More or less in self-defense and to reenforce our foreign trade, we will be obliged to continue our foreign lending, but only in productive channels. The era of financing German parks, stadiums and other luxuries is over. In one of his campaign speeches President Hoover effectively summed up the formula that should guide the path of the oversea dollar in this wise: "If foreign loans are applied to constructive development in foreign lands, and if they are provided from capital beyond that which we require for our own needs, then they are necessarily beneficial."

It was foreign investment that helped to make Britain economically great in the prewar era, because she insisted, whenever possible, that the proceeds of loans should be spent within her confines. We had a first-hand experience with this policy. The British money which helped to build our railway system was tied up with the purchase of British rails and equipment. Not only did British investors and manufacturers gain by the procedure but the British nation as a whole shared in the benefit. The opening up of our West likewise opened up the great granary of the Mississippi area and made foodstuffs cheaper.

We have begun to learn this lesson. It means that sheer dollar weight is not the only factor. American capital invested abroad must react to American advantage at home, first for safety of principal and then for some kind of industrial or other productivity.

When we do make loans abroad the amount is seldom exported in actual dollars but in goods or services. Many of the loans now find their way out of the United States in the form of farm products, machinery, plant equipment and supplies purchased of us. We get the benefit in markets for our farmers and for our manufacturers. This in turn gives additional employment to our population. The borrower receives an advantage because the installation of American machinery and equipment, whether for railways, power plants, agricultural implements or mechanical specialties such as cash registers and typewriters, operates for greater productivity in the borrowing country. Its prosperity is thus increased and the whole world prospers.

We are reënforcing this sound conception of foreign investment with a growing knowledge of the technic of the game. Formerly our energetic but unseasoned representatives dashed into countries and overwhelmed them, as it were, with a flood of dollars. Sometimes it was a case of taking any old business so long as it provided an outlet for capital. We now send men who have been trained in alien banks, thus following the best European traditions. Each year the number of American apprentices in London, Berlin, Frankfort and Amsterdam institutions increases. Furthermore, our own big banks are attracting foreigners who want to learn our financial ways. In one bond school established by a large New York trust company are three Englishmen, two Frenchmen, and a scion of a famous German banking family.

London has been, and continues to be, the mainspring of a vast financial machine that links up the entire world through a branch-bank system paralleling the British trade organization. She provides the best facilities with which to meet international fiscal requirements. Though her prestige is challenged through the rise of New York, her power remains potent.

The Economic Link

Jealous or destructive rivalry between London and New York is unthinkable. There is ample room for both. One complements the other in a dual leadership that is the best guaranty of international financial security. As a distinguished British observer has put it: "The fundamental factor which has secured, and will always secure, the economic fortune of Great Britain is America herself. The discovery and development of the American continent made the economic destiny of England. England is the economic link between the Old World and the New."

Under Herbert Hoover, who brings to the presidency an intimate knowledge of international affairs, we are assured a foreign financial policy that will enable the dollar to realize its fullest destiny—which is constructive service.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with international finance.

BANK MERGER LYRICS

By Fairfax Downey

Predicament

I'M IN a quandary; I toss
On a dilemma's horning.
I'm all at sea. I'm at a loss,
When mail comes in the morning.
For all the banks have felt an urge
To go off two by two and merge.

They knew my name and my address—
Those shining lights of banking.
Upon me each a gift would press
Without expecting thanking.
And now, alas, what shall I do?
I'll get one blotter instead of two.

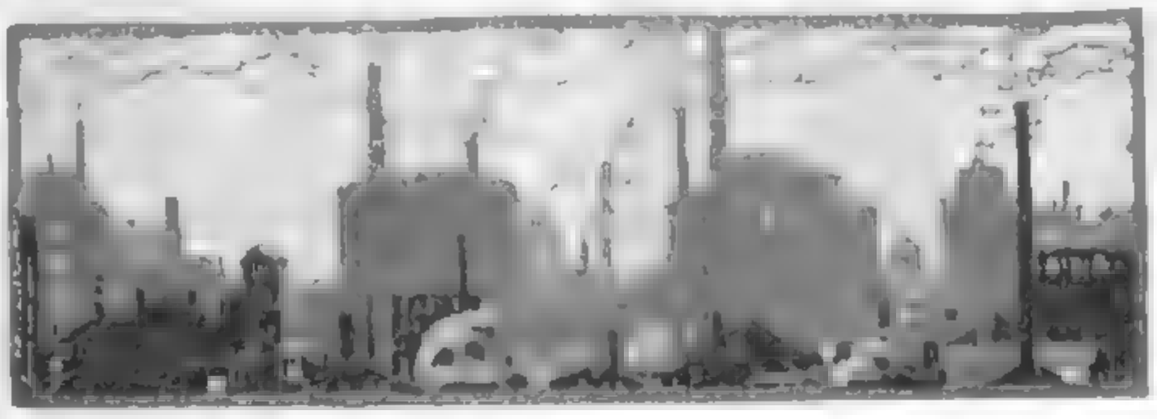
Epithalamium

IN THE spring a young bank's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,
And 'tis no mere gust of passion
But true bonds I tell you of.

Now the solemn, deep house organ
Has the wedding march begun,
And the surpliced board directors
Change two loving banks to one.

May the union e'er be happy,
And may pale care never blanch.

(Continued on Page 182)



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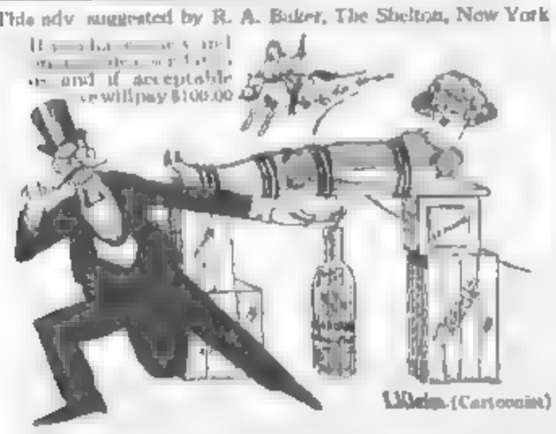

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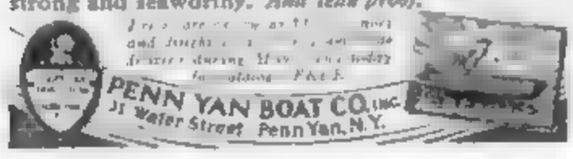

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IN many ways America is still an uneducated country.

At least to many manufacturers and merchants the land seems peopled with men and women intent on buying their wares, misusing them, and then crying loudly that they did not "get their money's worth."

Too many fine cars run on bootleg oil. Too many fine watches are wound at night instead of in the morning. Too many suburbanites plant rhododendron bushes in places where there is little shade.

Too many women apply spot-removers with a circular motion instead of rubbing along the weave of the fabric. Too many fine stockings are wrung dry. Too many fine linoleum floors are washed with caustic soap.

Whenever you see a factory, you can be sure that there is at least one man who is worrying because an inexpert public misuses and sometimes abuses the thing he has made so carefully.

Manufacturers want their goods to work. There is scarcely a big business in America that has not patiently experimented to discover just how you can get your money's worth out of your purchase.

That is why you can hardly buy a can of paint, a curling iron, or a kitchen stove—not to mention a camera, a car, or a radio—without receiving printed instructions on how to use the thing you have just bought. That is why so much printing is mailed to your home or office clarifying and repeating the instructions the demonstrator has given you. That is why so much printing is sent you even *before* you buy.

One sure way of spending your money wisely is to read all the good printing that is published on the subject of what you are about to own. One sure way of getting your money's worth is to ask for and read the booklets and the folders that describe in detail just what you have bought and just exactly how it should be used.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Co., 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

This taxi driver *gives* a tip!

HE DRIVES a taxi in the midst of New York's heaviest traffic. He averages a hundred miles a day. His biggest daily expense is gasoline . . . so naturally he is on the alert to lower his gasoline bills.

"The place you use up most gasoline," he says, "is in traffic, when you crawl along at a few miles an hour, or idle when the lights are red. But take a tip from me, if you want to cut down your gas bills, put in a set of Robert Bosch Spark Plugs. Then set the low speed adjustment on your carburetor for a leaner mixture. Talk about saving gasoline—that knife edge certainly does the trick."

The knife edge he refers to is the knife edged firing points of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs. Based on the same principle as Benjamin Franklin's lightning rod, this knife edge makes a world of difference in the size and power of the spark that ignites the gasoline. And we insure the permanence of the knife edge by using a very expensive electrode material especially developed by Robert Bosch.

If you want to save gasoline—and what motorist does not—the spark you get with the Robert Bosch knife edge is so much fatter that it fires a leaner mixture. And what is more—your car starts easier. It has new power, livelier pick-up, a smoother, cleaner running engine.

No matter what driving conditions you encounter—traffic crawl or country speed—change this spring to Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs. For they give you maximum efficiency—efficiency not merely for a few thousand miles but as long as you drive your car. The reason is that Robert Bosch plugs defy spark plug paralysis, a common condition caused by gradual carbonization of the insulator or by rapid corrosion of the firing points.

Read below our money-back guarantee. Then ask your dealer to install a set of Robert Bosch Plugs in your own car. Or write for free booklet "The Story of a Knife Edge that Saves Gasoline."

Pyro-Action Plugs are made for passenger cars, buses, trucks, tractors, motor boats, airplanes, etc. Only Robert Bosch Plugs are Original-Bosch Pyro-Action Plugs. For your protection look for full name Robert Bosch and this trademark:

ROBERT BOSCH MAGNETO CO., Inc.
3601 P Queens Boulevard, Long Island City, N. Y.

ROBERT BOSCH
Pyro-Action
SPARK PLUGS

The Original Bosch — ROBERT BOSCH PRODUCTS

An Extraordinary Guarantee

"Try a set of Robert Bosch Pyro-Action Spark Plugs in your passenger car for 30 days. Then if you are not entirely satisfied as to their superiority, you can return the plugs and get your money back."

Dealers: Write nearest distributor for information:

ALLENTOWN, PA. Electrical Devices Co.
AMARILLO, TEX. ..... Whitlock Co.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Automotive Electric Service
BINGHAMTON, N. Y. Archer Bat. & Elec. Co.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. Auto Elec. & Car Co.
BOSTON, MASS. E. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Reuter Auto. Elec.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. Magneto Repair Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y. Pedrick Parts Corp.
CAMDEN, N. J. Camden Stor. Battery Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Illinois Auto Electric Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Motor Car Service Co.
CHICAGO, ILL. Westside Ignition Serv. Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO Tri State Ign. Corp.
CLEVELAND, OHIO Cleveland Ign. Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS J. J. Gibson Co.
DENVER, COLO. Brown Bat. & Elec. Co.
DETROIT, MICH. Motor Car Service Co.
EL PASO, TEX. Rand Electric Co.
ERIE, PA. Briggs-Hagemeyer Inc.
HARRISBURG, PA. Auto Elec. Serv. Co.
HARTFORD, CONN. E. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
HOBOKEN, N. J. H. Seaman Carriage Co. Ltd.
HOUSTON, TEX. Chain Battery System, Inc.
KANSAS CITY, MO. Elec. & Mag. Serv. Co.
LANCASTER, PA. Ignition Eng. Service
LEXINGTON, KY. Kentucky Ignition Co.
LINCOLN, NEBR. Parkhurst Auto Elec. Co.
LOS ANGELES, CAL. Mag. Sales & Serv. Co.
LOUISVILLE, KY. Koch Auto Elec. Co.
MEMPHIS, TENN. Motor Batteries Co.
MIAMI, FLA. Clayton Bat. & Eng. Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Fowler Elec. Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Reinhard Bros. Co.
NEWARK, N. J. Tire Trading Co.
NEW HAVEN, CONN. Auto Elec. Sales & Serv. Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Suhren, Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y. Manhattan Ign. Corp.
Bronx, Empire State Ignition Corp.
Staten Island, Arc-Man Elec. Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Havas & Shields Co.
PHOENIX, ARIZ. Spaulding Auto Elec. Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA. Keelan-Lyons Co.
PROVIDENCE, R. I. E. B. Atmus Co. Inc.
READING, PA. Berks Auto Ignition Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. C. L. Hartmann Corp.
ROCKFORD, ILL. Eric J. Gustafson
SALINA, KAN. Motor Service Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ... Furrer & Uster
SCRANTON, PA. Umberger Ignition Service Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. E. B. Atmus Co., Inc.
ST. LOUIS, MO. Motor Elec. Service Co.
TAMPA, FLA. ..... Electric Service
TORONTO, CAN. Auto Starter Co. Ltd.
TRENTON, N. J. Holmes Inc.
TROY, N. Y. Ehrlich Electric Service
TULSA, OKLA. Electrical & Magneto Co.
UTICA, N. Y. Utica Gear & Auto Parts Corp.
VANCOUVER, CAN. Batteries House Ltd.
WASHINGTON, D. C. Miller Dudley Co.
W. PALM BEACH, FLA. Sutcliffe Auto. Elec. Serv.
WICHITA, KAN. ..... Co.
WILKES BARRE, PA. Watson Storage Co.
YORK, PA. H. A. Spangler & Co.

(Continued from Page 178)

And may these twain be blessed with
Full many a little branch.

Bank Surplus

I WONDER where the vice presidents go,
Vice presidents go, vice presidents go,
When banks consolidate.
The casualties are fearful -oh!
Shocking—oh! Frightful—oh!
Ah, cruel, cruel fate!

One little, two little, three vice presidents,
Four little, five little, six vice presidents,
Dozens of poor little merged vice presidents,
Where in the work do they go?

Ole Nature has a way with her,
Way with her, way with her,
When over-staffed she be.
But gangs of plus vice presidents,
Vice presidents in residence—
They must gang aft agley.

Duty's Charge

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-banking, sir," she said.

"And where do you bank, my girl?" I said.
"I'll tell you, sir, though it knocks me dead.

"The woman's department of—
Room 10, one floor above—
The Federal National Savings and Trust -
Mechanics and Firemen and Never Go Bust -
The Dime of America-Manhattan City—
The Drovers and Sailors and Feeding the Kitty—
The Loan and Incorporate-Public Preserve—
The Wall Street's Delight and the Margin Reserve—
The Bank of the Bankers-Deposit Stronghold—
The ——" Here the pretty maid passes out cold.

She tried to tell me where she banked;
Right gallantly she tried.
But when no more than halfway through,
Breathless the poor maid died.

No dire remorse can grip that bank,
But duty's noble thrill.
Its experts had persuaded her
To let them make her will.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

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And this convenience is not restricted to Talon-fastened tire and trunk covers. Today Talon Slide-Fasteners are the accepted method of fastening on frocks for women and children; work and sports clothes for men and boys; utility items for household purposes. There are hundreds of Talon-fastened garments and articles that you can buy ready-made or make at home yourself, using Talon Slide-Fasteners which you buy at any Notion Counter.

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Talon Slide-Fasteners are not affected by weather, washing or dry cleaning

Neither weather, washing nor dry cleaning can harm Talon Slide-Fasteners—they will not rust. Sturdy and flexible, applied in strips that leave no gaping edges, they cannot be torn off—or apart. Talon Slide Fasteners always work smoothly—they usually outlast the article they fasten.

Identify these fasteners by "Talon" or "Hookless" on the slider-pull. If your department or general store does not stock Talon Slide-Fasteners for home sewing, write us. Send us your name and address and we will mail you particulars about Talon-fastened articles. Please mention those you are interested in—Automobile and Aviation Accessories; Men's, Women's, Children's and Infants' wear; Boots and Shoes; Leather Goods; Luggage; Home Furnishings; Sporting Goods; Hunting and Camping Equipment.

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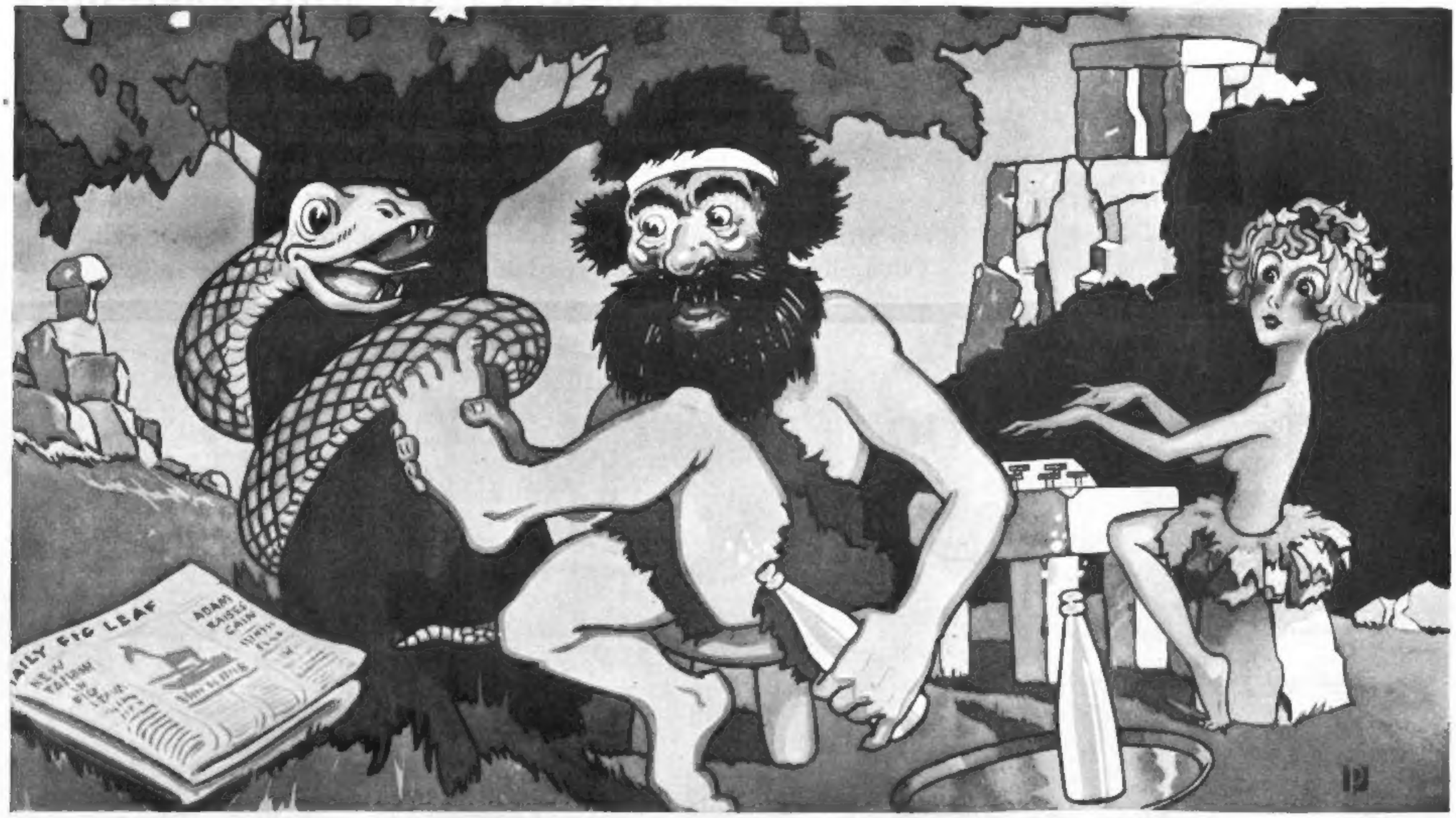
SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES



"It's that confounded snake again!" said Adam —reaching for the bottle . . . .

Adam laid aside the sports extra of the Eden Daily Fig Leaf, and sniffed contemptuously. "That's a lot of applesauce and salesmanship," he growled. "Here's a letter to the editor signed 'Lillith' recommending whale oil ointment for snake bite. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? Why don't they call on a Man of the World for some real expert testimony? I've probably been snake bitten with more regularity than anybody in the Garden and there's no remedy like bottled carbonated beverages. I've sampled every known variety and flavor and I ought to know . . . Ou-u-ch!"

Gingerly Adam lifted his foot for a rueful inspection. "It's that confounded snake again!" he exclaimed, reaching for a bottle of his favorite carbonated beverage, at the same time summoning a preferred blond stenographer, to whom he spake, saying, "Take a testimonial to American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, U. S. A., Gents: I always use Bottled Carbonated Beverages for Snake Bite and find that I get best results from same. Sign that 'Adam' and get it in the mail tonight.

"I'm going out for a little game of golf with a good customer—an animal trainer from the Consolidated Circus. And, oh yes, don't forget to order another case of bottled carbonated beverages. Tell 'em to put it on ice at the Nineteenth Hole."

Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Bottled beverages
Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

Make the old home *young* again--MODERNIZE

Today, Certain-teed Products are Helping Make Thousands of Houses Into Liveable, Modern Homes.

• • • • •

It's an old story—duplicated many times in your own neighborhood—the story of a house that never grew into a home; or of an established home that, through neglect or lack of improvements, gradually lost its liveableness.

Any house worth living in is well worth protecting and modernizing. But perhaps, like many others, you do not know how moderate a sum is required to make your house a cheery, comfortable, attractive residence, steadily increasing in value.

Then give a few minutes of your time to a consultation with the nearby Certain-teed dealer and put your problems before him. He will show you how economically and quickly your home can be modernized—a new wing or sun porch added; an up-to-date, colorful Certain-teed Speedlay Shingle roof laid; the attic partitioned to make a cozy playroom for the children. For, Certain-teed Products range from Linoleum to Beaver Board—from Mineral-Surfaced Shingles to Lacquers.

For all remodeling, repairing and redecorating, as well as for new construction, Certain-teed products combine with Certain-teed dealers to render complete satisfaction.

Put on a Roof of new, vari-colored Certain-teed Speedlay Shingles—over your old roof. Maximum protection combined with great beauty.

A Playroom in the attic for the children—so quickly partitioned off with Beaver Board.

Drab Exteriors are brought to life with long-wearing, economical Certain-teed Paints. For inside and out.

That cozy Sun Porch—line it with Certain-teed Insulating Board; finish with Certain-teed Wall Board; Certain-teed Linoleum on the floor. Decorate with Certain-teed Paints.

Build a breakfast nook. Its floors can have such colors and designs as are offered in Certain-teed Linoleum and Floortex Rugs.

ASPHALT ROOFING
BUILDING FELTS
VARNISHES
FLOORTEX
GYPSUM PLASTER
ASPHALT SHINGLES
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NAPARA RUGS
PARTITION TILES
LINOLEUM
BUILDING PAPERS
PAINTS
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM BOARD
FIBER WALLBOARD
INSULATING BOARD
BEAVER BOARD

Certain-teed Products

to maintain and modernize the home

What better place to modernize than the laundry? Make it clean, airy, dust-proof. So easy to partition off with Certain-teed Plaster Board.

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE

© 1928 C. F. G. E.

ALL the way up the family line—from babies to the older folks—California Sunkist Orange Juice should be the *first order* of the day! If you fully realized its value to health—to the great morning start it gives all ages, to the better work-day, to better digestion—you would let nothing stand between you and a brimful glass with breakfast. . . . Then, you would be following the advice of Medical Science. You would begin to feel better, think better, accomplish more. You would go into action with snap and enthusiasm, tuned for stress and strain. Hours fly when body and mind are working smoothly! . . . Sunkist Orange Juice before lunch, another during the afternoon to build into your body the stamina it lacks! What a change it will make in your whole "set-up," *if you drink it regularly!* . . . And, here is good news to top-off this better health suggestion:—This season there is a large crop of small-size Sunkist Oranges, as juicy, sweet and delicious as any of the larger ones you ever ate. They are ideal for juice purposes—and cost less! Through plenty of Orange Juice, Acidosis may be prevented or corrected. A very large majority of people suffer from this malady in some one of its various forms. . . . Due entirely to our faulty American diet, Acidosis creates a sluggish, half-well condition which, unless corrected, foreshadows graver consequences. . . . California Sunkist Oranges are proved by Science to be extra-rich in fruit-sugars and healthful fruit-acids. Oranges, like Lemons, although acid in taste are alkaline in their reaction in the body and thus help balance the diet, which in turn prevents or corrects Acidosis. Sunkist Orange Juice is not only good, *but good for you.* Get into the swing of this wonderful health-habit—feel better, work better, get more out of life! California Sunkist Oranges are in market fresh every day. The name "Sunkist" on skin and wrapper assures uniform quality.

RICHEST JUICE

FINEST FLAVOR

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor electrically powered; simple to operate; only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee for home service, $24.95 delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. In Canada slightly higher.

Dealers Using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh oranges and lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. *Prospective Buyers:* Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this speedy, efficient machine. Write for full information. Terms. State business.

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